MOORE'S

BRITISH CLASSICS.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

DR. JOHNSON'S RAMBLER,

AND

LORD LITTLETON'S PERSIAN LETTERS.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JAMES MOORE, No. 45, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1793.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS collection of the periodical papers published in Great Britain during the present century, very justly claim the title of BRITISH CLASSICS, being the most approved productions of the first geniuses in the English language.

It is the boast of these kingdoms, not only, to have given birth to this species of writing, but also to have carried it to a much higher state of excellence. The familiar ease, and moral of Addison, the polish of Hawkesworth, and the strength, philsophy and piety of Johnson, are unrivalled by other countries, and have communicated advantages to mankind which must be as permanent as the language in which they are written, or as the beauties of truth, reason and religion, in the garb of literary ingenuity.

Impressed with these sentiments, MOORE begs leave to offer them to the public as a companion to his Editio of the ENGLISH POETS, and the travelling Edition of SHAKSPEAR, lately published by JONES.

No. 45, College-Green,
12th April, 1793.

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Moore's Edition.

THE

RAMBLER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI,
QUO ME CUNQUE RAPIT TEMPESTAS, DEFEROR HOSPES.

HOR.

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THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

No. I. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1750.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

JUV.

Why to expatiate in this beaten field;
Why arms, oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
This eſſay may ſome ſatisfaction lend.

ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the firſt addreſs on any new occaſion is felt by every man in his tranſactions with the world, and confeſſed by the ſettled and regular forms of ſalutation which neceſſity has introduced into all languages.—Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that ſome eaſy method of introduction ſhould be eſtabliſhed, which, if it wanted the allurements of novelty, might enjoy the ſecurity of preſcription.

Perhaps few authors have preſented themſelves before the public, without wiſhing that ſuch ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently eſtabliſhed, as might have freed them from thoſe dangers which the deſire of pleaſing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of ſoftening cenſure by apologies, or rouſing attention by abruptneſs.

The epick writers have found the proemial part of the poem ſuch an addition to their undertaking, that they have almoſt unanimouſly adopted the firſt lines of Homer; and the reader needs only be informed of the ſubject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this ſolemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar diſtinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but ſeems to be conſidered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by thoſe who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious uſe of this prerogative ſuggeſted to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raiſe expectation which it is not in their power to ſatisfy, and that it is more pleaſing to ſee ſmoke brightening into flame, than flame ſinking into ſmoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always ſome, that thought it no deviation from modeſty to recommend their own labours, and imagined themſelves entitled by indiſputable merit to an exemption from general reſtraints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They perhaps believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind 'κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ—' an eſtate for ever,' it was an additional favour to inform them of its value,

It may, indeed, be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various

occaſions on which a man may without juſt offence proclaim his own excellences, has omitted the caſe of an author entering the world; unleſs it may be comprehended under his general poſition—that a man may lawfully praiſe himſelf for thoſe qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among ſtrangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the caſe of an author is parallel, will ſcarcely be granted, becauſe he neceſſarily diſcovers the degree of his merit to his judges when he appears at his trial. But it ſhould be remembered, that unleſs his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be perſuaded to hear the cauſe.

In love, the ſtate which fills the heart with a degree of ſolicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches: he who too ſoon profeſſes himſelf a lover, raiſes obſtacles to his own wiſhes; and thoſe whom diſappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the diſcovery. The ſame method, if it were practicable to writers, would ſave many complaints of the ſeverity of the age, and the caprices of criticiſm. If a man could glide inperceptibly into the favour of the publick, and only proclaim his pretenſions to literary honours when he is ſure of not being rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might eſcape contempt, though he ſhall never attain much regard.

But ſince the world ſuppoſes every man that writes ambitious of applauſe, as ſome ladies have taught themſelves to believe that every man intends love who expreſſes civility, the miſcarriage of any endeavour in learning raiſes an unbounded contempt, indulged by moſt minds without ſcruple, as an honeſt triumph over unjuſt claims and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of thoſe who put themſelves in this hazardous ſtate, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the deſire of good, and the fear of evil: for who can wonder that, allured on one ſide, and frightened on the other, ſome ſhould endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of reſpect which they do not feel, to excite compaſſion by confeſſing weakneſs of which they are convinced; and others to attract regard by a ſhew of openneſs and magnanimity, by a daring profeſſion of their own deſerts, and a publick challenge of honours and rewards?

The oſtentatious and haughty diſplay of themſelves has been the uſual refuge of diurnal writers; in vindication of whoſe practice it may be ſaid, that what it wants in prudence is ſupplied by ſincerity; and who at leaſt may plead, that if their boaſts deceive any into the peruſal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

———*Quid enim? Concurritur—horæ*
Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria læta.

The battle join; and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conqueſt, ends the fight.
FRANCIS.

The queſtion concerning the merit of the day is ſoon decided; and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promiſe.

It is one among many reaſons for which I propoſe to endeavonr the entertainment of my countrymen by a ſhort eſſay on Tueſday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire thoſe whom I ſhall not happen to pleaſe; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at leaſt pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are moſt fixed on pardon or praiſe, I think it not neceſſary to diſcover; for having accurately weighed the reaſons for arrogance and ſubmiſſion, I find them ſo nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my firſt performance will not ſuffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniences almoſt peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the ſprightlineſs of his imagination, has in his own opinion already ſecured the praiſes of the world, willingly takes that way of diſplaying his abilities which will ſooneſt give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he

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ſhall hear what he is now writing, read with extaſies to-morrow. He will often pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, tha the author of a large treatiſe muſt proceed with anxiety, leſt, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have changed its object; but that he who is confined to no ſingle topick may follow the national taſte through all its variations, and catch the *aura popularis*—the gale of favour, from what point ſoever it ſhall blow.

Nor is the proſpect leſs likely to eaſe the doubts of the cautious, and the terrors of the fearful; for to ſuch the ſhortneſs of every ſingle paper is a powerful encouragement. He that queſtions his abilities to arrange the diſſimilar parts of an extenſive plan, or fears to be loſt in a complicated ſyſtem, may yet hope to adjuſt a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repoſitories of his memory, he finds his collection too ſmall for a volume, he may yet have enough to furniſh out an eſſay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, perſuades himſelf that a few days will ſhew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not ſufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he ſhould with too little premeditation encumber himſelf by an unwieldy ſubject, he can quit it without confeſſing his ignorance, and paſs to other topicks leſs dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his induſtry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deſerve regard or cannot attain it, he may let the deſign fall at once; and, without injury to others or himſelf, retire to amuſements of greater pleaſure, or to ſtudies of better proſpect.

No. II. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1750.

Stare loco neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

STATIUS.

Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein;
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.

POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never ſatisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the preſent moment, and loſing itſelf in ſchemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper uſe of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us; has been frequently remarked: and as this practice is a commodious ſubject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the ſerious, it has been ridiculed with all the pleaſantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetorick. Every inſtance, by which its abſurdity might appear moſt flagrant, has been ſtudiouſly collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth againſt it.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority; men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey, than others, and detected faults and follies which eſcape vulgar obſervation. And the pleaſure of wantoning in common topicks is ſo tempting to a writer, that he cannot eaſily reſign it; a train of ſentiments generally received enables him to ſhine without labour, and to conquer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time; that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a tract ſo ſmooth and ſo flowery, than

attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end, therefore, which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſtep to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments, no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt; that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little diſtinction: for, not to ſpeak of that vehemence of deſire which preſſes through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is juſtly chargeable with diſtruſt of Heaven, ſubjects too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe; it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of ſucceſs, we forget the meaſures neceſſary to ſecure it, and ſuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of ſome poſſible good, till the time of obtaining it has ſlipped away.

There would, however, be few enterpriſes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. When the Knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to ſignalize himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall be ſummoned to the ſupport of empires, ſolicited to accept the heireſs of the crown which he has preſerved, have honours and riches to ſcatter about him, and an iſland to beſtow on his worthy ſquire; very few readers, amidſt their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted viſions of the ſame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ſtrange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own diſappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourſelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underſtanding of a man naturally ſanguine, may, indeed, be eaſily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceſſary to the production of every thing great or excellent; as ſome plants are deſtroyed by too open expoſure to that ſun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no claſs of the human ſpecies requires more to be cautioned againſt this anticipation of happineſs, than thoſe that aſpire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no ſooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excurſions to the preſs, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, puſhes forward into future ages, and prognoſticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct and faction forgotten, and thoſe whom partiality now ſuffers to obſcure him ſhall have given way to the triflers of as ſhort duration as themſelves.

Thoſe who have proceeded ſo far as to appeal to the tribunal of ſucceeding times, are not likely to be cured of their infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be uſed for the prevention of a diſeaſe, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of Philoſophy, however ſhe may boaſt her phyſic of the mind, her cathartick of vice, or lenitives of paſſion.

I ſhall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the ſymptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myſelf againſt the infection, not without ſome weak hope, that my preſervatives may extend their virtue to others whoſe employment expoſes them to the ſame danger:

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Is fame your paſſion? Wiſdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, ſhall its force diſarm.

FRANCIS.

It is the ſage advice of Epictetus, that a man ſhould accuſtom himſelf often to think of what is moſt ſhocking and terrible, that by ſuch reflections he may be preſerved from too ardent wiſhes for ſeeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs; yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros,

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.

ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, ſo far to ſuſpect his own powers, as to believe that he poſſibly may deſerve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embelliſh knowledge, nor ſent him forth entitled by indiſputable ſuperiority to regulate the conduct of the reſt of mankind; that though the world muſt be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not deſtined to diſpel the cloud, nor to ſhine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this ſuſpicion, every catalogue of a library will furniſh ſufficient reaſon; as he will find it crouded with names of men who though now forgotten, were once not leſs enterprizing or confident than himſelf, equally pleaſed with their own productions, equally careſſed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it ſhould happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may paſs without notice, huddled in the variety of things and thrown into the general miſcellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, ſolicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in meaſures, or immerſed in buſineſs, without time for intellectual amuſements; he appeals to judges prepoſſeſſed by paſſions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is eſtabliſhed; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increaſe. What is new is oppoſed, becauſe moſt are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, becauſe it is not ſufficiently conſidered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, leſt they ſhould put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themſelves giving ſome proof of delicacy, when they refuſe to be pleaſed; and he that finds his way to reputation through all theſe obſtructions, muſt acknowledge that he is indebted to other cauſes beſides his induſtry, his learning, or his wit.

No. III. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1750.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

HOR.

Undiſappointed in deſigns,
With native honours virtue ſhines;
Nor takes up power, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles ſmile or frown.

ELPHINSTON.

THE taſk of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adoring them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or to vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions; to ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a

ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over or negligently regarded.

Either of theſe labours is very difficult; becauſe, that they may not be fruitleſs, men muſt not only be perſuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they muſt not only confeſs their ignorance, but, what is ſtill leſs pleaſing, muſt allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themſelves.

It might be imagined that ſuch an employment was in itſelf ſufficiently irkſome and hazardous; that none would be found ſo malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the ſtone of Siſyphus; and that few endeavours would be uſed to obſtruct thoſe advances to reputation, which muſt be made at ſuch an expence of time and thought, with ſo great hazard in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who ſtand as centinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of Criticks, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that Argus was lulled by muſick, and Cerberus quieted with a ſop; and am therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of Argus, and can bark as loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep with the ſoft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto perſuaded myſelf to take any meaſures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act againſt me by lawful authority, and ſuſpect that they have preſumed upon a forged commiſſion, ſtiled themſelves the miniſters of Criticiſm, without any authentick evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

Criticiſm, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldeſt daughter of Labour and of Truth: ſhe was, at her birth, committed to the care of Juſtice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wiſdom. Being ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the celeſtials for her uncommon qualities, ſhe was appointed the governeſs of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the Muſes, when they ſung before the throne of Jupiter.

When the Muſes condeſcended to viſit this lower world, they came accompanied by Criticiſm, to whom, upon her deſcent from her native regions, Juſtice gave a ſceptre, to be carried aloft in her right-hand; one end of which was tinctured with ambroſia, and enwreathed with a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypreſs and poppies, and dipped in the waters of Oblivion. In her left-hand ſhe bore an unextinguiſhable torch, manufactured by Labour, and lighted by Truth, of which it was the particular quality immediately to ſhew every thing in its true form, however it might be diſguiſed to common eyes. Whatever Art could complicate, or Folly could confound, was, upon the firſt gleam of the torch of Truth, exhibited in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes which Rhetorick often ſold to Falſhood, and detected the diſproportion of parts, which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus furniſhed for the execution of her office, Criticiſm came down to ſurvey the performances of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the votaries of the Muſes. Whatever was brought before her, ſhe beheld by the ſteady light of the torch of Truth; and when her examination had convinced her that the laws of juſt writing had been obſerved, ſhe touched it with the amaranthine end of the ſceptre, and conſigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works which required her inſpection, there was ſome impoſture attempted; that falſe colours were laboriouſly laid; that ſome ſecret inequa-

lity was found between the words and ſentiments, or ſome diſſimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that ſome parts were of no uſe but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, ſolidity, or uſefulneſs.

Wherever ſuch diſcoveries were made, and they were made whenever theſe faults were committed, Criticiſm refuſed the touch which conferred the ſanction of immortality; and, when the errors were frequent and groſs, reverſed the ſceptre, and let drops of Lethe diſtil from the poppies and cypreſs, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waſte the work away, till it was at laſt totally deſtroyed.

There were ſome compoſitions brought to the teſt, in which, when the ſtrongeſt light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared ſo equally mingled, that Criticiſm ſtood with her ſceptre poiſed in her hand, in doubt whether to ſhed Lethe or ambroſia upon them. Theſe at laſt increaſed to ſo great a number, that ſhe was weary of attending ſuch doubtful claims; and, for fear of uſing improperly the ſceptre of Juſtice, referred the cauſe to be conſidered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, ſome few caprices excepted, conformable to Juſtice: and many who thought themſelves ſecure by a ſhort forbearance, have ſunk under his ſcythe, as they were poſting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was obſervable that ſome were deſtroyed by little and little, and others cruſhed for ever by a ſingle blow.

Criticiſm, having long kept her eye fixed ſteadily upon Time, was at laſt ſo well ſatisfied with his conduct, that ſhe withdrew from the earth with her patroneſs Aſtrea, and left Prejudice and Falſe Taſte to ravage at large as the aſſociates of Fraud and Miſchief; contenting herſelf thenceforth to ſhed her influence from afar upon ſome ſelect minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure ſhe broke her ſceptre; of which the ſhivers that formed the ambroſial end were caught up by Flattery, and thoſe that had been infected with the waters of Lethe were, with equal haſte, ſeized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom ſhe diſtributed her part of the ſceptre, neither had nor deſired light, but touched indiſcriminately whatever Power or Intereſt happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were ſupplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal luſtre, that its light fell only upon faults.

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible,
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe.

With theſe fragments of authority, the ſlaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their miſtreſſes, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſceptre had now loſt its power; and Time paſſes his ſentence at leiſure, without any regard to their determinations.

No IV. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1750.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

HOR.

And join both profit and delight in one.

CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the preſent generation ſeems more particularly delighted, are ſuch as exhibit life in its true ſtate, diverſified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by paſſions and qualities which are really to be found in converſing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comick poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by eaſy means, and to keep up curioſity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroick romance, and can neither employ giants to ſnatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its perſonages in deſarts, nor lodge them in imaginary caſtles.

I remember a remark made by Scalinger upon

Pontanus—that all his writings are filled with the ſame images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roſes, his Satyrs and his Dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almoſt all the fictions of the laſt age will vaniſh, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a ſhip wreck.

Why this wild ſtrain of imagination found reception ſo long, in polite and learned ages, it is not eaſy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained ſome fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his cloſet, let looſe his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities: a book was thus produced without fear of criticiſm, without the toil of ſtudy, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The taſk of our preſent writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by ſolitary diligence, but muſt ariſe from general converſe and accurate obſervation of the living world.—Their performances have, as Horace expreſſes it—'*Plus oneris quantum veniæ minus*—little 'indulgence, and therefore more difficulty.'—They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactneſs of reſemblance. Other writings are ſafe, except from the malice of learning; but theſe are in danger from every common reader: as the ſlipper ill executed was ſ[illegible]ured by a ſhoemaker who happened to ſtop [illegible]s way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as juſt copiers of human manners, is not the moſt important concern that an author of this ſort ought to have before him. Theſe books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they ſerve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurniſhed with ideas, and therefore eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions; not fixed by principles, and therefore eaſily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and conſequently open to every falſe ſuggeſtion and partial account.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every tranſaction and ſentiment was ſo remote from all that paſſes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himſelf; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his ſphere of activity; and he amuſed himſelf with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and perſecutors, as with beings of another ſpecies, whoſe actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellences in common with himſelf.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the reſt of the world, and acts in ſuch ſcenes of the univerſal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young ſpectators fix their eyes upon him with cloſer attention, and hope, by obſerving his behaviour and ſucceſs, to regulate their own practices when they ſhall be engaged in the like part.

For this reaſon theſe familiar hiſtories may perhaps be made of greater uſe than the ſolemnities of profeſſed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is ſo great as to take poſſeſſion of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almoſt without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unreſtrained, the beſt examples only ſhould be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate ſo ſtrongly, ſhould not be miſchievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which theſe fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to ſelect objects, and to cull from the maſs of mankind thoſe individuals upon which the attention ought moſt to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be poliſhed by art, and placed in ſuch a ſituation as to diſplay that luſtre which before was buried among common ſtones.

It is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature which are

moſt proper for imitation: greater care is ſtill required in repreſenting life, which is ſo often diſcoloured by paſſion, or deformed by wickedneſs. If the world be promiſcuouſly deſcribed, I cannot ſee of what uſe it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as ſafe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror, which ſhews all that preſents itſelf without diſcrimination.

It is therefore not a ſufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to obſervation and experience, for that obſervation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpoſe of theſe writings is ſurely not only to ſhew mankind, but to provide that they may be ſeen hereafter with leſs hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the ſnares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infuſing any wiſh for that ſuperiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practiſe it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of neceſſary defence, and to increaſe prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers for the ſake of following nature, ſo mingle good and bad qualities in their principal perſonages, that they are both equally conſpicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to intereſt ourſelves in their favour, we loſe the abhorrence of their faults, becauſe they do not hinder our pleaſure, or perhaps regard them with ſome kindneſs for being united with ſo much merit.

There have been men, indeed, ſplendidly wicked, whoſe endowments threw a brightneſs on their crimes, and whom ſcarce any villainy made perfectly deteſtable, becauſe they never could be wholly diveſted of their excellences: but ſuch have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world; and their reſemblance ought no more to be preſerved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the conſequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correſpondent faults; and, therefore, that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are obſerved by Swift to be 'grateful in the ſame degree as 'they are reſentful.' This principle, with others of the ſame kind, ſuppoſes man to act from a brute impulſe, and purſue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwiſe, though it ſhould be allowed that gratitude and reſentment ariſe from the ſame conſtitution of the paſſions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reaſon is conſulted; yet unleſs that conſequence be admitted, this ſagacious maxim becomes an empty ſound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the firſt motions to the ſeeffects are always in the ſame proportion. For pride, which produces quickneſs of reſentment, will obſtruct gratitude, by unwillingneſs to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the atmoſt importance to mankind, that poſitions of this tendency ſhould be laid open and confuted; for while men conſider good and evil as ſpringing from the ſame root, they will ſpare the one for the ſake of the other; and, in judging, if not of others, at leaſt of themſelves, will be apt to eſtimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all thoſe will contribute who confound the colours of right and wrong; and, inſtead of helping to ſettle their boundaries, mix them with ſo much art, that no common mind is able to diſunite them.

In narratives, where hiſtorical veracity has no place, I cannot diſcover why there ſhould not be exhibited the moſt perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate, but the higheſt and pureſt that humanity can reach, which, exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may, by conquering ſome calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt; nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtratagems;

for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs: and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

No. V. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent ſilvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.

VIRG.

Now every field, now every tree, is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen.

ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſpect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, and adjuſted his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blaſted. Many, perhaps, would be deſirous of learning by what means he procured to himſelf ſuch a cheap and laſting ſatisfaction. It was gained by a conſtant practice of referring the removal of all his uneaſineſs to the coming of the next ſpring: if his health was impaired, the ſpring would reſtore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, its value would fall in the ſpring.

The ſpring, indeed, did often come without any of theſe effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced that the preſent ſpring would fail him before the middle of ſummer: for he always talked of the ſpring as coming till it was paſt; and, when it was once paſt, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converſe with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleaſure in the contemplation of this delightful ſeaſon: but I have the ſatisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no ſhame to reſemble, infected with the ſame enthuſiaſm; for there is, I believe, ſcarce any poet of eminence who has not left ſome teſtimony of his fondneſs for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warbles of the ſpring.—Nor has the moſt luxuriant imagination been able to deſcribe the ſerenity and happineſs of the golden age, otherwiſe than by giving a perpetual ſpring, as the higheſt reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new diſplay of the treaſures of nature. The cold and darkneſs of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the ſucceeding ſeaſon, as well for what we have eſcaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm ſituation brings early to our view, is conſidered by us as a meſſenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The Spring affords to a mind, ſo free from

the diſturbances of cares or paſſions as to be vacant to calm amuſements, almoſt every thing that our preſent ſtate makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the ſucceſſion of grateful odours, the voice of pleaſure pouring out its notes on every ſide, with the gladneſs apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, ſignificantly expreſſed by the ſmile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom theſe ſcenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to loſe their hours and divert their thoughts by cards or aſſemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a poſition which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is ſomething wrong.—He muſt fly from himſelf, either becauſe he feels a tediouſneſs in life from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and perhaps is ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

Thoſe whom ſorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleaſures of contemplation, may properly apply to ſuch diverſions, provided they are innocent, as lay ſtrong hold on the attention; and thoſe whom fear of any future affliction chains down to miſery muſt endeavour to obviate the danger.

My conſiderations ſhall on this occaſion, be turned on ſuch as are burdenſome to themſelves merely becauſe they want ſubjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open without affording them pleaſure or inſtruction, becauſe they never learn to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this ſeeming paradox—that 'very few men knows how to 'take a walk;' and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a proſpect of any other pleaſure than the ſame company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and conſeqcently vary their hue as they happen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpoſe that he alters his poſition, if his attention continues fixed to the ſame point. The mind ſhould be kept open to the acceſs of every new idea, and ſo far diſengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as eaſily to accommodate itſelf to occaſional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhauſtible ſtock of materials upon which he can employ himſelf without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, ſeldom totally avoided by thoſe whoſe judgment is much exerciſed upon the works of art. He has always a certain proſpect of diſcovering new reaſons for adoring the ſovereign Author of the univerſe, and probable hopes of making ſome diſcovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himſelf. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great uſe, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration, or fatigue of ſtudy, but only frequent experiments and cloſe attention. What is ſaid by the chymiſts of their darling mercury, is perhaps true of every body through the whole creation, that if a thouſand lives ſhould be ſpent upon it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind muſt neceſſarily be diverſified by various taſtes, ſince life affords and requires ſuch multiplicity of employments; and a nation of naturaliſts is neither to be hoped nor deſired: but it is ſurely not improper to point out a freſh amuſement to thoſe who languiſh in health, and repine in plenty, for want of ſome ſource of diverſion that may be leſs eaſily exhauſted, and to inform the multitudes of both ſexes, who are burdened with every new day, that there are many ſhews which they have not ſeen.

He that enlarges his curioſity after the works of nature, demonſtrably multiplies the inlets to happineſs; and therefore the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal ſpeculation, muſt excuſe me for calling upon them, to make uſe at once of the ſpring of the year, and the ſpring of life; to acquire, while

their minds may be yet impreſſed with new images, a love of innocent pleaſures, and an ardour for uſeful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted ſpring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to Autumnal fruits.

No. VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
Eſt ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus.

HOR.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In queſt of happineſs, which dwells at home:
With vain purſuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind.

ELPHINSTON.

THAT man ſhould never ſuffer his happineſs to depend upon external circumſtances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philoſophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty ſect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which ſome of them ſeem to have compriſed an utter excluſion of all corporal pain and pleaſure from the regard or attention of a wiſe man.

Such *ſapientia inſaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influence, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind which, however depraved or weakened, boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodneſs and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis pejora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.
Unleſs the ſoul, to vice a thrall,
Deſert her own original.

The neceſſity of erecting ourſelves to ſome degree of intellectual dignity, and of preſerving reſources of pleaſure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion; and, having nothing within that can entertain or employ them are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The numberleſs expedients practiſed by this claſs of mortals to alleviate the burden of life, is not leſs ſhameful, nor perhaps much leſs pitiable, than thoſe to which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have ſeen melancholy overſpread a whole family at the diſappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the propoſal of a thouſand ſchemes, and the diſpatch of the footmen upon a hundred meſſages, they have ſubmitted, with gloomy reſignation, to the misfortune of paſſing one evening in converſation with each other, on a ſudden, ſuch are the revolutions of the world, an unexpected viſitor has brought them relief, acceptable as proviſion to a ſtarving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of thoſe who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their ſhadows; always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from every new ſcene, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on thoſe that ſuffer under the

dreadful ſymptom of canine madneſs, termed by phyſicians the *dread of water?* Theſe miſerable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with thirſt, are ſometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themſelves that they can ſwallow in one poſture that liquor which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet ſuch folly is not peculiar to the thoughtleſs or ignorant, but ſometimes ſeizes thoſe minds which ſeem moſt exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickneſs of penetration or ſeverity of judgmen; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Theſe reflections aroſe in my mind upon the remembrance of a paſſage in Cowley's preface to his poems; where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by ſtudy, he informs us of a ſcheme of happineſs to which the imagination of a girl upon the loſs of her firſt lover could have ſcarcely given way, but which he ſeems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its abſurdities, and would probably have put in execution had he been hindered only by his reaſon.

'My deſire,' ſays he, has been for ſome years 'paſt, though the execution has been acci-'dentally diverted, and does ſtill vehemently 'continue, to retire myſelf to ſome of our 'American Plantations; not to ſeek for gold, 'or enrich myſelf with the traffick of thoſe 'parts, which is the end of moſt men that tra-'vel thither, but to forſake this world for ever, 'with all the vanities and vexations of it, and 'to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat, 'but not without the conſolation of letters and 'philoſophy.'

Such was the chimerical proviſion which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life; and which he ſeems to recommend to poſterity, ſince there is no other reaſon for diſcloſing it. Surely no ſtronger inſtance can be given of a perſuaſion, that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might ſet ſail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled ſo far with no other purpoſe than to *bury himſelf in ſome obſcure retreat*, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts ſufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be ſummoned back into public life, a ſhort experience would have convinced him, that privation is eaſier than acquiſition, and that it would require little contrivance to free himſelf from the intruſion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much deſire of acquaintance with a man by whom we are ſure to be neglected, however his reputation for ſcience or virtue may excite our curioſity or eſteem; ſo that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid leſt the reſpect of ſtrangers ſhould overwhelm him with viſits. Even thoſe to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently ſupport his abſence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diverſions for thoſe moments which his company contributed to exhilarate.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyranniſing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked, how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the *vanities* and *vexations* of the world, not leſs efficacious than thoſe which the woods or fields of America could afford him; but having once his mind imbittered with diſguſt, he conceived it impoſſible to be far enough from the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; and was poſting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with buſineſs, he ſo ſtrongly imaged to himſelf the happineſs of leiſure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling ſatisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of deſire, that ſolitude and quiet owe their pleaſures to

thoſe miſeries which he was ſo ſtudious to obviate: for ſuch are the viciſſitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and reſt, hurry and retirement, endear each other; ſuch are the changes that keep the mind in action; we deſire, we purſue, we obtain, we are ſatiated; we deſire ſomething elſe, and begin a new purſuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his ambition in the moſt delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his diſtance from the *vanities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man who feels pain to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily perſuaded himſelf that nothing worſe was to be found, and that every alteration would bring ſome improvement: he never ſuſpected that the cauſe of his unhappineſs was within; that his own paſſions were not ſufficiently regulated; and that he was harraſſed by his own impatience, which could never be without ſomething to awaken it, would accompany him over the ſea, and find its way to his American elyſium. He would, upon the trial, have been ſoon convinced, that the fountain of conteſt muſt ſpring up in the mind; and that he who has ſo little knowledge of human nature, as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

No. VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1750.

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum coelique ſator!—
Diſjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica! tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, ſemita, terminus, idem.

BOETHIUS.

O thou whoſe power o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence ſhine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt:
From theſe, great God, we ſpring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of Retirement has, in all ages, adhered cloſely to thoſe minds which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were therefore ſurrounded by men who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe, or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of ſatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition nothing appears requiſite but quick ſenſibility, and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or ſcience, the man whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch a conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat, to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety in his own ideas which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs, or abundance, exempt him from the importunities of this deſire; ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependance or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom,

ceremony and popularity, that, according to the Greek proverb, no man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was anſwered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpirited them with acclamations: but their efficacy ſeems confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments and vexations which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But there is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me now eſpecially to mention; a reaſon which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can imagine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, but ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by obſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtick ſecurity of his approbation places them above external ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the terrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as may overbear all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at another againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the Apoſtle repreſents our paſſage through this ſtage of our exiſtence by images drawn from the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we are placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about us conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger from whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleaſure has a tendency to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either to turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our lawful and faithful guides in moſt things that relate ſolely to this life; and therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of conſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſubmiſſion and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance; every new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluctance than the former; and thus the deſcent to life merely ſenſual is perpetually accelerated.

The ſenſes have not only that advantage over conſcience, which things neceſſary muſt always have over things choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſenſations of pleaſure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remembered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of his life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſubjection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtigated his appetites by indulgence; or ſuffered them by an unreſiſting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the neceſſity of diſpoſing the ſenſitive faculties of the influence which they muſt naturally gain by this pre-occupation of the ſoul, ariſes that conflict between oppoſite deſires in the firſt endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthuſiaſtically it may have been deſcribed, or however contemptuouſly ridiculed, will naturally be felt in ſome degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumſtances of health or condition, greater or leſs fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapſe.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the animal faculties, in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes the difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in caſes where they ought

to be of no weight; for the motions of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſought, we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and therefore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, that, ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoiſe between the pleaſures of this life and the hopes of futurity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſcale would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, till at laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are infinite; not leſs than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But theſe can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the buſineſs or diverſions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of its excellence, its importance, and its neceſſity; which, in proportion as they are more frequently and more willingly revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent influence, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the ſtanding principles of action, and the teſt by which every thing propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is neceſſary that we weaken the temptations of the world, by retiring at certain ſeaſons from it; for its influence ariſing only from its preſence, is much leſſened when it becomes the object of ſolitary meditation. A conſtant reſidence amidſt noiſe and pleaſure inevitably obliterates the impreſſions of piety, and a frequent abſtraction of ourſelves into a ſtate, where this life, like the next, operates only upon the reaſon, will reinſtate religion in its juſt authority, even without thoſe irradiations from above, the hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from the ſincere and the diligent.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves, which has been always conſidered as the perfection of human nature: and this is only to be obtained by fervent prayer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirement from folly and vanity; from the cares of avarice, and the joys of intemperance; from the lulling ſounds of deceitful flattery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wickedneſs.

No. VIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1750.

—— Patitur poenas peccandi ſola voluntas;
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet.

JUV.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.

CREECH.

IF the moſt active and induſtrious of mankind was able, at the cloſe of life, to recollect diſtinctly his paſt moments, and diſtribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been ſpent, it is ſcarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind by any permanent or viſible effects, how ſmall a proportion his real action would bear to his ſeeming poſſibilities of action, how many chaſms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interſtitial ſpaces unfilled, even in the moſt tumultuous hurries of buſineſs, and the moſt eager vehemence of purſuit.

It is ſaid by modern philoſophers, that not only the great globes of matter are thinly ſcattered through the univerſe, but the hardeſt bodies are ſo porous, that, if all matter were compreſſed to perfect ſolidity, it might be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like man-

ner, if all the employment of life were crouded into the time which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, or hours, would be ſufficient for its accompliſhment, ſo far as the mind was engaged in the performance. For ſuch is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years, and the ſoul often ſtands an idle ſpectator of the labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For this reaſon, the ancient generals often found themſelves at leiſure to purſue the ſtudy of philoſophy in the camp: and Lucan, with hiſtorical veracity, makes Cæſar relate of himſelf, than he noted the revolutions of the ſtars in the midſt of preparations for battle.

——*Media inter prælia ſemper*
Sideribus, cælique plagis, ſuperiſque vacavi.
Amid the ſtorms of war, with curious eyes
I trace the planets and ſurvey the ſkies.

That ſoul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or leſs force, is very probable, though the common occaſions of our preſent condition require but a ſmall part of that inceſſant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are ſo frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our time we are thinging, ſo for a great part of our time we can only think.

Leſt a power ſo reſtleſs ſhould be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the ſuperfluities of intellect run to waſte, it is no vain ſpeculation to conſider how we may govern our thoughts, reſtrain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundleſs diſſipation.

How the underſtanding is beſt conducted to the knowledge of ſcience, by what ſteps it is to be led forwards in it's purſuit, how it is to be cured of it's defects, and habituated to new ſtudies, has been the inquiry of many acute and learned men, whoſe obſervations I ſhall not either adopt or cenſure; my purpoſe being to conſider the moral diſcipline of the mind, and to promote the increaſe of virtue rather than of learning.

This inquiry ſeems to have been neglected for want of remembering that all action has it's origin in the mind, and that therefore to ſuffer the thoughts to be vitiated is to poiſon the fountains of morality: irregular deſires will produce licentious practices; what men allow themſelves to wiſh they will ſoon believe, and will be at laſt incited to execute what they pleaſe themſelves with contriving.

For this reaſon the caſuiſts of the Romiſh church, who gain, by confeſſion, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have generally determined that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think. Since, by revolving with pleaſure the facility, ſafety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man ſoon begins to find his conſtancy relax, and his deteſtation ſoften; the happineſs of ſucceſs glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the attrociouſneſs of the guilt, and acts are at laſt confidently perpetrated, of which the firſt conception only crept into the mind, diſguiſed in pleaſing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or jealouſy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how eaſily he might at firſt have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his paſſion has been after ſome caſual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the viper by too warm a fondneſs.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reaſon a conſtant guard over imagination, that we have otherwiſe no ſecurity for our own virtue, but may corrupt our hearts in the moſt recluſe ſolitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wiſhes than the commerce of the world will generally produce: for we are eaſily ſhocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude; but the gradual growth of our own wickedneſs, endeared by intereſt, and palliated by all the artifices of ſelf-deceit, gives us time to form diſtinctions in our own favour, and reaſon by degrees ſubmits to abſurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkneſs.

In this diſeaſe of the ſoul, it is of the utmoſt importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I ſhall endeavour to ſhew what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the paſt, preſent, or future; in hopes that ſome may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who perhaps indulge themſelves in dangerous dreams; ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the paſt is only uſeful by way of proviſion for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious conſideration, it is proper that a man ſtop at the firſt thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a ſtratagem of ſucceſsful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleaſure, lot him ſummon off his imagination as from an unlawful purſuit, expel thoſe paſſages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot ſeriouſly approve them, the pleaſure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be conſidered with greater ſafety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impreſſions of paſt pleaſure are always leſſening, but the ſenſe of guilt, which reſpects futurity, continues the ſame.

The ſerious and impartial retroſpect of our conduct is indiſputably neceſſary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is therefore recommended under the name of ſelf-examination, by divines, as the firſt act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of ſo great uſe, that without it we ſhould always be to begin life, be ſeduced for ever by the ſame allurements, and miſled by the ſame fallacies. But in order that we may not loſe the advantage of our experience, we muſt endeavour to ſee every thing in it's proper form, and excite in ourſelves thoſe ſentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι,
Πρὶν τᾶν ἡμερινῶν ἕρλαν τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν.
Πᾷ παρέβαν; τι δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη;
Ἀρξάμενος δ' ἀπὸ πρώτω ἐπέξιθι καὶ μετάπειτα,
Δειλὰ μὲν ἐκπήξας, ἐπὶ πλήσσεο, χρηστὰ δὲ, τέρπω.

Let not ſleep, ſays Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the firſt act, and proceed; and, in concluſion, at the ill which thou haſt done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Our thoughts on preſent things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under thoſe indulgences, or excurſions, which I am now conſidering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that are diſturbed by the irruption of wicked imaginations, againſt too great dejection, and too anxious alarms; for thoughts are only criminal when they are firſt choſen, and then volantarily continued.

Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or ſtain behind.

MILTON.

In futurity chiefly are the ſnares lodged by which the imagination is intangled. Futurity is the proper abode of hope and fear, with all their train and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and deſires. In futurity, events and chances are yet floating at large, without apparent connection with their cauſes; and we therefore eaſiiy indulge the liberty of gratifying ourſelves with a pleaſing choice. To pick and cull among poſſible advantages is, as the civil law terms it *in vacuum venire*—to take what belongs to nobody: but it has this hazard in it, that we ſhall be unwilling to quit what we have ſeized, though an owner ſhould be found. It is eaſy to think on that which may be gained, till at laſt we reſolve to gain it; and to image the happineſs of particular conditions, till we can be eaſy in no other. We ought at leaſt to let our deſires fix upon nothing in another's power for the ſake of our quiet, or in another's poſſeſſion for the ſake of our innocence. When a man finds himſelf led, though by a train of honeſt ſentiments, to wiſh for that to which he has no right, he ſhould ſtart back as from a pitfal covered with flowers. He that fancies he ſhould benefit the publick more in a great ſtation than the man that fills it, will in time imagine it an act of virtue to ſupplant him; and, as oppoſition readily kindles into hatred, his eagerneſs to do that good to which he is not called will betray him to crimes which in his original ſcheme were never propoſed.

He therefore th would govern his actions by the laws of virtue muſt regulate his thoughts by thoſe of reaſon: he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart; and remember that the pleaſures of fancy, and the emotions of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

No. IX. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1750.

Quod ſis eſſe velis, nihilque malis.

MART.

Chuſe what you are; no other ſtate prefer.

ELPHINSTON.

IT is juſtly remarked by Horace, that, howſoever every man may complain occaſionally of the hardſhips of his condition, he is ſeldom willing to change it for any other on the ſame level: for whether it be that he who follows an employment made choice of it at firſt on account of its ſuitableneſs to his inclination; or that, when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular ſtation, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himſelf to it, gets the cuſtom of viewing it only on the faireſt ſide; or whether every man thinks that claſs to which he belongs the moſt illuſtrious, merely becauſe he has honoured it with his name; it is certain that, whatever be the reaſon, moſt men have a very ſtrong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is ſufficiently viſible in every rank of the human ſpecies; but it exerts itſelf more frequently and with greater force among thoſe who have never learned to conceal their ſentiments for reaſons of policy, or to model their expreſſions by the laws of politeneſs; and therefore the chief conteſts of wit among artificers and handicraftſmen ariſe from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the ſame principles are derived many conſolations to alleviate the inconveniences to which every calling is peculiarly expoſed. A blackſmith was lately pleaſing himſelf at his anvil, with obſerving that, though his trade was hot and ſooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer; he got his bread like a man; and if his ſon ſhould riſe in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man truly zealous for his fraternity, is never ſo irreſiſtibly flattered as when ſome rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boaſted that he had got a new cuſtomer whom he could ſafely truſt, for he could have no doubt of his honeſty, ſince it was known, from unqueſtionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the cloaths which he had worn the laſt ſeven years; and he himſelf had heard him declare, in a publick coffee-houſe, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be ſuch deſpicable wretches that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been obſerved that phyſicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to diſcover the reaſon of ſuch a combination between men who agree in nothing elſe, and who ſeem leſs to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion: but they have all ſeen a parſon; ſeen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war againſt him. A young ſtudent from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's pariſh with ſuch arguments as his acquaintance could furniſh, and returned to town with ſucceſs, is now gone down with a reſolution to deſtroy him; for he has learned at laſt how to manage a prig, and if he pretends to hold him again to ſyllogiſm, he has a catch in reſerve, which neither logic nor metaphyſicks can reſiſt.

I laugh to think how your unſhaken Cato
Will look aghaſt, when unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of ſoldiers and ſailors againſt each other has been often experienced at the coſt of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late ſucceſſes at ſea, ſome new regulations were concerted for eſtabliſhing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more abſurd than to give any honorary rewards to ſeamen: 'For honour,' ſays he, 'ought only to be won by bra-

'very; and all the world knows that in a sea-'fight there is no danger, and therefore no 'evidence of courage.'

But although this general desire of aggrandizing themselves by raising their profession, betrays men to a thousand ridiculous and mischievous acts of supplantation and detraction, yet as almost all passions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewise excites ingenuity, and sometimes raises an honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances for which scarce any other would be persuaded to esteem them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from its first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.

This passion for the honour of a profession, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguished. Every man, from the highest to the lowest station, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being useful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exercise; and for that end he must necessarily consider the whole extent of it's application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed; because, for want of fuller knowledge of his business, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands: but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refined speculation is an empty dream; and the other, that, without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.

No. X. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1750.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.

VIRG.

For trifling sports I quitted grave affairs.

THE number of correspondents which increases every day upon me, shews that my Paper is at least distinguished from the common productions of the press. It is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends; and I look upon every letter, whether it contains

encomiums or reproaches, as an equal atteſtation of riſing credit. The only pain which I can feel from my correſpondence, is the fear of diſguſting thoſe whoſe letters I ſhall neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that, in diſapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Beſides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himſelf, or his private friends; and it may be juſtly concluded, that not all letters which are poſtponed are rejected, nor all that are rejected, critically condemned.

Having thus eaſed my heart of the only apprehenſion that ſat heavy on it, I can pleaſe myſelf with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed, without ſinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me for being old and ugly, and for wanting both activity of body and ſprightlineſs of mind; feeds her monkey with my lucubrations, and refuſes my reconciliation till I have appeared in vindication of maſquerades. That ſhe may not however imagine me without ſupport, and left to reſt wholly upon my own fortitude, I ſhall now publiſh ſome letters which I have received from men as well dreſſed, and as handſome, as her favourite; and others from ladies whom I ſincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as faſhionable, and as often toaſted and treated as herſelf.

'A Set of candid readers ſend their reſpects to 'the Rambler, and acknowledge his 'merit in ſo well beginning a work that may 'be of publick benefit. But, ſuperior as his 'genius is to the impertinences of a trifling 'age, they cannot help a wiſh, that he would 'condeſcend to the weakneſs of minds ſoftened 'by perpetual amuſements, and now and then 'throw in, like his predeceſſor, ſome papers 'of a gay and humorous turn. Too fair a field 'now lies open, with too plentiful a harveſt of 'follies! Let the chearful Thalia put in her 'ſickle; and, ſinging at her work, deck her 'hair with red and blue.'

'A Lady ſends her compliments to the Ram-'bler, and deſires to know by what 'other name ſhe may direct to him; what are 'his ſet of friends, his amuſements; what his 'way of thinking, with regard to the living 'world and its ways: in ſhort, whether he is 'a perſon now alive, and in town? If he be, 'ſhe will do herſelf the honour to write to him 'pretty often: and hopes, from time to time, 'to be the better for his advice and animadver-'ſions; for his animadverſions on her neigh-'bours at leaſt. But, if he is a mere eſſayiſt, 'and troubles not himſelf with the manners of 'the age, ſhe is ſorry to tell him, that even the 'genius and correctneſs of an Addiſon will 'not ſecure him from neglect.'

No man is ſo much abſtracted from common life, as not to feel a particular pleaſure from the regard of the female world; the candid writers of the firſt billet will not be offended, that my haſte to ſatisfy a lady has hurried their addreſs too ſoon out of my mind, and that I refer them for a reply to ſome future paper, in order to tell this curious inquirer after my other name; the anſwer of a philoſopher to a man who, meeting him in the ſtreet, deſired to ſee what he carried under his cloak—'I carry it there, ſaid he, 'that you may not ſee it.' But, though ſhe is never to know my name, ſhe may often ſee my face: for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer ought to view the world, and that he who neglects his cotemporaries, may be, with juſtice, neglected by them.

'LADY Racket ſends compliments to the 'Rambler; and lets him know, ſhe 'ſhall have cards at her houſe every Sunday, 'the remainder of the ſeaſon, where he will be 'ſure of meeting all the good company in town. 'By this means ſhe hopes to ſee his papers in-'terſperſed with living characters. She longs 'to ſee the torch of Truth produced at an aſ-'ſembly, and to admire the charming luſtre it 'will throw on the jewels, complexions, and 'behaviour of every dear creature there.'

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the ſame civility as it is made; and, therefore, though Lady Racket may have had ſome reaſon to gueſs that I ſeldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I ſhall not inſiſt upon an exception which may to her appear of ſo little force. My buſineſs has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be ſeen: but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my viſit loſt, for I could

know nothing of the company, but their cloaths and their faces. I ſaw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform ſolicitude, now and then in its progreſs varied with a ſhort triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with deſpondency, or by accident fluſhed with rage at the unſkilful or unlucky play of a partner. From ſuch aſſemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too dull when I was chearful.

Yet I cannot but value myſelf upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to ſtand before the torch of Truth. Let her not, however, conſult her curioſity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if ſhe could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terreſtrial virtue, to be examined by too ſtrong a light. The torch of Truth ſhews much that we cannot, and all that we would not ſee. In a face dimpled with ſmiles, it has often diſcovered malevolence and envy; and detected, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and diſtreſs. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thouſand ſpectres of ſickneſs, miſery, and vexation; and immenſe ſums of money, while the winner counted them with tranſport, have at the firſt glimpſe of this unwelcome luſtre vaniſhed from before him. If her ladyſhip therefore deſigns to continue her aſſembly, I would adviſe her to ſhun ſuch dangerous experiments, to ſatisfy herſelf with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of Truth.

'A Modeſt young man ſends his ſervice to 'the author of the Rambler, and will 'be very willing to aſſiſt him in his work, but 'is ſadly afraid of being diſcouraged by having 'his firſt eſſay rejected; a diſgrace he has woe-'fully experienced in every offer he had made 'of it to every new writer of every new paper: 'but he comforts himſelf by thinking, without 'vanity, that this has been from a peculiar fa-'vour of the Muſes, who ſaved his perform-'ance from being buried in traſh, and reſerved 'it to appear with luſtre in the Rambler.'

I am equally a friend to modeſty and enterprize; and therefore ſhall think it an honour to correſpond with a young man who poſſeſſes both in ſo eminent a degree. Youth is, indeed, the time in which theſe qualities ought chiefly to be found; modeſty ſuits well with inexperience, and enterprize with health and vigour, and an extenſive proſpect of life. One of my predeceſſors has juſtly obſerved, that, though modeſty has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, but that a man ſhould ſhew under his bluſhes a latent reſolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correſpondent ſeems to have attained. That he is modeſt, his own declaration may evince; and, I think, the *latent reſolution* may be diſcovered in his letter by an acute obſerver. I will adviſe him, ſince he ſo well deſerves my precepts, not to be diſcouraged, though the Rambler ſhould prove equally envious, or taſteleſs, with the reſt of this fraternity. If his paper is refuſed, the preſſes of England are open; let him try the judgment of the publick. If as it has ſometimes happened in general combinations againſt merit, he cannot perſuade the world to buy his works, he may preſent them to his friends; and if his friends are ſeized with the epidemical infatuation, and cannot find his genius, or will not confeſs it, let him then refer his cauſe to poſterity, and reſerve his labours for a wiſer age.

Thus have I diſpatched ſome of my correſpondents in the uſual manner, with fair words and general civility. But to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what ſhall I reply? Unable as I am to fly, at her command, over land and ſea, or to ſupply her, from week to week, with the faſhions of Paris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to incur her future diſpleaſure, and would ſave my papers from her monkey on any reaſonable terms. By what propitiation, therefore, may I atone for my former gravity, and open, without trembling, the future letters of this ſprightly perſecutor! To write in defence of maſquerades is no eaſy taſk; yet ſomething difficult and daring may well be required, as the price of ſo important an approbation. I therefore conſulted, in this great emergency, a man of high reputation in gay life; who having added, to his other accompliſhments, no mean proficiency in the minute philoſophy, after the fifth peruſal of her letter, broke out with

rapture into theſe words—'And can you, Mr. 'Rambler, ſtand out againſt this charming 'creature? Let her know, at leaſt, that from 'this moment Nigrinus devotes his life and his 'labours to her ſervice. Is there any ſtubborn 'prejudice of education that ſtands between 'thee and the moſt amiable of mankind? Be-'hold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown grey 'in the ſtudy of thoſe noble arts by which right 'and wrong may be confounded; by which 'reaſon may be blinded when we have a mind 'to eſcape from her inſpection; and caprice and 'appetite inſtated in uncontrouled command, 'and boundleſs dominion! Such a caſuiſt may 'ſurely engage, with certainty of ſucceſs, in 'vindication of an entertainment which in an 'inſtant gives confidence to the timorous, and 'kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment 'where the vigilance of jealouſy has ſo often 'been eluded, and the virgin is ſet free from 'the neceſſity of languiſhing in ſilence; where 'all the outworks of chaſtity are at once demo-'liſhed; where the heart is laid open without a 'bluſh; where baſhfulneſs may ſurvive virtue, 'and no wiſh is cruſhed under the frowns of 'modeſty. Far weaker influence than Flirtil-'la's might gain over an advocate for ſuch 'amuſements. It was declared by Pompey, 'that, if the commonwealth was violated, he 'could ſtamp with his foot, and raiſe an army 'out of the ground: if the rights of pleaſure 'are again invaded, let but Flirtilla crack her 'fan, neither pens nor ſwords ſhall be wanting 'at the ſummons; the wit and the colonel ſhall 'march out at her command; and neither law 'nor reaſon ſhall ſtand before us.'

No. XI. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic geminant corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ.———

HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor Pythian Phoebus from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor Dindymene, nor her prieſts poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger.

FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, χόλυ κράτει—be maſter of thy anger. He conſidered anger as the great diſturber of human life, the chief enemy both of publick happineſs and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt this outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in its full import, protracted into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, ariſe, indeed, many of the evils to which the life of a man is expoſed. By anger operating upon power are produced the ſubverſion of cities, the deſolation of countries, the maſſacre of nations, and all thoſe dreadful and aſtoniſhing calamities which fill the hiſtories of the world, and which could not be read at any diſtant point of time, when the paſſions ſtand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to its natural force, without ſome doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not ſee the ſame cauſes ſtill tending to the ſame effects, and only acting with leſs vigour for want of the ſame concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous ſpecies of anger falls not properly under the animadverſion of a writer whoſe chief end is the regulation of

common life, end whoſe precepts are to recommend themſelves by their general uſe. Nor is this eſſay intended to expoſe the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propoſe now for my ſubject is ſuch as makes thoſe who indulge it more troubleſome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and waſps, than with baſiliſks and lions. I have therefore prefixed a motto, which characteriſes this paſſion, not ſo much by the miſchief that it cauſes as by the noiſe that it utters.

There is in the world a certain claſs of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of 'paſſionate men,' who imagine themſelves entitled by that diſtinction to be provoked on every ſlight occaſion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom proceeds to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or linkboy fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of thoſe that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke: they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language; as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of a convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame, and without regret, conſider thhmſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience, and boaſting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has conſidered how his outrages were cauſed, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at laſt.

Thoſe ſudden burſts of rage generally break out upon ſinall occaſions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot ſupply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the firſt reflection upon his violence muſt ſhew him that he is mean enough to be driven from his poſt by every petty incident, that he is the mere ſlave of caſualty, and that his reaſon and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of theſe loud extravagances, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always diſcover to himſelf. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by conſequence his ſuffrage not much regarded, is ſometimes in hopes of gaining that attention by his clamours which he cannot otherwiſe obtain, and is pleaſed with remembering that at leaſt he made himſelf heard, that he had the power to interrupt thoſe whom he could not confute, and ſuſpend the deciſion which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their ſervants and domeſticks; they feel their own ignorance; they ſee their own inſignificance; and therefore they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it muſt follow them behind; and think themſelves eminently maſters, when they ſee one folly tamely complied with, only leſt refuſal or delay ſhould provoke them to a greater.

Theſe temptations cannot but be owned to have ſome force. It is ſo little pleaſing to any man to ſee himſelf wholly overlooked in the maſs of things, that he may be allowed to tpy a few expedients for procuring ſome kind of ſupplemental dignity, and uſe ſome endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightneſs of his other powers. But this has now been long practiſed, and found, upon the moſt exact eſtimate, not to produce advantages equal to its inconveniences; for it appears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluſter, alter any ones opinion of his underſtanding, or

gain influence except over thoſe whom fortune or nature have made his dependents. He may, by a ſteady perſeverance in his ferocity, fright his children, and haraſs his ſervants; but the reſt of the world will look on and laugh, and he will have the comfort at laſt of thinking, that he lives only to raiſe contempt and hatred, emotions to which wiſdom and virtue would be always unwilling to give occaſion. He has contrived only to make thoſe fear him whom every reaſonable being is endeavouring to endear by kindneſs, and muſt content himſelf with the pleaſure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not reſiſt. He muſt perceive that the apprehenſion which his preſence cauſes is not the awe of his virtue, but the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up the felicity of being loved without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill conſequence of the frequent indulgence of this bluſtering paſſion, which a man, by often calling to his aſſiſtance, will teach, in a ſhort time, to intrude before the ſummons, to ruſh upon him with reſiſtleſs violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himſelf liable to be inflamed at the firſt touch of provocation, and unable to retain his reſentment, till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompenſe them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe, or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and deſtroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with frequent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks by decay of ſtrength into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expreſſes it, φθινύθειν φίλον κῆρ—to devour his own heart in ſolitude and contempt.

No. XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1750.

—Miſerum parva ſtipe focilat, ut pudibundos
Exercere ſales inter convivia poſſit.—
——— Tu mitis, et acri
Aſperitate carens, poſitoque per omnia faſtu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
Obſequiumque doces, et amorem quæris amando.

LUCANUS AD PISONEM.

Unlike the ribald, whoſe licentious jeſt
Pollutes his banquet, and inſults his gueſts;
From wealth and grandeur eaſy to deſcend,
Thou joy'ſt to loſe the maſter in the friend:
We round thy board the cheerful menials ſee,
Gay with the ſmile of bland equality;
No ſocial care the gracious lord diſdains;
Love prompts to love, and rev'rence rev'rence gains.

TO THE RAMBLER.

'SIR,

'AS you ſeem to have devoted your labours 'to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform 'you of one ſpecies of cruelty with which the 'life of a man of letters perhaps does not often 'make him acquainted; and which, as it ſeems 'to produce no other advantage to thoſe that 'practiſe it than a ſhort gratification of 'thoughtleſs vanity, may become leſs common 'when it has been once expoſed in its various 'forms, and its full magnitude.

'I am the daughter of a country gentleman, 'whoſe family is numerous, and whoſe eſtate, 'not at firſt ſufficient to ſupply us with affluence, has been lately ſo much impaired by an 'unſucceſsful law-ſuit, that all the younger 'children are obliged to try ſuch means as their 'education affords them, for procuring the neceſſaries of life. Diſtreſs and curioſity concurred to bring me to London, where I was 'received by a relation with the coldneſs which 'misfortune generally finds. A week, a long 'week, I lived with my couſin, before the moſt 'vigilant enquiry could procure us the leaſt 'hopes of a place, in which time I was much 'better qualified to bear all the vexations of 'ſervitude. The firſt two days ſhe was content to pity me, and only wiſhed I had not 'been quite ſo well bred; but people muſt 'comply with their circumſtances. This lenity, however, was ſoon at an end; and, for 'the remaining part of the week, I heard every 'hour of the pride of my family, the obſtinacy 'of my father, and of people better born than 'myſelf that were common ſervants.

'At laſt, on Saturday noon, ſhe told me, 'with very viſible ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Bombaſine, the great ſilk-mercer's lady, wanted a 'maid; and a fine place it would be, for there 'would be nothing to do but to clean my miſtreſs's room, get up her linen, dreſs the young 'ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care 'of a little miſs juſt come from nurſe, and then 'ſit down to my needle. But Madam was a 'woman of great ſpirit; and would not be contradicted, and therefore I ſhould take care, 'for good places were not eaſily to be got.

'With theſe cautions I waited on Madam 'Bombaſine, of whom the firſt ſight gave me 'no raviſhing ideas. She was two yards round 'the waiſt, her voice was at once loud and 'ſqueaking, and her face brought to my mind 'the picture of the full moon. "Are you the "young woman," ſays ſhe, "that are come "to offer yourſelf? It is ſtrange when people "of ſubſtance want a ſervant how ſoon it is the "town-talk. But they know they ſhall have "a belly-full that live with me. Not like "people at the other end of the town, we dine "at one o'clock. But I never take any body "without a character; what friends do you "come of?" I then told her that my father 'was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate. "A great misfortune indeed, to

" come to me, and have three meals a-day! So " your father was a gentleman; and you are a " gentlewoman!"—" Madam, I did not mean " to claim any exemptions; I only answered your " enquiry."—" Such gentlewomen! People " should set their children to good trades, and " keep them off the parish. Pray go to the " other end of the town; there are gentlewo- " men, if they would pay their debts: I am " sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen!" ' Upon this, her broad face grew broader with ' triumph; and I was afraid she would have ' taken me for the pleasure of continuing her ' insult; but happily the next word was— " Pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down " stairs." You may believe I obeyed her.

' I returned, and met with a better recep- ' tion from my cousin than I expected; for, ' while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. ' Standish, whose husband had lately been rais- ' ed from a clerk in an office, to be commissi- ' oner of the excise, had taken a fine house, and ' wanted a maid.

' To Mrs. Standish I went; and, after hav- ' ing waited six hours, was at last admitted to ' the top of the stairs, when she came out of her ' room, with two of her company. There was ' a smell of punch. " So, young woman, you " want a place; whence do you come?"— " From the country, Madam."—" Yes, they " all come out of the country. And what " brought you to town; a bastard? Where do " you lodge?"—" At the Seven Dials?"— " What, you never heard of the Foundling- " house?" Upon this they all laughed so ob- ' streperously, that I took the opportunity of ' sneaking off in the tumult.

' I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. ' She was at cards; but in two hours, I was ' told, she would speak to me. She asked me ' if I could keep an account; and ordered me ' to write. I wrote two lines out of some book ' that lay by her. She wondered what people ' meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that ' rate. " I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to " see your work, it would be fine stuff! You " may walk. I will not have love-letters writ- " ten from my house to every young fellow in " the street."

' Two days after, I went on the same pur- ' suit to Lady Lofty, dressed, as I was direct- ' ed, in what little ornaments I had, because ' she had lately got a place at court. Upon the ' first sight of me, she turns to the woman that ' shewed me in—" Is this the lady that wants " a place? Pray what place would you have, " Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants, " now-a-days!"—" Madam, I heard you " wanted—" " Wanted what? Somebody fi- " ner than myself! A pretty servant, indeed! " I should be afraid to speak to her.—I sup- " pose, Mrs. Minx, those fine hands cannot " bear wetting. A servant, indeed! Pray " move off; I am resolved to be the head per- " son in this house. You are ready dressed; " the taverns will be open."

' I went to enquire for the next place in a ' clean linen gown; and heard the servant tell ' his lady, there was a young woman, but he ' saw she would not do. I was brought up ' however. " Are you the trollop that has the " impudence to come for my place? What " you have hired that nasty gown, and are " come to steal a better."—" Madam, I have " another, but being obliged to walk—" Then " these are your manners, with your blushes, " and your courtesies, to come to me in your " worst gown!"—" Madam, give me leave to " wait upon you in my other."—" Wait on " me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of " coming; I could not let such a drab come " near me.—Here, you girl, that came up " with her, have you touched her? If you have, " wash your hands before you dress me.—Such " trollops!—Get you down! What, whim- " pering? Pray walk!"

' I went away with tears; for my cousin ' had lost all patience. However, she told me, ' that having a respect for my relations, she ' was willing to keep me out of the street, and ' would let me have another week.

' The first day of this week I saw two places. ' At one I was asked where I had lived; and, ' upon my answer, was told by the lady, that ' people should qualify themselves in ordinary ' places, for she should never have done if she ' was to follow girls about. At the other ' house I was a smirking huffy, and that sweet ' face I might make money of; for her part, it ' was a rule with her never to take any creature ' that thought herself handsome.

' The three next days were spent in Lady

'Bluff's entry, where I waited ſix hours every 'day for the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſervants peep 'at me, and go away laughing. "Madam "will ſtretch her ſmall ſhanks in the entry; ſhe "will know the houſe again." At ſun-ſet 'the two firſt days I was told that my lady 'would ſee me to-morrow; and, on the third, 'that her woman ſtaid.

'My week was now near its end, and I had 'no hopes of a place. My relation, who al-'ways laid upon me the blame of every miſcar-'riage, told me that I muſt learn to humble 'myſelf, and that all great ladies had particu-'lar ways; that if I went on in that manner, 'ſhe could not tell who could keep me; ſhe had 'known many that had refuſed places ſell their 'cloaths, and beg in the ſtreets.

'It was to no purpoſe that the refuſal was 'declared by me to be never on my ſide; I was 'reaſoning againſt intereſt, and againſt ſtupidi-'ty: and therefore I comforted myſelf with the 'hope of ſucceeding better in my next attempt; 'and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, 'who had routes at her houſe, and ſaw the beſt 'company in town.

'I had not waited two hours before I was 'called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his la-'dy at piquet, in the height of good humour. 'This I looked on as a favourable ſign, and 'ſtood at the lower end of the room in expecta-'tion of the common queſtions. At laſt Mr. 'Courtly called out, after a whiſper—"Stand "facing the light, that one may ſee you." I 'changed my place, and bluſhed. They fre-'quently turned their eyes upon me, and ſeem-'ed to diſcover many ſubjects of meriment; for 'at every look they whiſpered, and laughed 'with the moſt violent agitations of delight. 'At laſt Mr. Courtly cried out, "Is that co-"lour your own, child?"—"Yes," ſays the 'lady, "if ſhe has not robbed the kitchen "hearth." This was ſo happy a conceit, that 'it renewed the ſtorm of laughter, and they 'threw down their cards in hopes of better 'ſport. The lady then called me to her, and 'began with an affected gravity to enquire 'what I could do. But firſt turn about, and "let us ſee your fine ſhape. Well, what are "you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find "your tongue, I ſuppoſe, in the kitchen."—"No, no," ſays Mr. Courtly, "the girl's a 'good girl yet; but I am afraid a briſk young "fellow, with fine tags on his ſhoulder—— "Come, child, hold up your head; what, you "have ſtole nothing?"—"Not yet," 'ſays 'the lady; "but ſhe hopes to ſteal your heart "quickly." Here was a laugh of happineſs 'and triumph, prolonged by the confuſion 'which I could no longer repreſs. At laſt the 'lady recollecting herſelf—"Stole! no: but "if I had her, I ſhould watch her; for that "downcaſt eye—Why cannot you look people "in the face?"—"Steal!" 'ſays her huſband, "ſhe would ſteal nothing but perhaps a few "ribbands before they are left off by her lady." —"Sir," anſwered I, "why ſhould you, by "ſuppoſing me a thief, inſult one from whom "you have received no injury?"—"Inſult!" 'ſays the lady; "are you come here to be a ſer-"vant, you ſaucy baggage, and talk of inſult-"ing? What will this world come to, if a gen-"tleman may not jeſt with a ſervant? Well, "ſuch ſervants! Pray be gone, and ſee when "you will have the honour to be ſo inſulted "again—Servants inſulted—a fine time! In-"ſulted! Get down ſtairs, you ſlut, or the "footman ſhall inſult you!"

'The laſt day of the laſt week was now com-'ing; and my kind couſin talked of ſending 'me down in the waggon to preſerve me from 'bad courſes. But in the morning ſhe came 'and told me ſhe had one trial more for me: 'Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I 'might do for her; for, like me, ſhe muſt fall her 'creſt, being forced to lay down her chariot 'upon the loſs of half her fortune by bad ſecu-'rities; and, with her way of giving her mo-'ney to every body that pretended to want it, 'ſhe could have little beforehand; therefore I 'might ſerve her; for, with all her fine ſenſe, 'ſhe muſt not pretend to be nice.

'I went immediately, and met at the door a 'young gentlewoman; who told me ſhe had 'herſelf been hired that morning, but that ſhe 'was ordered to bring any that offered up ſtairs. 'I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia; 'who, when I came in, laid down her book, 'and told me, that ſhe ſent for me not to gra-'tify an idle curioſity, but leſt my diſappoint-'ment might be made ſtill more grating by inci-'vility; that ſhe was in pain to deny any thing, 'much more what was no favour; that ſhe ſaw

'nothing in my appearance which did not make 'her wiſh for my company; but that another, 'whoſe claims might perhaps be equal, had 'come before me. The thought of being ſo 'near to ſuch a place, and miſſing it, brought 'tears into my eyes; and my ſobs hindered 'me from returning my acknowledgments. 'She roſe up confuſed; and ſuppoſing, by my 'concern, that I was diſtreſſed, placed me 'by her, and made me tell her my ſtory; 'which, when ſhe had heard, ſhe put two gui-'neas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near 'her, and make uſe of her table till ſhe could 'provide for me. I am now under her protec-'tion; and know not how to ſhew my grati-'tude better than by giving this account to 'the Rambler.

'ZOSIMA.'

No. XIII. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1750.

Commiſſumque teges et vino tortus et ira.

HOR.

And let not wine or anger wreſt
Th' intruſted ſecret from your breaſt.

FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Perſians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man who had violated the laws of ſecrecy; for they thought that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requiſite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaſt were in his power; and though he, perhaps, could not ſpeak well if he was to try, it was ſtill eaſy for him not to ſpeak.

In forming this opinion of the eaſineſs of ſecrecy, they ſeem to have conſidered it as oppoſed, not to treachery, but loquacity; and to have conceived the man whom they thus cenſured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promiſes to betray, but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the Perſians were able to diffuſe, to any great extent, the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Perſepolis, nor any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office-clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attornies, their chamber-maids, or their foot men.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity againſt a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate; whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed; and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtile volatility by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent, or ſome power of fermentation by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man, very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and, inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced, at laſt, to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret, the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat; and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence: the man of the world knows that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon; and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by an act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance; and more willingly ſhew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved,

muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride, without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe who have no temptation to betray the truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo important a ſacrifice, ſincerity or tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf, vanity concurs, ſince every man deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure, and to whom he retires from buſineſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, there is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between our own and thoſe of another: thoſe of which we are fully maſters, as they affect only our own intereſt; and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery, for the moſt part, combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtick and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and that, therefore, it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence. Accordingly, a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reaſoning; who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have advanced a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any other ways than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But, ſince it appears that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end; the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third, upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt; and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till, at laſt, it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulneſs of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who firſt tells his ſecret to Caius, may know to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that Titius will be cautious, from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf, at that inſtant, acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation, and duty, direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that, in his own caſe, he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he

knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, muſt know that he violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given; for promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy where the affairs are of publick concern, where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt, that the manner in which the ſecret was told may change the degree of obligation, and that the principles upon which a man is choſen for a confident may not always equally conſtrain him; but theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occur in common life: and though caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be careleſsly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own conſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice, of ſecrecy is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt under the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes: for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules, therefore, that I ſhall propoſe concerning ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of contrary fitneſs.

No. XIV. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1750.

——Nil fuit unquam
Sic diſpar ſibi——

HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known.

FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly produces, or infirmity ſuffers, in the human mind, there has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contrariety beeween the life of an author and his writings: and Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger, by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their curioſity: the bubble that ſparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vaniſhed when they wiſhed to preſs it to their boſom. They have loſt the pleaſure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted; and, perhaps, felt themſelves leſs inclined to toil up the ſteeps of virtue, when they obſerve thoſe who ſeem beſt able to point the way loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the cuſtom of the oriental monarchs to hide themſelves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the converſation of mankind, and to be known to their ſubjects only by their edicts. The ſame policy is no leſs neceſſary to

him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently ſubmit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the ſame follies and weakneſſes with themſelves. A ſudden intruder into the cloſet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officers who, having long ſolicited admiſſion into the preſence of Sardanapalus, ſaw him not conſulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amuſements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reaſons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined ſpeculations, it may be ſhewn much eaſier to deſign than to perform. A man propoſes his ſchemes of life in a ſtate of abſtraction and diſengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the ſolicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depreſſions of fear; and is in the ſame ſtate with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws to the uſe of life, in which they are conſtrained to ſubmit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral diſcuſſions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obſtruct our practice, which very eaſily give way to theory. The ſpeculatiſt is only in danger of erroneous reaſoning, but the man involved in life has his own paſſions and thoſe of others to encounter, and is embarraſſed with a thouſand inconveniences, which confound him with variety of impulſe, and either perplex or obſtruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuſe before he can examine; he is ſurpriſed by ſudden alterations of the ſtate of things, and changes his meaſures according to ſuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becauſe he is indolent, or becauſe he is timorous; he is ſometimes afraid to know what is right, and ſometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moſt fail, amidſt tumult and ſnares, and danger, in the obſervance of thoſe precepts which they lay down in ſolitude, ſafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiaſſed, and with liberty unobſtructed. It is the condition of our preſent ſtate to ſee more than we can attain; the exacteſt vigilance and caution can never maintain a ſingle day of unmingled innocence, much leſs can the utmoſt efforts of incorporated mind reach the ſummits of ſpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceſſary for the idea of perfection to be propoſed, that we may have ſome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is moſt deficient in the duties of life, makes ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to charge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe virtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be ſincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his paſſions without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or induſtry to undertake it, and may honeſtly recommend to others thoſe attempts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themſelves againſt every motive to amendment, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, when they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other caſe. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, without ſuppoſing that they do not know it; thoſe who give way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake the moſt important purſuits for petty pleaſures, are not ſuppoſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions alone they determine the ſentiments by the actions and charge every man with endeavouring to impoſe upon the world whoſe writings are not confirmed by his life. They never conſider that themſelves neglect or practiſe ſomething every day inconſiſtently with their own ſettled judgment, nor diſcover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increaſe, or leſſen, the obligations of their dictates: argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itſelf of the ſame force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is propoſed.

Yet ſince this prejudice, however unreaſo-

reaſonable, is always likely to have ſome prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care leſt he ſhould hinder the efficacy of his own inſtructions. When he deſires to gain the belief of others, he ſhould ſhew that he believes himſelf; and when he teaches the fitneſs of virtue by his reaſonings, he ſhould, by his example, prove its poſſibility: thus much at leaſt may be required of him, that he ſhall not act worſe than others, becauſe he writes better; nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower claſſes, and be excuſed for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his Hiſtory of the Winds, after having offered ſomething to the imagination as deſirable, often propoſes lower advantages in its place to the reaſon as attainable. The ſame method may be ſometimes purſued in moral endeavours, which this philoſopher has obſerved in natural enquiries: having firſt ſet poſitive and abſolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we ſink down to humbler virtue; trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and ſtruggling not to loſe ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he for a long time concealed the conſecration of himſelf to the ſtricter duties of religion, leſt, by ſome flagitious and ſhameful action, he ſhould bring piety into diſgrace. For the ſame reaſon it may be prudent for a writer who apprehends that he ſhall not enforce his own maxims by his domeſtick character, to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſity to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writers is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight; and who expect from them not arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance or juſtice, but flights of wit, and ſallies of pleaſantry, or, at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probable; and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration by their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of letters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtudy, that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoftened into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. When he enters life, if his temper be ſoft and timorous, he is diffident and baſhful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ferocious and arrogant, from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: he is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading, and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and tenacious in defence; diſabled by his own violence, and confuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The graces of writing and converſation are of different kinds; and though he who excels in one might have been with opportunities and application equally ſucceſsful in the other, yet as many pleaſe by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition requires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſtomed to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs of conception, and affluence of language, always neceſſary to colloquial entertainment. They may want addreſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the diſplay of their particular attainments, or they may be ſo much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, that diſcourſe not profeſſedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a diſtant proſpect. Remotely, we ſee nothing but ſpires of temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the reſidence of ſplendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have paſſed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow paſſages, diſgraced with deſpicable cottages, embarraſſed with obſtructions, and clouded with ſmoke.

No. XV. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1750.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? alea quando
Hos animos?

JUV.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?

DRYDEN.

THERE is no grievance, publick or private, of which, ſince I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received ſo many, or ſo earneſt complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal paſſion for cards and dice, which ſeems to have overturned, not only the ambition of excellence, but the deſire of pleaſure; to have extinguiſhed the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in its further progreſs, to deſtroy all diſtinctions, both of rank and ſex, to cruſh all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all thoſe claſſes of our people whoſe anceſtors have, by their virtue, their induſtry, or their parſimony, given them the power of living in extravagance, idleneſs, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge, but of the modiſh games, and without wiſhes, but for lucky hands.

I have found, by long experience, that there are few enterprizes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the faſhion; in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and ſtrong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagoniſt, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean converſation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happineſs which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification by hindering thoſe whom their birth and taſte have ſet above him, from the enjoyment of their ſuperiority, and bringing them down to a level with himſelf.

Though I have never found myſelf much affected by this formidable cenſure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with its full force, yet I ſhall, in ſome meaſure, obviate it on this occaſion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or intreaty, ſince thoſe who ſuffer by this general infatuation may be ſuppoſed beſt able to relate its effects.

'SIR,

'THERE ſeems to be ſo little knowledge 'let in the world, and ſo little of that 'reflection practiſed by which knowledge is to 'be gained, that I am in doubt whether I ſhall 'be underſtood when I complain of want of op-'portunity for thinking; or whether a con-'demnation, which at preſent ſeems irreverſi-'ble, to perpetual ignorance, will raiſe any 'compaſſion either in you or your readers; yet 'I will venture to lay my ſtate before you, be-'cauſe I believe it is natural to moſt minds to 'take ſome pleaſure in complaining of evils of 'which they have no reaſon to be aſhamed.

'I am the daughter of a man of great for-'tune, whoſe diffidence of mankind, and per-'haps the pleaſure of continual accumulation, 'incline him to reſide upon his own eſtate, and 'to educate his children in his own houſe, 'where I was bred, if not with the moſt brilli-'ant examples of virtue before my eyes, at leaſt 'remote enough from any inticements to vice; 'and wanting neither leiſure nor books, nor 'the acquaintance of ſome perſons of learning 'in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to acquire 'ſuch knowledge as might moſt recommend me 'to eſteem, and thought myſelf able to ſupport 'a converſation upon moſt of the ſubjects which 'my ſex and condition made it proper for me to 'underſtand.

'I had, beſides my knowledge, as my mam-'ma and my maid told me, a very fine face, 'and elegant ſhape, and with all theſe advan-'tages had been ſeventeen months the reigning 'toaſt for twelve miles round, and never came 'to the monthly aſſembly, but I heard the old

'ladies that ſat by, wiſhing that *it might end well*, and their daughters criticiſing my air, my features, or my dreſs.

'You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curioſity to underſtanding; and therefore will hear, without wonder, that I was deſirous to extend my victories over thoſe who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual repetition of the ſame pleaſures, which was not ſufficient to fill up the mind for the preſent, or raiſe any expectations of the future; and I will confeſs to you, that I was impatient for a ſight of the town, and filled my thoughts with the diſcoveries which I ſhould make, the triumphs that I ſhould obtain, and the praiſes that I ſhould receive.

'At laſt the time came. My aunt, whoſe huſband has a ſeat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and ſent for me to ſupply the loſs. The hope that I ſhould ſo far inſinuate myſelf into their favour, as to obtain a conſiderable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidſt all my tranſports, forbear ſome indignation to ſee with what readineſs the natural guardians of my virtue ſold me to a ſtate which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as ſoon as a new acceſſion of fortune glittered in their eyes.

'Three days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the ſight of London. I was ſet down at my aunt's, and entered upon the ſcene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, ſome prudential leſſons: but after the firſt civilities and firſt tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept ſo fine a girl ſo long in the country; for the people who did not begin young, ſeldom dealt their cards handſomely, or played them tolerably.

'Young perſons are commonly inclined to ſlight the remarks and counſels of their elders. I ſmiled, perhaps, with too much contempt, and was upon the point of telling her that my time had not been paſt in ſuch trivial attainments. But I ſoon found that things are to be eſtimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their uſe.

'A few days after, my aunt gave me notice, 'that ſome company, which ſhe had been ſix 'weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening, 'and ſhe expected a finer aſſembly than had 'been ſeen all the winter. She expreſſed this 'in the jargon of a gameſter; and, when I aſk-'ed an explanation of her terms of art, won-'dered where I had lived. I had already found 'my aunt ſo incapable of any rational concluſion, and ſo ignorant of every thing, whether 'great or little, that I had loſt all regard to her 'opinion, and dreſſed myſelf with great expec-'tations of an opportunity to diſplay my charms 'among rivals whoſe competition would not 'diſhonour me. The company came in, and 'after the curſory compliments of ſalutation, 'alike eaſy to the loweſt and the higheſt under-'ſtanding, what was the reſult? The cards 'were broke open, the parties were formed, 'the whole night paſſed in a game upon which 'the young and the old were equally employ-'ed: nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain 'an ear; but being compelled to play without 'ſkill, I perpetually embarraſſed my partner, 'and ſoon perceived the contempt of the whole 'table gathered upon me.

'I cannot but ſuſpect, Sir, that this odious 'faſhion is produced by a conſpiracy of the old, 'the ugly, and the ignorant, againſt the young 'and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a 'contrivance to level all diſtinctions of nature 'and of art; to confound the world in a chaos 'of folly, to take from thoſe who could out-'ſhine them all the advantages of mind and bo-'dy, to withhold youth from its natural plea-'ſures, deprive wit of its influence, and beau-'ty of its charms, to fix thoſe hearts upon 'money, to which love has hitherto been enti-'tled, to ſink life in a tedious uniformity, and 'to allow it no other hopes or fears but thoſe of 'robbing and being robbed.

'Be pleaſed, Sir, to inform thoſe of my ſex 'who have minds capable of nobler ſentiments, 'that, if they will unite in vindication of their 'pleaſures and their prerogatives, they may fix 'a time at which cards ſhall ceaſe to be in fa-'ſhion, or be left only to thoſe who have nei-'ther beauty to be loved, nor ſpirit to be fear-'ed; neither knowledge to teach, nor modeſty 'to learn; and who, having paſſed their youth 'in vice, are juſtly condemned to ſpend their 'age in folly. 'I am Sir, &c.

'CLEORA.

'SIR,

'VEXATION will burſt my heart, if 'I do not give it vent. As you publiſh 'a Paper, I inſiſt upon it, that you inſert this 'in your next, as ever you hope for the kind-'neſs and encouragement of any woman of 'taſte, ſpirit, and virtue. I would have it 'publiſhed to the world, how deſerving wives 'are uſed by imperious coxcombs, that thence-'forth no woman may marry who has not the 'patience of Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel 'had been married to a gameſter, her temper 'would never have held out. A wretch that 'loſes his good humour and humanity along 'with his money, and will not allow enough 'from his own extravagances to ſupport a wo-'man of faſhion in the neceſſary amuſements of 'life! Why does not he employ his wiſe head 'to make a figure in parliament, raiſe an eſ-'tate, and get a title? That would be fitter 'for the maſter of a family, than rattling a 'noiſy dice-box; and then he might indulge 'his wife in a few ſlight expences and elegant 'diverſions.

'What if I was unfortunate at Brag?—'Should he not have ſtayed to ſee how luck 'would turn another time? Inſtead of that, 'what does he do, but picks a quarrel, up-'braids me with loſs of beauty, abuſes my ac-'quaintance, ridicules my play, and inſults 'my underſtanding; ſays, forſooth, that wo-'men have not heads enough to play with any 'thing but dolls, and that they ſhould be em-'ployed in things proportionable to their un-'derſtanding, keep at home, and mind family 'affairs.

'I do ſtay at home, Sir; and all the world 'knows I am at home every Sunday. I have 'had ſix routes this winter, and ſent out ten 'packs of cards in invitations to private par-'ties. As for management, I am ſure he can-'not call me extravagant, or ſay I do not mind 'my family. The children are out at nurſe in 'villages as cheap as any two little brats can 'be kept, nor have I even ſeen them ſince; ſo 'he has no trouble about them. The ſervants 'live at board-wages. My own dinners come 'from the Thatched Houſe; and I have never 'paid a penny for any thing I have bought 'ſince I was married. As for play, I do think 'I may, indeed, indulge in that, now I am 'my own miſtreſs. Papa made me drudge at 'Whiſt till I was tired of it; and, far from 'wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not 'given me above forty leſſons, ſaid I was one 'of his beſt ſcholars. I thought then with 'myſelf, that, if once I was at liberty, I 'would leave play, and take to reading ro-'mances, things ſo forbidden at our houſe, and 'ſo railed at, that it was impoſſible not to fan-'cy them very charming. Moſt unfortunate-'ly, to ſave me from abſolute undutifulneſs, 'juſt as I was married, came dear Brag into 'faſhion, and ever ſince it has been the joy of 'my life; ſo eaſy, ſo cheerful and careleſs, ſo 'void of thought, and ſo genteel! Who can 'help loving it? Yet the perfidious thing has 'uſed me very ill of late, and to-morrow I 'ſhould have changed it for Faro. But, oh! 'this deteſtable to-morrow, a thing always ex-'pected, and never found. Within theſe few 'hours muſt I be dragged into the country. 'The wretch, Sir, left me in a fit which his 'threatenings had occaſioned, and unmerci-'fully ordered a poſt-chaiſe. Stay I cannot, 'for money I have none, and credit I cannot 'get—But I will make the monkey play with 'me at piquet upon the road for all I want. 'I am almoſt ſure to beat him, and his debts 'of honour I know he will pay. Then who 'can tell but I may ſtill come back and con-'quer Lady Packer? Sir, you need not print 'this laſt ſcheme; and, upon ſecond thoughts, 'you may.—Oh, diſtraction! the poſt-chaiſe 'is at the door. Sir, publiſh what you will, 'only let it be printed without a name.'

No. XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1750.

——Multis dicendi copia torrens,
Et sua mortifera est facundia——

JUV.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

DRYDEN.

'SIR,

'I Am the modest young man whom you favoured with your advice in a late paper; 'and, as I am very far from suspecting that 'you foresaw the numberless inconveniences 'which I have, by following it, brought upon 'myself, I will lay my condition open before 'you, for you seem bound to extricate me from 'the perplexities in which your counsel, however innocent in the intention, has contributed to involve me.

'You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, that a writer might easily find means of 'introducing his genius to the world, for the '*presses of England were open*. This I have 'now fatally experienced; the press is, indeed, 'open.

——Facilis descensus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.

DRYDEN.

'The means of doing hurt to ourselves, are 'always at hand. I immediately sent to a 'printer, and contracted with him for an impression of several thousands of my pamphlet. 'While it was at the press, I was seldom absent from the printing-house; and continually urged the workmen to haste, by solicitations, promises, and rewards. From the day 'all other pleasures were excluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the sheets; 'and from the night sleep generally was banished, by anticipations of the happiness which 'every hour was bringing nearer.

'At last, the time of publication approached, and my heart beat with the raptures of an 'author. I was above all little precautions; 'and, in defiance of envy or of criticism, set 'my name upon the title, without sufficiently 'considering, that what has once passed the 'press is irrevocable; and that, though the 'printing-house may properly be compared to 'the infernal regions for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors 'return from it; yet there is this difference, 'that a great genius can never return to his 'former state by a happy draught of the waters 'of oblivion.

'I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an 'author; and am condemned, irreversibly condemned, to all the miseries of high reputation. The first morning after publication 'my friends assembled about me; I presented 'each, as is usual, with a copy of my book: 'they looked into the first pages; but were 'hindered, by their admiration, from reading 'farther. The first pages are, indeed, very 'elaborate. Some passages they particularly 'dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than 'the rest; and some delicate strokes, and secret 'elegancies, I pointed out to them, which had 'escaped their observation. I then begged of 'them to forbear their compliments; and invited them, I could do no less, to dine with 'me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was 'resumed; but their praises very often so much 'overpowered my modesty, that I was forced 'to put about the glass, and had often no 'means of repressing the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer 'for another bottle.

'Next morning another set of my acquaintance congratulated me upon my performance 'with such importunity of praise, that I was 'again forced to obviate their civilities by a 'treat. On the third day, I had yet a greater 'number of applauders to put to silence in the 'same manner; and, on the fourth, those 'whom I had entertained the first day came 'again, having, in the perusal of the remain-

'ing part of the book, diſcovered ſo many for-
'cible ſentences and maſterly touches, that it
'was impoſſible for me to bear the repetition of
'their commendations: I therefore perſuaded
'them once more to adjourn to the tavern, and
'chuſe ſome other ſubject, on which I might
'ſhare in the converſation: but it was not in
'their power to withhold their attention from
'my performance; which had ſo entirely taken
'poſſeſſion of their minds, that no entreaties of
'mine could change their topick; and I was
'obliged to ſtifle, with claret, that praiſe which
'neither my modeſty could hinder, nor my un-
'eaſineſs repreſs.

'The whole week was thus ſpent in a kind
'of literary revel; and I have now found that
'nothing is ſo expenſive as great abilities, un-
'leſs there is joined with them an inſatiable ea-
'gerneſs of praiſe: for, to eſcape from the pain
'of hearing myſelf exalted above the greateſt
'names, dead and living, of the learned world,
'it has already coſt me two hogſheads of port,
'fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret,
'and five and forty bottles of champagne.

'I was reſolved to ſtay at home no longer,
'and therefore roſe early, and went to the cof-
'fee-houſe; but found that I had now made
'myſelf too eminent for happineſs, and that I
'was no longer to enjoy the pleaſure of mixing,
'upon equal terms, with the reſt of the world.
'As ſoon as I enter the room, I ſee part of
'the company raging with envy, which they
'endeavour to conceal, ſometimes with the ap-
'pearance of laughter, and ſometimes with that
'of contempt; but the diſguiſe is ſuch that I
'can diſcover the ſecret rancour of their hearts;
'and, as envy is deſervedly its own puniſh-
'ment, I frequently indulge myſelf in torment-
'ing them with my preſence.

'But, though there may be ſome ſlight ſa-
'tisfaction received from the mortification of
'my enemies, yet my benevolence will not ſuf-
'fer me to take any pleaſure in the terrors of
'my friends. I have been cautious, ſince the
'appearance of my work, not to give myſelf
'more premeditated airs of ſuperiority than the
'moſt rigid humility might allow. It is, in-
'deed, not impoſſible that I may ſometimes have
'laid down my opinion in a manner that ſhew-
'ed a conſciouſneſs of my ability to maintain
'it, or interrupted the converſation, when I
'ſaw its tendency, without ſuffering the ſpeaker
'to waſte his time in explaining his ſentiments;
'and, indeed, I did indulge myſelf for two days
'in a cuſtom of drumming with my fingers,
'when the company began to loſe themſelves in
'abſurdities, or to encroach upon ſubjects
'which I knew them unqualified to diſcuſs.
'But I generally acted with great appearance
'of reſpect, even to thoſe whoſe ſtupidity I pi-
'tied in my heart. Yet, notwithſtanding this
'exemplary moderation, ſo univerſal is the
'dread of uncommon powers, and ſuch the un-
'willingneſs of mankind to be made wiſer, that
'I have now for ſome days found myſelf ſhun-
'ned by all my acquaintance. If I knock at a
'door, nobody is at home; if I enter a coffee-
'houſe, I have the box to myſelf. I live in the
'town like a lion in his deſert, or an eagle on
'his rock, too great for friendſhip or ſociety,
'and condemned to ſolitude by unhappy eleva-
'tion and dreaded aſcendency.

'Nor is my character only formidable to
'others, but burdenſome to myſelf. I natu-
'rally love to talk without much thinking, to
'ſcatter my merriment at random, and to relax
'my thoughts with ludicrous remarks and fan-
'ciful images; but ſuch is now the importance of
'my opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, leſt,
'by being eſtabliſhed too haſtily into a maxim,
'it ſhould be the occaſion of error to half the
'nation: and ſuch is the expectation with
'which I am attended when I am going to
'ſpeak, that I frequently pauſe to reflect whe-
'ther what I am about to utter is worthy of
'myſelf.

'This, Sir, is ſufficiently miſerable; but
'there are ſtill greater calamities behind. You
'muſt have read in Pope and Swift how men of
'parts have had their cloſets rifled, and their
'cabinets broke open, at the inſtigation of pi-
'ratical bookſellers, for the profit of their
'works; and it is apparent, that there are
'many prints now ſold in the ſhops of men
'whom you cannot ſuſpect of ſitting for that
'purpoſe, and whoſe likeneſſes muſt have been
'certainly ſtolen when their names made their
'faces vendible. Theſe conſiderations at firſt
'put me on my guard; and I have, indeed,
'found ſufficient reaſon for my caution, for I
'have diſcovered many people examining my
'countenance with a curioſity that ſhewed their
'intention to draw it; I immediately left the
'houſe, but find the ſame behaviour in another.

'Others may be perſecuted, but I am haunted; I have good reaſon to believe that eleven painters are now dogging me, for they know that he who can get my face firſt will make his fortune. I often change my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope ſomewhat to confound them; for you know it is not fair to ſell my face without admitting me to ſhare the profit.

'I am, however, not ſo much in pain for my face as for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken ſome meaſures for their preſervation, having put them in an iron cheſt, and fixed a padlock upon my cloſet. I change my lodgings five times a week, and always remove at the dead of night.

'Thus I live, in conſequence of having given too great proofs of a predominant genius, in the ſolitude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a miſer, and the caution of an outlaw: afraid to ſhew my face, leſt it ſhould be copied; afraid to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould injure my character; and to write, leſt my correſpondents ſhould publiſh my letters; always uneaſy leſt my ſervants ſhould ſteal my papers for the ſake of money, or my friends for that of the publick. This it is to ſoar above the reſt of mankind: and this repreſentation I lay before you, that I may be informed how to diveſt myſelf of the laurels which are ſo cumberſome to the wearer, and deſcend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which I find a writer of the firſt claſs ſo fatally debarred.

MISELLUS.'

No. XVII. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1750.

——Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit.

LUCAN.

Let thoſe weak minds who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair;
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain ſoul, from doubt has freed.

ROWE.

IT is recorded of ſome eaſtern monarch, that he kept an officer in his houſe, whoſe employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a ſtated hour —'Remember, prince, that thou ſhalt die!' And the contemplation of the frailneſs and uncertainty of our preſent ſtate appeared of ſo much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages—'Keep thine eye fixed 'upon the end of life.'

A frequent and attentive proſpect of that moment which muſt put a period to all our ſchemes, and deprive us of all our acquiſitions, is indeed of the utmoſt efficacy to the juſt and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing abſurd, be undertaken or proſecuted by him who ſhould begin every day with a ſerious reflection that he is born to die.

The diſturbers of our happineſs, in this world, are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all theſe the conſideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. 'Think,' ſays Epictetus, 'frequently on poverty, baniſhment, 'and death, and thou wilt then never indulge 'violent deſires, or give up thy heart to mean 'ſentiments, ᾠδὲν ἀδύνατος ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμηση, ὅτι ἄγαν ἐπιθυμησεις τινος.'

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on juſt obſervation, will eaſily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerneſs after the common objects of purſuit is kindled in our minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the pleaſures of ſome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engroſſed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happineſs but its attainment, or any miſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfaction which the bounty of Providence has ſcattered over life is neglected as inconſiderable, in compariſon of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as ſtanding in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a ſharp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before his eyes. The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers, and the attendance of ſupplicants, have appeared vain and empty things when the laſt hour ſeemed to be approaching; and the ſame appearance they would always have, if the ſame thought was always predominant. We ſhould then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavouring to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to deſire; we are uneaſy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happineſs would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate wiſhes, will, at the ſame time, ſet the heart free from the corroſion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above moſt others, tormenting to ourſelves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and ſordid projects. He that conſiders how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find nothing of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well; and will therefore look with indifference upon whatever is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the ſtate of others is not more permanent; and that what can confer nothing on himſelf very deſirable cannot ſo much improve the condition of a rival as to make him much ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very obſtinate oppoſition.

Even grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly ſubject, will be obviated or alleviated by the ſame thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condition are enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we poſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our moſt lively hopes can promiſe us may be made leſs by ten thouſand accidents, we ſhall not much repine at a loſs of which we cannot eſtimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtayed a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms than that one muſt ſome time mourn for the other's death: and this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhows the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and, according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature, be quickly at an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

——*Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.*

And, ſoaring, mocks the broken frame below.

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is that death which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe, but knows that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his

happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius, and moſt active induſtry, to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes: and both have found, at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of Providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miſcarriages of the great deſigns of princes are recorded in the hiſtories of the world, but are of little uſe to the bulk of mankind, who ſeem very little intereſted in admonitions againſt errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper ſubject for every ſcholar to conſider; for who has not had occaſion to regret the diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſs multiplicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden deſertion of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of ſome other ſubject made inviting by its novelty, and to obſerve the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfiniſhed by too great an extenſion of the plan?

It is always pleaſing to obſerve, how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated ſtate, to regulate one part of our compoſition by ſome regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleaſures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with ſchemes which we know our lives muſt fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to ſet bounds to our deſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry; and when we find ourſelves inclined either to immenſity in our ſchemes, or ſluggiſhneſs in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourſelves by recollecting, with the father of phyſick—*that art is long, and life is ſhort.*

No. XVII. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis muliere temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo foedere caſtitas.

HOR.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
No wife high-portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her eſſenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie.

FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct of mankind, than that Marriage, though the dictate of nature, and the inſtitution of Providence, is yet very often the cauſe of miſery; and that thoſe who enter into that ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, and their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution have withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to many ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart remarks among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of epigrams have equally ſhown their abilities upon it; ſome have lamented, and ſome

have ridiculed it: but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a maſculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miſerable has been always thrown upon the women; and the grave and the merry have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or ſatirical cenſures, of female folly or fickleneſs, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or luſt.

Led by ſuch numbers of examples, and incited by my ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſometimes venture to conſider this univerſal grievance, having endeavoured to diveſt my heart of all partiality, and place myſelf as a kind of neutral being between the ſexes, whoſe clamours, being equally vented on both ſides with all the vehemence of diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their ſuperiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raiſe prejudices in their favour by the venerable teſtimonies of philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not ſo great names on their ſide, they have ſtronger arguments: it is to little purpoſe that Socrates or Euripides are produced againſt the ſighs of ſoftneſs, and the tears of beauty. The moſt frigid and inexorable judge would, at leaſt, ſtand ſuſpended between equal powers; as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cauſe where the deities were on one ſide and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long ſtudied the ſevereſt and moſt abſtracted philoſophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at ſuch command over my paſſions, that I can hear the vociferations of either ſex without catching any of the fire from thoſe that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her huſband, when ſhe has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not ſuffer myſelf to be any longer impoſed upon by oaths on one ſide, or fits on the other; nor when the huſband haſtens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her cloſet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miſeries; ſince I have ſometimes reaſon to believe that they purpoſe not ſo much to ſooth their ſorrows as to animate their fury. But how little credit ſoever may be given to particular accuſations, the general accumulation of the charge ſhews, with too much evidence, that married perſons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues ſo many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpoſe, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been leaſt ſucceſsful in connubial contracts, and attentively conſidered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the firſt of my acquaintances that reſolved to quit the unſettled thoughtleſs condition of a batchelor, was Prudentius, a man of ſlow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leiſure to conſider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to ſettle the ſcheme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the ſum originally propoſed. This grave conſiderer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no loſer by marrying early, even though he contented himſelf with a leſs fortune; for eſtimating the exact worth of annuities, he found that, conſidering the conſtant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the intereſt of money, it was not worſe to have ten thouſand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty: 'For many opportunities,' ſays he, 'occur of 'improving money, which if a man miſſes, he 'may not afterwards recover.'

Full of theſe reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in ſearch of beauty or elegance, dignity or underſtanding, but of a woman with ten thouſand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whoſe ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boaſted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a ſettlement of ſeventy-three pounds a year leſs than her fortune might have claimed, and leſs than he would himſelf have given, if the fools had been but wiſe enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the ſuperiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own houſe, in which

he never afterwards enjoyed one hour of happineſs. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent paſſions, a ſtrong voice, and low education, without any ſenſe of happineſs but that which conſiſted in eating and counting money. Furia was a ſcold. They agreed in the deſire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parſimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour: but Furia very wiſely obſerving that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*; thought all traffick too great a hazard; and was for putting it out at low intereſt, upon good ſecurity. Prudentius ventured, however, to inſure a ſhip, at a very unreaſonable price; but happening to loſe his money, was ſo tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durſt try a ſecond experiment. He has now grovelled ſeven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, ſince his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the inſurer*.

The next that married from our ſociety was Florentius. He happened to ſee Zephyretta in a chariot at a horſe-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his firſt ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of coquetry and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the ſmile of allurement and that of cheerfulneſs. He was ſoon waked from his rapture by conviction, that his pleaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf but the practice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had paſſed through the various ſcenes of gaiety with that indifference and poſſeſſion of himſelf, natural to men who have ſomething higher and nobler in their proſpect. Retiring to ſpend the ſummer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the ſame houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably drawn to ſome acquaintance, which her wit and politeneſs ſoon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleaſures to each other, they began to forget that any pleaſure was enjoyed before their meeting. Meliſſus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneaſy in her abſence; and being ſufficiently convinced of the force of her underſtanding, and finding, as he imagined, ſuch a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addreſſed her as a lover; after no very long courtſhip obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Meliſſus had only ſeen her in one ſcene, where there was no variety of objects to produce the proper excitements to contrary deſires. They had both loved ſolitude and reflection, where there was nothing but ſolitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into publick life, Ianthe diſcovered thoſe paſſions which accident rather than hypocriſy had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power when either gaiety or ſplendour played on her imagination. She was expenſive in her diverſions, vehement in her paſſions, inſatiate of pleaſure, however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applauſe by whomſoever it might be given. This was the wife which Meliſſus the philoſopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an aſſociate in his ſtudies, and an aſſiſtant to his virtues.

Proſapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his houſekeeper, and has ever ſince been complaining to his friends that mean notions are inſtilled into his children, that he is aſhamed to ſit at his own table, and that his houſe is uneaſy to him for want of ſuitable companions.

Avaro, maſter of a very large eſtate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he ſhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, inſufficient to give him that happineſs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life; and ſhall therefore make no reflection upon theſe hiſtories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happineſs, for want of conſidering that marriage is

the ſtricteſt tie of perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he muſt expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

No. XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1750.

Dum te cauſidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis,
Et non decernis, Taure, quid eſſe velis,
Peleos et Priami tranſit, vel Neſtoris ætas,
Et ſerum fuerat jam tibi deſinere———
Eja, age, rumpe moras, quo te ſpectabimus uſque?
Dum quid ſis dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil.

MART.

To rhetorick now, and now to law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old Priam's age or Neſtor's may be out,
And thou, O Taurus! ſtill go on in doubt.
Come then, how long ſuch wav'ring ſhall we ſee?
Thou may'ſt doubt on; thou now can'ſt nothing be.

F. LEWIS.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections that we can obſerve the miſconduct, or miſcarriage, of thoſe men who ſeem by the force of underſtanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crowded with ſcenes of calamity, we look upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the ſtate of particular perſons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude; as in reading an account of a battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of ſlaughter, but follow the hero, with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thouſands that are falling round about him.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration, I have for many years been making obſervations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments; but whoſe progreſs in life, and uſefulneſs to mankind, have been hindered by the ſuperfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the ſchool, for ſurpaſſing all his companions, without any viſible application, and at the univerſity was diſtinguiſhed equally for his ſucceſsful progreſs as well through the thorny mazes of ſcience, as the flowery path of politer literature, without any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or remarkable forbearance of the common amuſements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men uſually chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a publick character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; all were curious to enquire what this univerſal genius would fix upon for the employment of his life; and no doubt was made but that he would leave all his contemporaries behind him, and mount to the higheſt honours of that claſs in which he ſhould inliſt himſelf, without thoſe delays and pauſes which muſt be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſuming, had been ſufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted ſucceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes, and expectations of the aſtoniſhment with which the world would be ſtruck, when firſt his luſtre ſhould break out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does not conſtant flattery intoxicate?) to join ſometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of thoſe who, having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of the publick upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous

notions of the condition which thoſe with whom he converſes are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the phyſicians, and was ſo much pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſophy to profit, and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which darted into his imagination, and which, after having conſidered it a few hours, he found himſelf able to maintain againſt all the advocates for the ancient ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy, botany and chemiſtry, and to leave no part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He therefore read authors, conſtructed ſyſtems, and tried experiments; but unhappily, as he was going to ſee a new plant in flower in Chelſea, he met, in croſſing Weſtminſter to take water, the chancellor's coach; he had the curioſity to follow him into the Hall, where a remarkable cauſe happened to be tried, and found himſelf able to produce ſo many arguments which the lawyers had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to quit phyſick for a profeſſion in which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel, and which promiſed higher honours and larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt and pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common-place book, and confined himſelf ſome months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year-books, pleadings, and reports; he was a conſtant hearer of the courts, and began to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, by conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attornies, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their own cauſes, by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the inceſſant importunity of another; he began to repent of having devoted himſelf to a ſtudy which was ſo narrow in its comprehenſion that it could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs of his fellow-ſtudents forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment, and among the varieties of converſation through which his curioſity was daily wandering, he by chance mingled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and ſoftened into kindneſs by the politeneſs of their addreſs: he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance; and when he ſaw how readily they found in every place admiſſion and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the univerſity ſhould make him ſo long inſenſible of that ambition, which has fired ſo many heroes in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, univerſally and invariably illuſtrious, and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of its profeſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt of mankind.

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deeper by his converſation with ladies, whoſe regard for ſoldiers he could not obſerve without wiſhing himſelf one of that happy fraternity to which the female world ſeemed to have devoted their charms and their kindneſs. The love of knowledge, which was ſtill his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life in which all his views could ſo completely concenter as in that of a ſoldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having obſerved his new friends not very much verſed in the principles of tacticks or fortification; he therefore ſtudied all the military writers, both ancient and modern, and, in a ſhort time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been loſt from the beginning of the world. He often ſhewed at table, how Alexander ſhould have been checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error at Pharaſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his ruin ar Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper, ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortreſſes, on which all the preſent arts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a ſhort time, obtained a commiſſion; but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces

ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier; for being much accuſtomed to think, he let the ſenſe of danger ſink into his mind, and felt, at the approach of any action, the terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw that, inſtead of conquering their fears, he endeavour of his gay friends was only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with honour; but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and continued to range from one ſtudy to another, As I uſually viſit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this laſt half year, decypher-ing the Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away the ſpoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain ſkill and knowledge, on terms ſo eaſy, that they have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; they are qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning, that they think themſelves at liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aſide after every new object, loſe the race, like Atalanta, to ſlower competitors, who preſs diligently forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle point.

I have often thought thoſe happy that have been fixed, from the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of conſulting the genius is of little uſe, unleſs we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be diſcovered only by experiment, life will be loſt before the reſolution can be fixed; if any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be very early diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently deceived with regard to themſelves than to others; and therefore no one has much reaſon to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have had either more honour or happineſs by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.

It was ſaid of the learned biſhop Sanderſon, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he heſitated ſo much, and rejected ſo often, that, at the time of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was beſt, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the ſtate of every man who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every ſide: the complication is ſo intricate, the motives and objections are ſo numerous, there is ſo much play for the imagination, and ſo much remains in the power of others, that reaſon is forced at laſt to reſt in neutrality, the deciſion devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life ſpent in inquiries which can never be reſolved, the reſt muſt often paſs in repenting the unneceſſary delay, and can be uſeful to few other purpoſes than to warn others againſt the ſame folly, and to ſhew, that of two ſtates of life equally conſiſtent with religion and virtue, he who chuſes earlieſt, chuſes beſt.

No. XX. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1750.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute novi.

PERSIUS.

Such pageantry be to the people ſhown;
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow centre, to thy utmoſt ſkin.

DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous ſtratagems by which pride endeavours to recommend folly to regard, there is ſcarcely one that meets with leſs ſucceſs than Affectation, or a perpetual diſguiſe of the real character by fictitious appearances; whether it be, that every man hates falſehood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reaſon, or that every man is jealous of the honour of his underſtanding, and thinks his diſcernment conſequentially called in queſtion, whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This averſion from all kinds of diſguiſe, whatever be its cauſe, is univerſally diffuſed, and inceſſantly in action; nor is it neceſſary that, to exaſperate deteſtation, or excite contempt, any intereſt ſhould be invaded, or any competition attempted; it is ſufficient that there is an intention to deceive, an intention which every heart ſwells to oppoſe, and every tongue is buſy to detect.

This reflection was awakened in my mind by a very common practice among my correſpondents, of writing under characters which they cannot ſupport, which are of no uſe to the explanation or enforcement of that which they deſcribe or recommend; and which, therefore, ſince they aſſume them only for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities, I will adviſe them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almoſt a general ambition of thoſe who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the aſſiſtance of my underſtanding, to affect the ſtyle and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold ſome expreſſion of anger, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I muſt therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, that ſhe ſend me no more letters from the Horſe-Guards: and require of Belinda, that ſhe be content to reſign her pretenſions to female elegance, till ſhe has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batſon's coffee-houſe. I muſt indulge myſelf in the liberty of obſervation, that there were ſome alluſions in Chloris's production, ſufficient to ſhew that Bracton and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at home to wear out all the traces of the phraſeology which ſhe learned in the expedition to Carthagena.

Among all my female friends, there was none who gave me more trouble to decypher her true character than Penthefilea, whoſe letter lay upon my deſk three days before I could fix upon the real writer. There was a confuſion of images, and medley of barbarity, which held me long in ſuſpenſe; till by perſeverance I diſentangled the perplexity, and found that Penthefilea is the ſon of a wealthy ſtock-jobber, who ſpends his morning, under his father's eye, in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, paſſes his evening in the play-houſe, and part of the night at a gaming-table; and, having learned the dialects of theſe various regions, has mingled them all in a ſtudied compoſition.

When Lee was once told by a critick, that it was very eaſy to write like a madman, he anſwered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but eaſy enough to write like a fool: and I hope to be excuſed by my kind contributors, if, in imitation of this great author, I preſume to remind them, that it is much eaſier not to write like a man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, ſome ingenious well-wiſhers, who, without departing from their ſex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very ſmart letter has been ſent me from a puny enſign,

ſigned Ajax Telamonius; another, in recommendation of a new treatiſe upon cards, from a gameſter, who calls himſelf Seſoſtris; and another upon the improvements of the fiſhery from Dioclefian: but as theſe ſeem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular impoſture, their improprieties are rather inſtances of blunder than of affectation, and are therefore not equally fitted to inflame the hoſtile paſſions; for it is not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to perſecute, when it raiſes the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which diſſimulation always draws upon itſelf is ſo great, that if I did not know how much cunning differs from wiſdom, I ſhould wonder that any men have ſo little knowledge of their own intereſt as to aſpire to wear a maſk for life; to try to impoſe upon the world a character, to which they feel themſelves void of any juſt claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by expoſing themſelves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which ſuch a diſcovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleaſure of reputation ſhould conſiſt in the ſatisfaction of having our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the ſuffrage of the publick; and that to be extolled for a quality which a man knows himſelf to want, ſhould give him no other happineſs than to be miſtaken for the owner of an eſtate over which he chances to be travelling. But he who ſubſiſts upon affectation knows nothing of this delicacy; like a deſperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon truſt, mortgages poſſeſſions which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thouſand terrors and anxieties, the unneceſſary ſplendor of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always diſtinguiſhed from hypocriſy, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities which we might, with innocence and ſafety, be known to want. Thus the man who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactneſs of life, is guilty of hypocriſy; and his guilt is greater, as the end for which he puts on the falſe appearance is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkard addreſs, and unpleaſing countenance, boaſts of the conqueſts made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thouſands which he might have poſſeſſed if he would have ſubmitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the choſen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finiſhes a fop. Contempt is the proper puniſhment of affectation, and deteſtation the juſt conſequence of hypocriſy.

With the hypocrite it is not at preſent my intention to expoſtulate; though even he might be taught the excellency of virtue, by the neceſſity of ſeeming to be virtuous; but the man of affectation may perhaps be reclaimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain by perpetual conſtraint and inceſſant vigilance, and how much more ſecurely he might make his way to eſteem by cultivating real, than diſplaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be eſtimated by a wiſe man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and its value when attained; and neither of theſe conſiderations will much contribute to the encouragement of affectation. For if the pinnacles of fame be, at beſt, ſlippery, how unſteady muſt his footing be who ſtands upon pinnacles without foundation! If praiſe be made by the inconſtancy and malicioufneſs of thoſe who muſt confer it, a bleſſing which no man can promiſe himſelf from the moſt conſpicuous merit and vigorous induſtry, how faint muſt be the hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakneſs of the pretenſions! He that purſues fame with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the ſtorm, but the leaks of his veſſel. Though he ſhould happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a ſoft breeze and a calm ſea, at the firſt guſt he muſt inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural ſtation, he might have eſcaped his calamity. Affectation may poſſibly ſucceed for a time; and a man may, by great attention, perſuade others that he really has the qualities which he preſumes to boaſt; but the

hour will come when he ſhould exert them; and then whatever he enjoyed in praiſe he muſt ſuffer in reproach.

Applauſe and admiration are by no means to be counted among the neceſſaries of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compaſſion. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always ſecure himſelf from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the moſt eligible reputation; as freedom from pain is, among ſome philoſophers, the definition of happineſs.

If we therefore compare the value of the praiſe obtained by fictitious excellence, even while the cheat is yet undiſcovered, with that kindneſs which every man may acquire by his virtue, and that eſteem to which moſt men may riſe by common underſtanding ſteadily and honeſtly applied, we ſhall find that when from the adſcititious happineſs all the deductions are made by fear and caſualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the ſecurity of truth. The ſtate of the poſſeſſor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellences, is that of a ſmall cottage of ſtone, to the palace raiſed with ice by the Empreſs of Ruſſia; it was for a time ſplendid and luminous, but the firſt ſunſhine melted it to nothing.

No. XXI. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1750.

Terra ſalutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes;
Nutrit; et urticæ proxima ſæpe roſa eſt.

OVID.

Our bane and phyſick the ſame earth beſtows,
And near the noiſome nettle blooms the roſe.

EVERY man is prompted by the love of himſelf to imagine, that he poſſeſſes ſome qualities, ſuperior, either in kind or in degree, to thoſe which he ſees allotted to the reſt of the world: and, whatever apparent diſadvantages he may ſuffer in the compariſon with others, he has ſome inviſible diſtinctions, ſome latent reſerve of excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The ſtudious and ſpeculative part of mankind always ſeem to conſider their fraternity as placed in a ſtate of oppoſition to thoſe who are engaged in the tumult of publick buſineſs; and have pleaſed themſelves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politicks, the dangers of greatneſs, the anxieties of ambition, and the miſeries of riches.

Among the numerous topicks of declamation that their induſtry has diſcovered on this ſubject, there is none which they preſs with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiouſly laid out their reaſon and their imagination, than the inſtability of high ſtations, and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are poſſeſſed, that muſt be acquired with ſo much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to conſider as an irrefragable argument againſt the choice of the ſtateſman and the warriour; and ſwell with confidence of victory, thus furniſhed by the muſes with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or ſtrength of their adverſaries can elude or reſiſt.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terror of their bulk, and the violence of their impreſſion, they often threw the enemy into diſorder, yet there was always danger in the uſe of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their firſt charge could be ſupported, they were eaſily driven back upon their confederates; they then broke through the troops behind them, and made no leſs havock in the precipitation of their retreat than in the fury of their onſet.

I know not whether thoſe who have ſo vehemently urged the inconveniences and danger of an active life, have not made uſe of arguments that may be retorted with equal force upon themſelves; and whether the happineſs of a candidate for literary fame be not ſubject to the ſame uncertainty with that of him who governs provinces, commands armies, preſides in the ſenate, or dictates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at leaſt equal to that which any other kind of greatneſs can require, will be allowed by thoſe who wiſh to elevate the character of a ſcholar; ſince they cannot but know that every human acquiſition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty employed in its attainment. And that thoſe who have gained the eſteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the ſolicitude which any other kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices which they make uſe of to degrade a ſuperior, to repreſs a rival, or obſtruct a follower; artifices ſo groſs and mean, as to prove evidently how much a man may excel in learning, without being either more wiſe or more virtuous than thoſe whoſe ignorance he pities or deſpiſes.

Nothing therefore remains by which the ſtudent can gratify his deſires of appearing to have built his happineſs on a more firm baſis than his antagoniſt, except the certainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature muſt be gathered from ſummits equally difficult to climb with thoſe that bear the civick or triumphal wreaths; they muſt be worn with equal envy, and guarded with equal care from thoſe hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more laſting, and that they are leſs likely to fail by time, or leſs obnoxious to the blaſts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of the hiſtory of learning, or obſervation of the fate of ſcholars in the preſent age. If we look back into paſt times, we find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once exiſted. If we conſider the diſtribution of literary fame in our own time, we ſhall find it a poſſeſſion of very uncertain tenure; ſometimes beſtowed by a ſudden caprice of the publick, and again transferred to a new favourite, for no other reaſon than that he is new; ſometimes refuſed to long labour and eminent deſert, and ſometimes granted to very ſlight pretenſions; loſt ſometimes by ſecurity and negligence, and ſometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A ſucceſsful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceaſes to write. The regard of the publick is not to be kept but by tribute, and the remembrance of paſt ſervice will quickly languiſh unleſs ſucceſſive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not, at ſome unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

There are many poſſible cauſes of that inequality which we may ſo frequently obſerve in the performances of the ſame man, from the influence of which no ability or induſtry is ſufficiently ſecured, and which have ſo often ſullied the ſplendor of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his eſtimate of happineſs.

———*Ultima ſemper*
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.

ADDISON.

Among the motives that urge an author to undertakings by which his reputation is impaired, one of the moſt frequent muſt be mentioned with tenderneſs, becauſe it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miſeries. It very often happens that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of thoſe by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not always the choice of his ſubject, but is compelled to accept any taſk which is thrown before him, without much conſideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himſelf by previous ſtudies.

Miſcarriages of this kind are likewiſe frequently the conſequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally conſidered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himſelf exalted by familiarity with thoſe whom nothing but their birth or their fortunes, or ſuch ſtations as are ſeldom gained by moral ex-

cellence, ſet above him, will not be long without ſubmitting his underſtanding to their conduct; he will ſuffer them to preſcribe the courſe of his ſtudies, and employ him for their own purpoſes either of diverſion or intereſt. His deſire of pleaſing thoſe whoſe favour he has weakly made neceſſary to himſelf will not ſuffer him always to conſider how little he is qualified for the work impoſed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice which always encroaches faſt upon ſuch as ſpend their lives in the company of perſons higher than themſelves, will not leave him reſolution to aſſert the liberty of choice.

But, though we ſuppoſe that a man by his fortune can avoid the neceſſity of dependence, and by his ſpirit can repel the uſurpations of patronage, yet he may eaſily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general ſucceſſion of events in which contraries are produced by periodical viciſſitudes; labour and care are rewarded with ſucceſs, ſucceſs produces confidence, confidence relaxes induſtry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raiſed.

He that happens not to be lulled by praiſe into ſupineneſs, may be animated by it to undertakings above his ſtrength, or incited to fancy himſelf alike qualified for every kind of compoſition, and able to comply with the public taſte through all its variations. By ſome opinion like this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced age, in attempts which they had not time to complete, and, after a few weak efforts, ſunk into the grave with vexation to ſee the riſing generation gain ground upon them. From theſe failures the higheſt genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears ſo penetrating when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where intereſt or paſſion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compoſitions pleaſe us, becauſe they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to eſteem, becauſe we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement: what flows eaſily from the pen charms us, becauſe we read with pleaſure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was compoſed with great ſtruggles of the mind we do not eaſily reject, becauſe we cannot bear that ſo much labour ſhould be fruitleſs. But the reader has none of theſe prepoſſeſſions, and wonders that the author is ſo unlike himſelf, without conſidering that the ſame ſoil will, with different culture, afford different products.

No. XXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1750.

——Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjurat amice.

HOR.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And, without learning, genius ſinks again:
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.

ELPHINSTON.

WIT and learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphroſyne, and reſembled her in cheerfulneſs and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her ſeriouſneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition; and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects of their diſcord, endeavoured to ſoften them by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their firſt ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celeſtials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the ſolemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by expoſing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increaſing, by the encouragement which each received from thoſe whom their mothers had perſuaded to patroniſe and ſupport them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not ſo much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretenſions to regard, and of putting an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came when they were both, with the uſual ſolemnities, received into the claſs of ſuperior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord loſt her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauſes of the aſſociate powers, haraſſed each other by inceſſant conteſts, with ſuch a regular viciſſitude of victory, that neither was depreſſed.

It was obſervable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the ſide of Wit; and that, at the firſt ſallies, the whole aſſembly ſparkled, according to Homer's expreſſion, with unextinguiſhable merriment. But Learning would reſerve her ſtrength till the burſt of applauſe was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always ſucceeded, began to promiſe more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence; and, by comparing one part of her antagoniſt's objections with another, commonly made him confute himſelf; or by ſhewing how ſmall a part of the queſtion he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aſide their prepoſſeſſions; and roſe, at laſt, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindneſs for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they deſired to recommend themſelves to diſtinction, entirely oppoſite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulneſs; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit anſwered before he underſtood, leſt his quickneſs of apprehenſion ſhould be queſtioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, leſt any inſidious ſophiſm ſhould lie undiſcovered. Wit perplexed every debate by rapidity and confuſion; Learning tired the hearers with endleſs diſtinctions, and prolonged the diſpute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of ſhining, would venture to produce what he had not conſidered, and often ſucceeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being intangled in conſequences which ſhe could not foreſee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from preſſing her advantages and ſubduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in ſome degree hindered their progreſs towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and Antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was ſpecious; to Learning, whatever was antient was venerable. Wit, however, ſeldom failed to divert thoſe whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; Learning always ſupported her opinion with ſo many collateral truths, that, when the cauſe was decided againſt her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either ſide, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conqueſt by the uſe of the weapons which had been employed againſt them. Wit would ſometimes labour a ſyllogiſm, and Learning diſtort her features with a jeſt; but they always ſuffered by the experiment, and betrayed themſelves to confutation or contempt. The ſerioufneſs of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

Their conteſts, by long continuance, grew at laſt important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jeſts, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning ſtill continued the favourite of Minerva, and ſeldom went out of her palace without a train of the ſeverer virtues, Chaſtity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had a ſon named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poiſoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no ſkill ever be extracted. Theſe ar-

rows he frequently ſhot at Learning, when ſhe was moſt earneſtly or uſefully employed, engaged in abſtruſe enquiries, or giving inſtructions to her followers. Minerva therefore deputed Criticiſm to her aid, who generally broke the point of Satyr's arrows, turned them aſide, or retorted them on himſelf.

Jupiter was at laſt angry, that the peace of the heavenly regions ſhould be in perpetual danger of violation, and reſolved to diſmiſs theſe troubleſome antagoniſts to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals; nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects; theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the reſidence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvy the other in coſt and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was neceſſary, from the firſt entrance into life, to enliſt in one of the factions; and that none could hope for the regard of either divinity who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

There were indeed a claſs of mortals by whom Wit and Learning were equally diſregarded: theſe were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among theſe it ſeldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raiſe a ſmile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers againſt them; but the forces that were ſent on thoſe expeditions frequently betrayed their truſt; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in publick, while they ſcorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of ſuperiority on thoſe who ſtill remained in the ſervice of Wit and Learning.

Diſguſted with theſe deſertions, the two rivals, at the ſame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admiſſion to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right-hand, and they prepared to obey the happy ſummons. Wit readily ſpread his wings and ſoared aloft; but not being able to ſee far, was bewildered in the pathleſs immenſity of the ethereal ſpaces. Learning, who knew the way, ſhook her pinions; but, for want of natural vigour, could only take ſhort flights; ſo, after many efforts, they both ſunk again to the ground; and learned, from their mutual diſtreſs, the neceſſity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perſpicacity of Learning. They ſoon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were ſo endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit perſuaded Learning to converſe with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the ſervice of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their preſence. They ſoon after married, at the command of Jupiter; and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1750.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur;
Poſcentur vario multum diverſa palato.

HOR.

Three gueſts I have, diſſenting at my feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his taſte
With different food.

FRANCIS.

THAT every man ſhould regulate his actions by his own conſcience, without any regard to the opinions of the reſt of the world, is one of the firſt precepts of moral prudence; juſtified not only by the ſuffrages of reaſon, which declares that none of the gifts of heaven are to lie uſeleſs, but by the voice likewiſe of experience, which will ſoon inform us, that, if we make the praiſe or blame of others the rule of our conduct, we ſhall be diſtracted by a boundleſs variety of irreconcileable judgments, be held in perpetual ſuſpence between contrary impulſes, and conſult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the ſame reaſon, it is not neceſſary for an author to place ſome confidence in his own ſkill, and to ſatisfy himſelf in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the eſtabliſhed laws of compoſition, without ſubmitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the publick, or endeavouring to ſecure ſucceſs by a ſolicitous conformity to advice and criticiſm.

It is, indeed, quickly diſcoverable, that conſultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance; for whoever is ſo doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himſelf every day embarraſſed with new difficulties, and will haraſs his mind, in vain, with the hopeleſs labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digeſting independent hints, and collecting into one point the ſeveral rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, thoſe who retail their labours in periodical ſheets would be moſt unhappy, if they were much to regard the cenſures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not ſent into the world at once, but by ſmall parts in gradual ſucceſſion, it is always imagined, by thoſe who think themſelves qualified to give inſtructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and ſupply the deficiences of their plan by the help of the criticiſms which are ſo liberally afforded.

I have had occaſion to obſerve, ſometimes with vexation, and ſometimes with merriment, the different temper with which the ſame man reads a printed and manuſcript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the publick, it is conſidered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from perſonal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleaſing or inſtructing himſelf; he accommodates his mind to the author's deſign; and, having no intereſt in refuſing the amuſement that is offered him, never interrupts his own tranquillity by ſtudied cavils, or deſtroys his ſatisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleaſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit of a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imagination heated with objections to paſſages which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtores his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities; ſounds which, having been once uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturbance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not conſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decorations, may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt to every man which he himſelf produces, the critick, whoſe buſineſs is only to propoſe, without the care of execution, can never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has ſuggeſted very important improvements, nor the power of inforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his vanity will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without ſuſpicion that he may poſſibly judge too haſtily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of the new ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not ſo much to ſelect the ſtrongeſt arguments which his cauſe admits, as to employ all which imagination can afford: for, in pleading, thoſe reaſons are of moſt value which will moſt affect the judges; and the judges, ſays he, will be always moſt touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the ſame principle, he firſt ſuffers himſelf to form expectations, and then is angry at his diſappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders that another, equally unconfined in the boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, takes a different courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciouſly laid down, it is not applicable to the writer's

cauſe, becauſe there always lies an appeal from domeſtick criticiſm to a higher judicature; and the publick, which is never corrupted, nor often deceived, is to paſs the laſt ſentence upon literary claims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many proofs, when I firſt entered upon this weekly labour. My readers having, from the performances of my predeceſſors, eſtabliſhed an idea of unconnected eſſays, to which they believed all future authors under a neceſſity of conforming, were impatient of the leaſt deviation from their ſyſtem; and numerous remonſtrances were accordingly made by each, as he found his favourite ſubject omitted or delayed. Some were angry that the Rambler did not, like the Spectator, introduce himſelf to the acquaintance of the publick, by an account of his own birth and ſtudies, an enumeration of his adventures, and a deſcription of his phyſiognomy. Others ſoon began to remark that he was a ſolemn, ſerious, dictatorial writer, without ſprightlineſs or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mirth and humour. Another admoniſhed him to have a ſpecial eye upon the various clubs of this great city; and informed him, that much of the Spectator's vivacity was laid out upon ſuch aſſemblies. He has been cenſured for not imitating the politeneſs of his predeceſſors, having hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protection, and give them rules for the juſt oppoſition of colours, and the proper dimenſions of ruffles and pinners. He has been required by one to fix a particular cenſure upon thoſe matrons who play at cards with ſpectacles. And another is very much offended whenever he meets with a ſpeculation in which naked precepts are compriſed without the illuſtration of examples and characters.

I make not the leaſt queſtion that all theſe monitors intended the promotion of my deſign, and the inſtruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himſelf; and ſelects thoſe ſubjects which he is beſt qualified to treat, by the courſe of his ſtudies, or the accidents of his life; that ſome topicks of amuſement have been already treated with too much ſucceſs to invite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers muſt try various arts of invitation, eſſay every avenue of pleaſure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult of criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at the ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by multiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſurers been unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolution; but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I can, without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reaſon, and indulging the ſallies of my own imagination.

No. XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1750.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere.

PERSIUS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf.

DRYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphoriſms, admitted by general conſent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the maſters of ancient wiſdom, than that compendious leſſon, ‘ Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν ‘ —Be acquainted with thyſelf;’ aſcribed by ſome to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon.

This is, indeed, a dictate which in the whole extent of its meaning may be ſaid to compriſe all the ſpeculation requiſite to a moral agent. For what more can be neceſſary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our original, our end, our duties, and our relation to other beings?

It is however very improbable that the firſt author, whoever he was, intended to be underſtood in this unlimited and complicated ſenſe; for of the inquiries which in ſo large an acceptation it would ſeem to recommend, ſome are

too extenſive for the powers of man, and ſome require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more ſatisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated ſentence, if hiſtory had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general inſtruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to ſome private inquirer; whether it was applied to ſome ſingle occaſion, or laid down as the univerſal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the ſlighteſt conſideration, many poſſible circumſtances in which this monition might very properly be inforced; for every error in human conduct muſt ariſe from ignorance in ourſelves, either perpetual or temporary; and happen either becauſe we do not know what is beſt and fitteſt, or becauſe our knowledge is at the time of action not preſent to the mind.

When a man employs himſelf upon remote and unneceſſary ſubjects, and waſtes his life upon queſtions which cannot be reſolved, and of which the ſolution would conduce very little to the advancement of happineſs; when he laviſhes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjuſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems of worlds beyond the reach of the teleſcope; he may be very properly recalled from his excurſions by this precept, and reminded, that there is a nearer Being with which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by ſtudies to which he has no other motive than vanity or curioſity.

The great praiſe of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his inſtructions and example, from the vain purſuit of natural philoſophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from ſtars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this ſaying; if we ſuppoſe the knowledge of ourſelves recommended by Chilo, in oppoſition to other inquiries leſs ſuitable to the ſtate of man.

The great fault of men of learning is ſtill, that they offend againſt this rule, and appear willing to ſtudy any thing rather than themſelves; for which reaſon they are often deſpiſed by thoſe with whom they imagine themſelves above compariſon; deſpiſed, as uſeleſs to common purpoſes, as unable to conduct the moſt trivial affairs, and unqualified to perform thoſe offices by which the concatenation of ſociety is preſerved, and mutual tenderneſs excited and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of great penetration, and deep reſearches. Having a mind naturally formed for the abſtruſer ſciences, he can comprehend intricate combinations without confuſion; and, being of a temper naturally cool and equal, he is ſeldom interrupted by his paſſions in the purſuit of the longeſt chain of unexpected conſequences. He has, therefore, a long time indulged hopes, that the ſolution of ſome problems, by which the profeſſors of ſcience have been hitherto baffled, is reſerved for his genius and induſtry. He ſpends his time in the higheſt room of his houſe, into which none of his family are ſuffered to enter; and when he comes down to his dinner, or his reſt, he walks about like a ſtranger that is there only for a day, without any tokens of regard or tenderneſs. He has totally diveſted himſelf of all human ſenſations; he has neither eye for beauty, nor ear for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good fortune of his neareſt friend, nor mourns for any publick or private calamity. Having once received a letter, and given it his ſervant to read, he was informed, that it was written by his brother, who, being ſhipwrecked, had ſwam naked to land, and was deſtitute of neceſſaries in a foreign country. 'Naked and deſtitute!' ſays Gelidus; 'reach down the laſt volume of 'meteorological obſervations, extract an exact 'account of the wind, and note it carefully in 'the diary of the weather.'

The family of Gelidus once broke into his ſtudy, to ſhew him that a town at a ſmall diſtance was on fire, and in a few moments a ſervant came to tell him that the flame had caught ſo many houſes on both ſides, that the inhabitants were confounded, and began to think of rather eſcaping with their lives than ſaving their dwellings. 'What you tell me,' ſays Gelidus, 'is very probable; for fire na-'turally acts in a circle.'

Thus lives this great philoſopher, inſenſible to every ſpectacle of diſtreſs, and unmoved by the loudeſt call of ſocial nature, for want of conſidering that men are deſigned for the ſuccour and comfort of each other; that though there are hours which may be laudably ſpent upon

knowledge not immediately uſeful, yet the firſt attention is due to practical virtue; and that he may be juſtly driven out from the commerce of mankind who has ſo far abſtracted himſelf from the ſpecies, as to partake neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects the endearments of his wife, and the careſſes of his children, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipſes of the moons of Jupiter.

I ſhall reſerve to ſome future paper the religious and important meaning of this epitome of wiſdom; and only remark, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as well as to the grave and ſolemn parts of life; and that not only the philoſopher may forfeit his pretences to real learning, but the wit and the beauty may miſcarry in their ſchemes by the want of this univerſal requiſite, the knowledge of themſelves.

It is ſurely for no other reaſon that we ſee ſuch numbers reſolutely ſtruggling againſt nature, and contending for that which they never can attain, endeavouring to unite contradictions, and determined to excel in characters inconſiſtent with each other; that ſtock-jobbers affect dreſs, gaiety, and elegance, and mathematicians labour to be wits; that the ſoldier teazes his acquaintance with queſtions in theology, and the academick hopes to divert the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. That abſurdity of pride could proceed only from ignorance of themſelves, by which Garth attempted criticiſm, and Congreve waved his title to dramatick reputation, and deſired to be conſidered only as a gentleman.

Euphues, with great parts and extenſive knowledge, has a clouded aſpect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his firſt entrance into life, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by particularities in his dreſs, to outvie beaus in embroidery, to import new trimmings, and to be foremoſt in the faſhion. Euphues has turned on his exterior appearance that attention which would always have produced eſteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preſerved him from the contempt which he has ſo diligently ſolicited, he has, at leaſt, raiſed one impediment to his reputation; ſince all can judge of his dreſs, but few of his underſtanding; and many who diſcern that he is a fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wiſe.

There is one inſtance in which the ladies are particularly unwilling to obſerve the rule of Chilo. They are deſirous to hide from themſelves the advances of age, and endeavour too frequently to ſupply the ſprightlineſs and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vivacity. They hope to inflame the heart by glances which have loſt their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleaſed at a time when they were expected only to pleaſe, and forget that airs, in time, ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, becauſe they could once trifle agreeably, till thoſe who ſhared their early pleaſures are withdrawn to more ſerious engagements; and are ſcarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the ſcorn of thoſe whom they endeavour to rival.

No. XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1750.

Poſſunt quia poſſe videntur.

VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can.

DRYDEN.

THERE are ſome vices and errors which, though often fatal to thoſe in whom they are found, have yet, by the univerſal conſent of mankind, been conſidered as entitled to ſome degree of reſpect, or have, at leaſt, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the ſevereſt moraliſts with pity rather than deteſtation.

A conſtant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been ſhown to raſhneſs and cowardice; two vices, of which, though

they may be conceived equally diſtant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private intereſt, yet the one is never mentioned without ſome kind of veneration, and the other always conſidered as a topick of unlimited and licentious cenſure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The ſame diſtinction is made, by the common ſuffrage, between profuſion and avarice; and, perhaps, between many other oppoſite vices; and, as I have found reaſon to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in caſes where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep reſearches, I am inclined to believe that this diſtribution of reſpect is not without ſome agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults which are thus inveſted with extraordinary privileges, there are generally ſome latent principles of merit, which may, by degrees, break from obſtruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more eaſy to take away ſuperfluities than to ſupply defects; and therefore he that is culpable becauſe he has paſſed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope than he who fails by falling ſhort. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the exceſs may be eaſily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requiſite to excellence; and who can tell how he ſhall obtain them? We are certain that the horſe may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whoſe fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few ſtrokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a ſhrub?

To walk with circumſpection and ſteadineſs in the right path, at an equal diſtance between the extremes of error, ought to be the conſtant endeavour of every reaſonable being; nor can I think thoſe teachers of moral wiſdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuſes for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, ſince to moſt it will happen often, and to all ſometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one ſide or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with moſt attention, on that enemy from which there is the greateſt danger; and to ſtray, if we muſt ſtray, towards thoſe parts from whence we may quickly and eaſily return.

Among other oppoſite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occaſion to conſider the contrary effects of preſumption and deſpondency; of heady confidence, which promiſes victory without conteſt, and heartleſs puſillanimity, which ſhrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impoſſibility, and conſiders all advancement towards any new attainment as irreverſibly prohibited.

Preſumption will be eaſily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution; and miſcarriages will hourly ſhew, that attempts are not always rewarded with ſucceſs. The moſt precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the neceſſity of methodical gradation and preparatory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always haſtening to their own reformation; becauſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the mind more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded that any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with reſpect to himſelf, that ſtrengh and weight which it had not before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and perſeverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and ſince he never will try his ſtrength, can never diſcover the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to depreſs the alacrity of enterpriſe; and, by conſequence, to retard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed to every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright themſelves, and then propagate the panick to their ſcholars and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a lively imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires ſo much time, that it is not to

be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry, and contracts the ſentiments; another is diffuſe, and overburdens the memory; one is inſufferable to taſte and delicary, and another wears out life in the ſtudy of words, and is uſeleſs to a wiſe man, who deſires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*—boys both young and old, have been hitherto frighted from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none has been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſome ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him whoſe genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecutes, all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs; vain, as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or, in the language of chemiſtry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, to exalt themſelves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignation for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away by repreſenting the difficulties with which they muſt contend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwered, that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by colliſion with a proper ſubject; it is the buſineſs of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his deſires; and ſince they whoſe proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the ſame undertaking with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonably hope for equal ſucceſs.

There is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence, given by thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to the ſummit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depreſs the mind with falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and weaken it by needleſs ſolicitude and dejection. When a ſcholar whom they deſire to animate, conſults them at his entrance on ſome new ſtudy, it is common to make flattering repreſentations of its pleaſantneſs and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almoſt equally deſirable; they either incite his induſtry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no leſs eaſe than they promiſe to their followers.

The ſtudent, inflamed by this encouragement, ſets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few ſteps with great alacrity; but he ſoon finds aſperities and intricacies of which he had not been forewarned; and, imagining that none ever were ſo entangled or fatigued before him, ſinks ſuddenly into deſpair, and deſiſts as from an expedition in which fate oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes; and he is defeated without reſiſtance, becauſe he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of theſe treacherous inſtructors, the one deſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is vain, the other by repreſenting it as needleſs; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it only to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to the ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain; the other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him for tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of its reward.

No. XXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1750.

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illuſtrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita, et longe cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat.

SENECA.

Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high houſe of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly; contract thy ample ſails,
And near the ſhore improve the gentle gales.

ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER,

IT is uſual for men, engaged in the ſame purſuits, to be inquiſitive after the conduct and fortune of each other: and, therefore, I ſuppoſe it will not be unpleaſing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolution; but may, perhaps, be not leſs uſeful, becauſe I ſhall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thouſand others.

I was born heir to a very ſmall fortune; and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his ſon; and finding in me thoſe qualities which old men eaſily diſcover in ſprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine ſhould never be loſt for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the uſual time, at a great ſchool, and then ſent me to the univerſity, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I ſhould be made lord-chancellor, which he often lamented, that the increaſe of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from ſeeing.

This exuberance of money diſplayed itſelf in gaiety of appearance, and wantonneſs of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of thoſe whom the ſame ſuperfluity of fortune betrayed to the ſame licence and oſtentation: young heirs, who pleaſed themſelves with a remark very frequent in their mouths—that though they were ſent by their fathers to the univerſity, they were not under the neceſſity of living by their learning.

Among men of this claſs I eaſily obtained the reputation of a great genius; and was perſuaded that, with ſuch livelineſs of imagination and delicacy of ſentiment, I ſhould never be able to ſubmit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myſelf wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning; and was often ſo much elated with my ſuperiority to the youths with whom I converſed, that I began to liſten with great attention to thoſe that recommended to me a wider and more conſpicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an obſervation made by one of my friends—that it was not by lingering in the univerſity that Prior became ambaſſador, or Addiſon ſecretary of ſtate.

This deſire was hourly increaſed by the ſolicitation of my companions, who removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal diſmiſſion from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to ſend an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonſtrate how much was loſt by every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and conſtraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently haraſſed me with monitory letters, which I ſometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with ſuch comments as might ſhew how much I was ſuperior to inſtruction or advice. I could not but wonder how a man confined to the country, and unacquainted with the preſent ſyſtem of things, ſhould imagine himſelf qualified to inſtruct a riſing genius, born to give laws to the age, refine its taſte, and multiply its pleaſures.

The poſtman, however, ſtill continued to bring me new remonſtrances; for my uncle was very little depreſſed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have

quick reſentments; it was impoſſible to bear his uſurpations for ever; and I reſolved, once for all, to make him an example to thoſe who imagine themſelves wiſe becauſe they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under repreſentation, in what manner grey-bearded inſolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand; and after having animated myſelf with a catch, wrote a general anſwer to all his precepts, with ſuch vivacity of turn, ſuch elegance of irony, and ſuch aſperity of ſarcaſm, that I convulſed a large company with univerſal laughter, diſturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applauſe, and five days afterwards was anſwered, that I muſt be content to live on my own eſtate.

This contraction of my income gave me no diſturbance, for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purſes at my call, and proſpects of ſuch advancement as would ſoon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I reſolved to receive into favour, without inſiſting on any acknowledgment of his offence, when the ſplendour of my condition ſhould induce him to wiſh for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had ſhewn the alteration of my condition by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of ſpirit; and in a ſhort time had diveſted myſelf of all my ſcholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will eaſily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general diſinclination every man feels to confeſs poverty, from telling to any one the reſolution of my uncle, and for ſome time ſubſiſted upon the ſtock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my ſhare as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was ſoon emptied, and I was obliged to aſk my friends for a ſmall ſum. This was a favour which we had often reciprocally received from one another; they ſuppoſed my wants only accidental, and therefore willingly ſupplied them. In a ſhort time I found a neceſſity of aſking again, and was again treated with the ſame civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by ſending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I aſked for, adviſed me to ſtipulate for more regular remittances.

This ſomewhat diſturbed my dream of conſtant affluence: but I was three days after completely awaked; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaiſance, and, inſtead of contending to light me up ſtairs, ſuffered me to wait for ſome minutes by the bar. When I came to my company, I found them unuſually grave and formal; and one of them took a hint to turn the converſation upon the miſconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to ſupport the expence; an obſervation which the reſt contributed either to enforce the repetition, or to illuſtrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the diſcourſe, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote queſtions, and common topicks.

A man guilty of poverty eaſily believes himſelf ſuſpected. I went, however, next morning to breakfaſt with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the converſation, and by a ſeries of enquiries, drawing ſtill nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps much againſt his will, to inform me, that Mr. Daſh, whoſe father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's reſentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmoſt induſtry of grovelling inſolence.

It was now no longer practicable to conſort with my former friends, unleſs I would be content to be uſed as an inferior gueſt, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character which, if I could not eſcape it, I reſolved to endure only among thoſe who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houſes in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly diſtinguiſhed by ſeveral young gentlemen of high birth and large eſtates, and began again to amuſe my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite ſo confidently as when I had leſs experience.

The firſt great conqueſt which this new ſcene enabled me to gain over myſelf was, when I ſubmitted to confeſs to a party, who invited me

to an expenſive diverſion, that my revenues were not equal to ſuch golden pleaſures; they would not ſuffer me however to ſtay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myſelf to ſome office or employment, which they unanimouſly promiſed to procure me by their joint intereſt.

I had now entered into a ſtate of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almoſt every man I ſaw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his miſery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thouſand caprices, to concur in a thouſand follies, and to countenance a thouſand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at leaſt from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindeſt and moſt delicate minds, when they converſe without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the ſpirit and vigour of liberty every moment ſinking in me, and a ſervile fear of diſpleaſing, ſtealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the ſolicitude to pleaſe increaſed, the power of pleaſing grew leſs, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was moſt my intereſt and wiſh to ſhine.

My patrons conſidering me as belonging to the community, and therefore not the charge of any particular perſon, made no ſcruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the buſineſs of another. An account of my expectations and diſappointments, and the ſucceeding viciſſitudes of my life, I ſhall give you in my following letter; which will be, I hope, of uſe to ſhew how ill he forms his ſchemes who expects happineſs without freedom.

I am, &c.

No. XXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1750.

———Pauperiem metuens potiere metallis
Libertate caret.—

HOR.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who ſells his freedom in exchange for gold,
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply ſold)
Shall make eternal ſervitude his fate,
And feel a haughty maſter's galling weight.

FRANCIS.

MR. RAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himſelf of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curioſity ſo much excited by the former part of my narration as to make you deſire that I ſhould proceed without any unneceſſary arts of connection. I ſhall therefore not keep you longer in ſuch ſuſpenſe, as perhaps my performance may not compenſate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I found thoſe allurements and delights, which the friendſhip of young men always affords; there was that openneſs which naturally produced confidence, that affability which, in ſome meaſure, ſoftened dependence, and that ardour of profeſſion which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promiſes were poured out with unlimited profuſion, and life and fortune were but a ſcanty ſacrifice to friendſhip; but when the hour came at which any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my intereſt weighed nothing againſt the ſlighteſt amuſement, and every petty avocation was found a ſufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindneſs was indeed ſincere; when they promiſed they had no intention to deceive; but the ſame juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the ſame proportion to every other paſſion, and I was forgotten as ſoon as any new pleaſure ſeized on their attention.

Vagario told me one evening, that all my perplexities ſhould be ſoon at an end, and deſired me from that inſtant to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a poſt of conſiderable value was that day become vacant, and he knew his intereſt ſufficient to procure it in the morning. He deſired me to call on him early, that he might

be dreſſed ſoon enough to wait on the miniſter before any other application ſhould be made. I came as he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude; and was told by his ſervant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been perſuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken poſt-horſes two hours before day.

I was once very near to preferment by the kindneſs of Charinus, who at my requeſt went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I ſhould have many opportunities of promoting his intereſt in return; and he pleaſed himſelf with imagining the mutual benefits that we ſhould confer, and the advances that we ſhould make by our united ſtrength. Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendſhip and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgments againſt his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfaſt in the country; that the ladies importuned him too much to be refuſed; and that, having paſſed the morning with them, he was come back to dreſs himſelf for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have ſuffered ſeveral diſappointments from taylors and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform their work withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an eſtabliſhment for life by the delay of a ſervant, ſent to a neighbouring ſhop to repleniſh a ſnuff-box.

At laſt I thought my ſolicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very ſpeedily fill it, and whoſe fondneſs would not have ſuffered him to refuſe his ſon a leſs reaſonable requeſt. Hippodamus therefore ſet forward with great expedition, and I expected every hour an account of his ſucceſs. A long time I waited without any intelligence; but at laſt received a letter from Newmarket, by which I was informed that the races were begun, and I knew the vehemence of his paſſions too well to imagine that he could refuſe himſelf his favourite amuſement.

You will not wonder that I was at laſt weary of the patronage of young men, eſpecially as I found them not generally to promiſe much greater fidelity as they advance in life; for I obſerved that what they gained in ſteadineſs they loſt in benevolence, and grew colder to my intereſt as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuſeneſs, that as chance directed they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but becauſe they were thoughtleſs, and counted the ſupport of a friend only amongſt other gratifications of paſſion.

My reſolution was now to ingratiate myſelf with men whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed, whoſe high ſtations enabled them to prefer me, and whoſe age exempted them from ſudden changes of inclination. I was conſidered as a man of parts, and therefore eaſily found admiſſion to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteneſs of his wit. Hilarius received me with an appearance of great ſatisfaction, produced to me all his friends, and directed to me that part of his diſcourſe in which he moſt endeavoured to diſplay his imagination. I had now learned my own intereſt enough to ſupply him opportunities for ſmart remarks and gay ſallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till unfortunately, when the aſſembly was more ſplendid than uſual, his deſire of admiration prompted him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for ſome time with great ſubmiſſion: and ſucceſs encouraged him to redouble his attacks: at laſt my vanity prevailed over my prudence; I retorted his irony with ſuch ſpirit, that Hilarius, unaccuſtomed to reſiſtance, was diſconcerted, and ſoon found means of convincing me that his purpoſe was not to encourage a rival, but to foſter a paraſite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of Argutio, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticiſm. He had contributed to my reputation by the praiſes which he had often beſtowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might riſe to high degrees of excellence, when time or information had reduced its exuberance. He therefore required me to conſult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly propoſed innumerable alterations, without ſufficient attention to the general deſign, or regard to my form of ſtyle, and mode of imagination. But theſe corrections he never failed to preſs as indiſpenſably neceſſary, and thought the leaſt

delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment insufferable; and I thought any tyranny easier to be borne than that which took from me the use of my understanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the statesman, who was wholly engaged in publick affairs, and seemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the service that he required. His demands were, indeed, very often such as virtue could not easily consent to gratify; but virtue is not to be consulted when men are to raise their fortunes by the favour of the great. His measures were censured; I wrote in his defence, and was recompensed with a place, of which the profits were never received by me without the pangs of remembering that they were the reward of wickedness; a reward which nothing but that necessity, which the consumption of my little estate in these wild pursuits had brought upon me, hindered me from throwing back in the face of my corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I became heir to a small fortune. I had resolution to throw off the splendor which reproached me to myself, and retire to an humbler state; in which I am now endeavouring to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make some reparation for my crime and follies, by informing others, who may be led after the same pageants, that they are about to engage in a course of life, in which they are to purchase, by a thousand miseries, the privilege of repentance.

I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

No. XXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

SENECA.

To him, alas! to him, I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flattering his senseless pride,
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

COWLEY.

I Have shewn, in a late essay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a mistaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inspection of their own character. But as I then confined my observations to common occurrences, and familiar scenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourselves is necessary to our preservation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive study of our own minds must contribute to secure us the approbation of that Being to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whose favour must finally constitute our total happiness.

If it be reasonable to estimate the difficulty of any enterprise by frequent miscarriages, it may justly be concluded that it is not easy for a man to know himself; for whereseever we turn our view, we shall find almost all with whom we converse so nearly as to judge of their sentiments, indulging more favourable conceptions of their own virtue than they have been able to impress upon others, and congratulating themselves upon degrees of excellence which their fondest admirers cannot allow them to have attained.

Those representations of imaginary virtue are generally considered as arts of hypocrisy, and as snares laid for confidence and praise. But I believe the suspicion often unjust; those who thus propagate their own reputation only extend the fraud by which they have been

themſelves deceived; for this failing is incident to numbers, who ſeem to live without deſigns, competitions, or purſuits; it appears on occaſions which promiſe no acceſſion of honour or of profit, and to perſons from whom very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, not eaſy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourſelves, when we reflect how much a ſecondary paſſion can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man, in the firſt raptures of love, can diſcover in the perſon or conduct of his miſtreſs.

To lay open all the ſources from which error flows in upon him who contemplates his own character, would require more exact knowledge of the human heart than perhaps the moſt acute and laborious obſervers have acquired. And ſince falſehood may be diverſified without end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an impoſture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views have been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly combined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequently inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to detect; becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fatal, and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to defeat them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves that they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is formed by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts for habits. A miſer who once relieved a friend from the danger of a priſon ſuffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own heroick generoſity; he yields his heart up to indignation at thoſe who are blind to merit, or inſenſible to miſery, and who can pleaſe themſelves with the enjoyment of that wealth which they never permit others to partake. From any cenſures of the world, or reproaches of his conſcience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; and though his whole life is a courſe of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himſelf to be tender and liberal, becauſe he has once performed an act of liberality and tenderneſs.

As a glaſs which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, leſſens them by the application of the other, ſo vices are extenuated by the inverſion of that fallacy, by which virtues are augmented. Thoſe faults which we cannot conceal from our own notice, are conſidered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or ſettled practices, but as caſual failures, and ſingle lapſes. A man who has, from year to year, ſet his country to ſale, either for the gratification of his ambition or reſentment, confeſſes that the heat of party now and then betrays the ſevereſt virtue to meaſures that cannot be ſeriouſly defended. He that ſpends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his paſſions oftentimes overpower his reſolution. But each comforts himſelf that his faults are not without precedent, for the beſt and the wiſeſt men have given way to the violence of ſudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praiſe of goodneſs with the practice, and who believe themſelves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, becauſe they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildneſs, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almoſt univerſal among thoſe that converſe much with dependents, with ſuch whoſe fear or intereſt diſpoſes them to a ſeeming reverence for any declamation, however enthuſiaſtick, and ſubmiſſion to any boaſt, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themſelves by the goodneſs of their opinions, and forget how much more eaſily men may ſhew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewiſe very numerous of thoſe who regulate their lives, not by the ſtandard of religion, but the meaſure of other men's virtue; who lull their own remorſe with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and ſeem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worſe.

For eſcaping theſe and a thouſand other deceits many expedients have been propoſed. Some have recommended the frequent conſultation of a wiſe friend admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to ſincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general uſe: for in order to ſecure the virtue of one, it preſuppoſes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the firſt, ſuch a deſire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accuſation from the mouth of him whom he eſteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not diſcovered;

and in the ſecond ſuch zeal and honeſty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to loſe his kindneſs.

A long life may be paſſed without finding a friend in whoſe underſtanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whoſe opinions we can value at once for its juſtneſs and ſincerity. A weak man, however honeſt, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counſel. Friends are often choſen for ſimilitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the others failings, becauſe they are his own. Friends are tender and unwilling to give pain; or they are intereſted, and fearful to offend.

Theſe objections have inclined others to adviſe, that he who would know himſelf ſhould conſult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and liſten for the cenſures that are uttered in private. For his great buſineſs is to know his faults; and thoſe malignity will diſcover, and reſentment will reveal. But this precept may be often fruſtrated; for it ſeldom happens that rivals or opponents are ſuffered to come near enough to know our conduct with ſo much exactneſs as that conſcience ſhould allow and reflect the accuſation. The charge of an enemy is often totally falſe, and commonly ſo mingled with falſehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to diſcredit the reſt, and never ſuffers any diſturbance afterward from ſuch partial reports.

Yet it ſeems that enemies have been always found by experience the moſt faithful monitors; for adverſity has ever been conſidered as the ſtate in which a man moſt eaſily becomes acquainted with himſelf, and this effect it muſt produce by withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs is to hide our weakneſſes from us, or by giving looſe to malice, and licenſe to reproach; or at leaſt by cutting off thoſe pleaſures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too eaſily perſuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himſelf, by aſſigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the reſt, and by putting himſelf frequently in ſuch a ſituation, by retirement and abſtraction, as may weaken the influence of external objects. By this practice he may obtain the ſolitude of adverſity without its melancholy, its inſtructions without its cenſures, and its ſenſibility without its perturbations.

The neceſſity of ſetting the world at a diſtance from us, when we are to take a ſurvey of ourſelves, has ſent many from high ſtations to the ſeverities of a monaſtick life; and, indeed, every man deeply engaged in buſineſs, if all regard to another ſtate be not extinguiſhed, muſt have the conviction, though perhaps not the reſolution, of Valdeſſo, who, when he ſolicited Charles the Fifth to diſmiſs him, being aſked whether he retired upon diſguſt, anſwered that he laid down his commiſſion for no other reaſon but becauſe *there ought to be ſome time for ſober reflection between the life of a ſoldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it is neceſſary to be at intervals diſencumbered, that we may place ourſelves in his preſence who views effects in their cauſes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expreſſes it, conſider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourſelves; or, to uſe language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be ſtill.*

Death, ſays Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himſelf: and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early reſtorers of literature, thought the ſtudy of our own hearts of ſo much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. '*Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt bonæ muſæ, ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt reges domini; jam ſcis qui ſim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hoſpes, noſcere in tenebris nequeo, ſed teipſum ut noſcas rogo.*—I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knoweſt now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, ſtranger, I who am in darkneſs cannot know thee; but I intreat thee to know thyſelf.'

I hope every reader of this paper will conſider himſelf as engaged to the obſervation of a precept, which the wiſdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce; a precept dictated by philoſophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by ſaints.

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1750.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet—— HOR.

But God has wiſely hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate,
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the ſecure poſſeſſion of the preſent hour, and the diſmiſſion of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of thoſe delights which our condition happens to ſet before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always conſidered as the ſallies of a genius intent rather upon giving pleaſure than inſtruction, eager to take every advantage of inſinuation; and, provided the paſſions can be engaged on its ſide, very little ſolicitous about the ſuffrage of reaſon.

The darkneſs and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the purſuit of happineſs, may indeed be alledged as an excuſe for many of their ſeducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that ſuch as had no promiſe of another ſtate ſhould eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but ſurely thoſe who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity might think it neceſſary to put ſome reſtraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the ſongs of the ancient bacchanals, and tranſmitting the maxims of paſt debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and ſubmit to the ſervility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be aſhamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are ſeldom without ſome radiations of underſtanding, by which meaner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to pleaſure are, in thoſe authors, generally mingled with ſuch reflections upon life, as well deſerve to be conſidered diſtinctly from the purpoſes for which they are produced, and to be treaſured up as the ſettled concluſions of extenſive obſervation, acute ſagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on theſe occaſions they often warn their readers againſt enquiries into futurity, and ſolicitude about events which lie hid in cauſes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reaſon. An idle and thoughtleſs reſignation to chance, without any ſtruggle againſt calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reaſonable being, in whoſe power Providence has put a great part even of his preſent happineſs; but it ſhews an equal ignorance of our proper ſphere, to haraſs our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why ſhould we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wiſe man is never ſurpriſed; and, perhaps, this exemption from aſtoniſhment may be imagined to proceed from ſuch a proſpect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of thoſe evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have leſs foreſight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of underſtanding; and if a wiſe man is not amazed at ſudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but leſs upon futurity. He never conſidered things not yet exiſting as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their

phantoms, nor ever realized nonentities to his mind. He is not ſurpriſed becauſe he is not diſappointed, and he eſcapes diſappointment becauſe he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is ſo juſtly cenſured, is not the reſult of thoſe general reflections on the variableneſs of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the univerſal inſecurity of all human acquiſitions, which muſt always be ſuggeſted by the view of the world; but ſuch a deſponding anticipation of misfortunes, as fixes the mind upon ſcenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominant in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the ſame nature with jealouſy in love, and ſuſpicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, diſpoſes him to judge of every thing in a manner that leaſt favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual ſtratagems of counteraction, wears him out in ſchemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length perhaps contributes to the production of thoſe miſchiefs of which it had raiſed ſuch dreadful apprehenſions.

It has been uſual in all ages for moraliſts to repreſs the ſwellings of vain hope by repreſentations of the innumerable caſualties to which life is ſubject, and by inſtances of the unexpected defeat of the wiſeſt ſchemes of policy, and ſudden ſubverſions of the higheſt eminences of greatneſs. It has, perhaps, not been equally obſerved, that all theſe examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no leſs efficacy as conſolations to the timorous, than as reſtraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the ſame degree as good; and for the reaſon that we ought not to hope too ſecurely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The ſtate of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the reſult of the viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in the ſtream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happen to croſs the general courſe of the current. The ſudden accidents by which the powerful are depreſſed, may fall upon thoſe whoſe malice we fear; and the greatneſs by which we expect to be overborn may become another proof of the falſe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow ſtrong before our encounter; or we may advance againſt each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival intereſts, we may always alleviate the terror by conſidering that our perſecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourſelves.

The misfortunes which ariſe from the concurrence of unhappy incidents ſhould never be ſuffered to diſturb us before they happen; becauſe, if the breaſt be once laid open to the dread of mere poſſibilities of miſery, life muſt be given a prey to diſmal ſolicitude, and quiet muſt be loſt for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is abſurd to be afraid of the natural diſſolution of the body; becauſe it muſt certainly happen, and can by no caution or artifice be avoided. Whether this ſentiment be entirely juſt, I ſhall not examine; but certainly, if it be improper to fear events which muſt happen, it is yet more evidently contrary to right reaſon to fear thoſe which may never happen, and which, if they ſhould come upon us, we cannot reſiſt.

As we ought not to give way to fear any more than indulgence to hope, becauſe the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, ſo we ought not to truſt the repreſentations of one more than of the other, becauſe they are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happineſs, fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, that no man ever found the happineſs of poſſeſſion proportionate to that expectation which incited his deſire, and invigorated his purſuit; nor has any man found the evils of life ſo formidable in reality, as they are deſcribed to him by his own imagination; every ſpecies of diſtreſs brings with it ſome peculiar ſupports, ſome unforeſeen means of reſiſting, or power of enduring. Taylor juſtly blames ſome pious perſons who indulge their fancies too much, ſet themſelves by the force of imagination, in the place of the ancient martyrs and confeſſors, and queſtion the validity of their own faith, becauſe they ſhrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. 'It is,' ſays he, 'ſufficient 'that you are able to encounter the temp- 'tations which now aſſault you; when God 'ſends trials, he may ſend ſtrength.'

All fear is in itſelf painful; and, when it conduces not to ſafety, is painful without uſe. Every conſideration, therefore, by which groundleſs terrors may be removed, adds ſomething to human happineſs. It is likewiſe not unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares are employed upon the future, they are abſtracted from the preſent, from the only time which we can call our own; and of which, if we neglect the duties to make proviſion againſt viſionary attacks, we ſhall certainly counteract our own purpoſe; for he, doubtleſs, miſtakes his true intereſt, who thinks that he can increaſe his ſafety when he impairs his virtue.

No. XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1750.

——Vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent. HOR.

Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial ſuns more radiant ſhine,
The day more glad appears. ELPHINSTON.

MR. RAMBLER,

THERE are few taſks more ungrateful than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done for the general good; and a generous ſpirit will on ſuch occaſions aſſert its merit, and vindicate itſelf with becoming warmth.

My circumſtances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deſerve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my caſe being fairly ſtated in a paper ſo generally eſteemed, I may ſuffer no longer from ignorant and childiſh prejudicee.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpectable perſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner: highly and deſervedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger ſociety, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities; and formed, as I might reaſonably flatter myſelf, to be the object of univerſal love and eſteem. Joy and gladneſs were born with me; cheerfulneſs, good-humour, and benevolence, always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long paſt. So long, that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and diſagreeable; but, unleſs my looking-glaſs deceives me, I have not yet loſt one charm, one beauty of my earlieſt years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body juſt what they chuſe to think me, ſo that to very few I appear in my right ſhape; and, though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few, comparatively, am I uſeful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impoſſible for me to avoid being in all ſorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as ſome people have to a cat, many and many an aſſembly am I forced to endure; and, though reſt and compoſure are my peculiar joy, am worn out and haraſſed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they ſpend at leaſt half of the time I have to ſtay with them; and others are ſo monſtrouſly ill-bred as to take phyſick on purpoſe when they have reaſon to expect me. Thoſe who keep upon terms of more politeneſs with me, are generally ſo cold and conſtrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myſelf an unwelcome gueſt, and when among perſons deſerving of eſteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that, generally, whenever I come I throw a dulneſs over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal ſtiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter muſt this kind of reception be to one formed to inſpire delight, admiration, and love! To one capable of anſwering and rewarding the greateſt warmth and delicacy of ſentiments!

I was bred up among a ſet of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmoſt honour and reſpect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and ſtrange viciſſitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's deſire. Whenever I appeared, publick aſſemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with perſons of quality and faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hoſpitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country pariſh as a kind of ſocial bond between the ſquire, the parſon, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where bleſt my appearance: they do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt cloaths to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honeſt country-folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and ſometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in theſe my beſt days there were perſons who thought me too demure and grave. I muſt, forſooth, by all means be inſtructed by foreign maſters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was ſo contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different ſet. They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my laſt misjudged tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarſe and awkward. I was now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ſermons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any occaſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general huſh, and immediate ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or diſcourſe; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took ſuch a diſguſt to me in thoſe tedious hours of yawning, that having tranſmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long ſince I have recovered my natural form, and pleaſing tone of voice. Would they but receive my viſits kindly, and liſten to what I could tell them—let me ſay it without vanity—how charming a companion ſhould I be! to every one could I talk on the ſubjects moſt intereſting and moſt pleaſing. With the great and ambitious I would diſcourſe of honours and advancements, of diſtinctions to which the whole world ſhould be witneſs, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhauſtible treaſure, and the ſure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the beſt intereſt; and inſtruct the lovers of pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to the higheſt degree. The beauty ſhould learn of me how to preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To the afflicted I would adminiſter comfort, and relaxation to the buſy.

As I dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be deſirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how I wiſh to be received.

You muſt know, I equally hate lazy idleneſs and hurry. I would every where be welcomed, at a tolerably early hour, with decent good-humour and gratitude. I muſt be attended in the great halls, peculiarly appropriated to me with reſpect: but I do not inſiſt upon finery; propriety of appearance, and perfect neatneſs, is all I require. I muſt at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful ſocial meal; both the neighbours and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have tete-a-tete with my kind entertainers, and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall naturally dictate; or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes them oftner thrown aſide than taken up. As thoſe converſations and books ſhould be both well choſen, to give ſome advice on that head may poſſibly furniſh you with a future paper: and any thing you ſhall offer on my behalf will be of great ſervice to, good Mr. Rambler, your faithful friend and ſervant,

SUNDAY.

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1750.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores,
Falſaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis.

OVID.

Corrupted manners I ſhall ne'er defend;
Nor, falſely witty, for my faults contend.

ELPHINSTON.

THOUGH the falibility of man's reaſon, and the narrowneſs of his knowledge, are very liberally confeſſed, yet the conduct of thoſe who ſo willingly admit the weakneſs of human nature, ſeems to diſcern that this acknowledgment is not altogether ſincere; at leaſt, that moſt make it with a tacit reſerve in favour of themſelves, and that with whatever eaſe they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are deſirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from error in their opinions.

The certain and obſtinate oppoſition, which we may obſerve made to confutation, however clear, and to reproof, however tender, is an undoubted argument, that ſome dormant privilege is thought to be attacked; for as no man can loſe what he neither poſſeſſes, nor imagines himſelf to poſſeſs, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that thoſe who break out into fury at the ſofteſt contradiction, or the ſlighteſt cenſure, ſince they apparently conclude themſelves injured, muſt fancy ſome ancient immunity violated, or ſome natural prerogative invaded. To be miſtaken, if they thought themſelves liable to miſtake, could not be conſidered as either ſhameful or wonderful, and they would not receive with ſo much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor ſtruggle with ſuch earneſtneſs againſt an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themſelves entitled.

It is related of one of the philoſophers, that when an account was brought him of his ſon's death, he received it only with this reflection—'I knew that my ſon was mortal.' He that is convinced of an error, if he had the ſame knowledge of his own weakneſs, would, inſtead of ſtraining for artifices, and brooding malignity, only regard ſuch overſights as the appendages of humanity, and pacify himſelf with conſidering that he had always known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that moſt of our paſſions are excited by the novelty of objects, there is little reaſon for doubting that to be conſidered as ſubject to fallacies of ratiocination, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part of mankind entirely new; for it is impoſſible to fall into any company where there is not ſome regular and eſtabliſhed ſubordination, without finding rage and vehemence produced only by difference of ſentiments about things in which neither of the diſputants have any other intereſt than what proceeds from their mutual unwillingneſs to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them the diſgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one, that, having advanced ſome erroneous doctrines in philoſophy, refuſed to ſee the experiments by which they were confuted: and the obſervation of every day will give new proofs with how much induſtry ſubterfuges and evaſions are ſought to decline the preſſure of reſiſtleſs arguments, how often the ſtate of the queſtion is altered, how often the antagoniſt is wilfully miſrepreſented, and in how much perplexity the cleareſt poſitions are involved by thoſe whom they happen to oppoſe.

Of all mortals, none ſeem to have been more infected with this ſpecies of vanity than the race of writers, whoſe reputation ariſing ſolely from their underſtanding, gives them a very delicate ſenſibility of any violence attempted on their literary honour. It is not unpleaſing to remark with what ſolicitude men of acknowledged abilities will endeavour to palliate abſurdities and reconcile contradictions, only to obviate criticiſms to which all human performances muſt ever be expoſed, and from which they can never ſuffer, but when they teach the world, by a vain and ridiculous impatience, to think them of importance.

Dryden, whoſe warmth of fancy and haſte of compoſition very frequently hurried him into inaccuracies, heard himſelf ſometimes ex-

poſed to ridicule for having ſaid in one of his tragedies—

I follow fate, which does too faſt purſue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed, was, it may be thought, too plain to be long diſputed; and the truth is, that Dryden was apparently betrayed into the blunder by the double meaning of the word Fate, to which in the former part of the verſe he had annexed the idea of Fortune, and in the latter that of Death; ſo that the ſenſe only was, *though purſued by Death, I will not reſign myſelf to deſpair, but will follow Fortune, and do and ſuffer what is appointed.* This, however, was not completely expreſſed; and Dryden being determined not to give way to his criticks, never confeſſed that he had been ſurpriſed by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in Virgil an account of a man moving in a circle, with this expreſſion—'*Et ſe ſequiturque fugitque*'—'Here,' ſays he, 'is 'the paſſage in imitation of which I wrote the 'line that my criticks were pleaſed to condemn 'as nonſenſe; not but I may ſometimes write 'nonſenſe, though they have not the fortune to 'find it.'

Every one ſees the folly of ſuch mean doublings to eſcape the purſuit of criticiſm; nor is there a ſingle reader of this poet who would not have paid him greater veneration, had he ſhewn conſciouſneſs enough of his own ſuperiority to ſet ſuch cavils at defiance, and owned that he ſometimes ſlipped into errors by the tumult of his imagination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper diſcovers itſelf only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happineſs of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, ſee a man perſiſt in a project which he has found to be impracticable, live in an inconvenient houſe becauſe it was contrived by himſelf, or wear a coat of a particular cut in hopes by perſeverance to bring it into faſhion. Theſe are indeed follies, but they are only follies; and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But ſuch pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to perſiſt in practices which their own hearts condemn, only leſt they ſhould ſeem to feel reproaches, or be made wiſer by the advice of others; or to ſearch for ſophiſms tending to the confuſion of all principles, and the evacuation of all duties, that they may not appear to act what they are not able to defend.

Let every man who finds vanity ſo far predominant as to betray him to the danger of this laſt degree of corruption, pauſe a moment to conſider what will be the conſequence of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himſelf not led at firſt by reaſon, but impelled by the violence of deſire, ſurprized by the ſuddenneſs of paſſion, or ſeduced by the ſoft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him conſider what he is going to commit, by forcing his underſtanding to patroniſe thoſe appetites which it is its chief buſineſs to hinder and reform.

The cauſe of virtue requires ſo little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once ſhewn, are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, that ſuch apologiſts ſeldom gain proſelytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but thoſe whoſe deſires have clouded their diſcernment. All that the beſt faculties thus employed can perform is, to perſuade the hearers that the man is hopeleſs whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has paſſed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without proſpect of ſucceſs, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as deſtructive.

But if it be ſuppoſed that he may impoſe on his audience by partial repreſentations of conſequences, intricate deductions of remote cauſes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different ſides: that he may ſometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then ſeduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind ſtill fluctuating in unſettled notions, and neither fortified by inſtruction, nor enlightened by experience; yet what muſt be the event of ſuch a triumph? A man cannot ſpend all his life in frolick: age, or diſeaſe, or ſolitude, will bring ſome hours of ſerious conſideration; and it will then afford no comfort to think that he has extended the dominion of vice, that he has loaded himſelf with the crimes

of others, and can never know the extent of his own wickedneſs, or make reparation for the miſchief that he has cauſed. There is not, perhaps in all the ſtores of ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful than the conſciouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles, of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould return, of having blinded them to every beauty but the paint of pleaſure, and deafened them to every call but the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.

There is yet another danger in this practice: men who cannot deceive others are very often ſucceſsful in deceiving themſelves; they weave their ſophiſtry till their own reaſon is entangled, and repeat their poſitions till they are credited by themſelves; by often contending they grow ſincere in the cauſe, and by long wiſhing for demonſtrative arguments, they at laſt bring themſelves to fancy that they have found them. They are then at the uttermoſt verge of wickedneſs, and may die without having that light rekindled in their minds which their own pride and contumacy have extinguiſhed.

The men who can be charged with feweſt failings, either with reſpect to abilities or virtue, are generally moſt ready to allow them: for, not to dwell on things of ſolemn and awful conſideration, the humility of confeſſors, the tears of ſaints, and the dying terrors of perſons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæſar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul; and that Hippocrates, whoſe name is perhaps in rational eſtimation greater than Cæſar's, warned poſterity againſt a miſtake into which he had fallen. 'So much,' ſays Celſus, 'does the open and 'artleſs confeſſion of an error become a man 'conſcious that he has enough remaining to 'ſupport his character.'

As all error is meanneſs, it is incumbent on every man who conſults his own dignity, to retract it as ſoon as he diſcovers it, without fearing any cenſure ſo much as that of his own mind. As juſtice requires that all injuries ſhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has ſeduced others by bad practices, or falſe notions, to endeavour that ſuch as have adopted his errors ſhould know his retraction, and that thoſe who have learned vice by his example, ſhould by his example be taught amendment.

No. XXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1750.

Ὁσσά τε δαιμονίησι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν,
Ὧν ἄν μοῖραν ἔχῃο, πραέως φέρε, μηδ' ἀγανάκλει.
Ἰᾶσθαι δὲ πρέπει κάθοσον δυνίῃ.

PYTHAG.

Of all the woes that load the mortal ſtate,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
But eaſe it as thou can'ſt———

ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life paſſes in a ſtate contrary to our natural deſires, that one of the principal topicks of moral inſtruction is the art of bearing calamities. And ſuch is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furniſh his mind with thoſe principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The ſect of ancient philoſophers that boaſted to have carried this neceſſary ſcience to the higheſt perfection, were the Stoicks, or ſcholars of Zeno, whoſe wild enthuſiaſtic virtue pretended to an exemption from the ſenſibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themſelves exalted, by the doctrines of their ſect, above the reach of thoſe miſeries which embitter life to the reſt of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loſs of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and paſſed, in their haughty ſtyle, a kind of irreverſible decree, by which they forbade them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any diſturbance to the tranquility of a wiſe man.

This edict was, I think, not universally observed; for though one of the more resolute, when he was tortured by a violent disease, cried out, that let pain harass him to its utmost power, it should never force him to consider it as other than indifferent and neutral: yet all had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses; for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed, in the anguish of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil.*

It may however be questioned, whether these philosophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience: for if pain be not an evil, there seems no instruction requisite how it may be borne? and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments against it, they may be thought to have given up their first position. But such inconsistencies are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity, and employ their strength in establishing opinions opposite to nature.

The controversy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miseries, and that those miseries are, sometimes at least, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now universally confessed; and therefore it is useful to consider not only how we may escape them, but by what means those which either the accidents of affairs or the infirmities of nature, must bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make those hours less wretched, which the condition of our present existence will not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are useless and vain: the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side, the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armour which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which Heaven has put in our hands is patience; by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall suffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening its acrimony, or prolonging its effects.

There is indeed nothing more unsuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which without examining whether they are not sometimes impious, are at least always offensive, and incline others rather to hate and despise than to pity and assist us. If what we suffer has been brought upon us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one should be angry at feeling that which he has deserved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum est.
Let pain deserv'd without complaint be borne.

And surely, if we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cause. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it.

Patience and submission are very carefully to be distinguished from cowardice and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour and exercises of diligence. When we feel any pressures

of diſtreſs, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of Heaven by languiſhing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirſt we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favour or of puniſhment: but ſince all the ordinary diſpenſations of providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of th ngs, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another: that we are only to take care leſt we purchaſe eaſe with guilt; and that our Maker's purpoſe, whether of reward or ſeverity, will be anſwered by the labours which he lays us under the neceſſity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any ſtate than in diſeaſes intenſely painful, which may indeed ſuffer ſuch exacerbations as ſeem to ſtrain the powers of life to their utmoſt ſtretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this ſtate the nature of man requires ſome indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be eaſily forgiven him. Yet, leſt we ſhould think ourſelves too ſoon entitled to the mournful privileges of irreſiſtible miſery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmoſt anguiſh which human wit can contrive, or human malice can inflict, has been borne with conſtancy; and that if the pains of diſeaſe be, as I believe they are, ſometimes greater than thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between ſoul and body is for a time ſuſpended by inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies when they once become too violent to be borne. I think there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the body and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſoul well principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſubdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions, ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declenſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be proken. Of theſe the moſt general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing of which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion to ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoyment of any terreſtrial advantage, as oppoſite to a conſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like advice not to walk leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to me reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence, as well as to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the continuance of good which we poſſeſs without inſolence or voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution of that which we loſe without deſpondency or murmurs.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſs anguiſh of impatience muſt ariſe from frequent reflection on the wiſdom and goodneſs of the God of nature, in whoſe hands are riches and poverty, honour and diſgrace, pleaſure and pain, and life and death. A ſettled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the poſſibility of turning miſeries into happineſs, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bleſs the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.*

No. XXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1750.

Quod caret alterna requie durabile non eſt.

OVID.

Alternate reſt and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to thoſe who are verſed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and ſimplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleaſure, and conſtant plenty, under the protection of Reſt; a gentle divinity, who required of her worſhippers neither altars nor ſacrifices, and

whoſe rites were only performed by proſtrations upon turfs of flowers in ſhades of jaſmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this eaſy government the firſt generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, eat the fruits which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to conſider themſelves as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſufficiency, but winter was without any relief; Famine, with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger leſt they ſhould be deſtroyed before they were reformed.

To oppoſe the devaſtations of Famine, who ſcattered the ground every where with carcaſes, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the ſon of Neceſſity, the nurſeling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the ſtrength of his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, and the dexterity of his governeſs. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and ſwarthy with the ſun; he had the implements of huſbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raiſed walls and towers at his pleaſure. He called out with a rough voice—'Mortals! ſee 'here the power to whom you are conſigned, 'and from whom you are to hope for all your 'pleaſures and all your ſafety. You have long 'languiſhed under the dominion of Reſt, an 'impotent and deceitful goddeſs, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but reſigns you 'to the firſt attacks of either Famine or Diſeaſe, 'and ſuffers her ſhades to be invaded by every 'enemy, and deſtroyed by every accident.

'Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I 'will teach you to remedy the ſterility of the 'earth, and the ſeverity of the ſky; I will 'compel ſummer to find proviſions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their 'fiſh, the air its fowls, and the foreſt its beaſts; 'I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the 'earth, and bring out from the caverns of the 'mountains metals which ſhall give ſtrength to 'your hands, and ſecurity to your bodies, by 'which you may be covered from the aſſaults 'of the fierceſt beaſts, and with which you 'ſhall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and ſubject all nature to your uſe and pleaſure.'

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe conſidered Labour as their only friend, and haſted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and ſhewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marſhes, and change the courſe of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompaſſed with fields of corn and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was ſeen but heaps of grain and baſkets of fruit, full tables, and crowded ſtore-houſes.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new acquiſitions to their conqueſts, and ſaw Famine gradually diſpoſſeſſed of his dominions; till at laſt, amidſt their jollity and triumphs, they were depreſſed and amazed by the approach of Laſſitude, who was known by her ſunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all thoſe that beheld her loſt their courage, their nerves ſlackened, their hands ſhook, and the inſtruments of Labour fell from their graſp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their eaſy compliance with the ſolicitations of Labour, and began to wiſh

again for the golden hours which they remembered to have paſſed under the reign of Reſt, whom they reſolved again to viſit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Reſt had not left the world; they quickly found her; and, to atone for their former deſertion, invited her to the enjoyment of thoſe acquiſitions which Labour had procured them.

Reſt therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which ſhe had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, repoſed herſelf in alcoves, and ſlumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the ſummer in artificial grottos with caſcades playing before her. There was indeed always ſomething wanting to complete her felicity, and ſhe could never lull her returning fugitives to that ſerenity which they knew before their engagements with Labour: nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for ſhe was obliged to ſhare it with Luxury, though ſhe always looked upon her as a falſe friend, by whom her influence was in reality deſtroyed while it ſeemed to be promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, however, reigned for ſome time without viſible diſagreement, till at laſt Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Diſeaſe to ſeize upon her worſhippers. Reſt then flew away, and left the place to the uſurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themſelves in their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen the intereſts of each other.

Reſt had not always the ſame enemy: in ſome places ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of Diſeaſe; but had her reſidence invaded by a more ſlow and ſubtle intruder, for very frequently, when every thing was compoſed and quiet; when there was neither pain within, nor danger without; when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes; Satiety would enter with a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upon the couch, placed and adorned for the accommodation of Reſt. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated, than a general gloom ſpread itſelf on every ſide, the groves immediately loſt their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from their melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves, and ſhut up their odours. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in queſt they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Reſt had now loſt her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; ſome of them united themſelves more cloſely to Luxury, who promiſed by her arts to drive Satiety away; and others, that were more wiſe, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Laſſitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Reſt.

Thus Reſt and Labour equally perceived their reign of ſhort duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from thoſe who were alike enemies to both. They each found their ſubjects unfaithful, and ready to deſert them upon every opportunity. Labour ſaw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to Reſt, and Reſt found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at laſt determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them; and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promiſed to guard the frontiers of each other; ſo that, whenever hoſtilities were attempted, Satiety ſhould be intercepted by Labour, and Laſſitude expelled by Reſt. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeaſed; and as hatred is often ſucceeded by its contrary, Reſt afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health; a benevolent goddeſs, who conſolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular viciſſitudes of their reign, by diſpenſing her gifts to thoſe only who ſhared their lives in juſt proportions between Reſt and Labour.

No. XXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1750.

——Non ſine vano
Aurarum et ſiluæ metu.——

HOR.

Alarm'd with ev'ry riſing gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale.

ELPHINSTON.

I Have been cenſured for having hitherto dedicated ſo few of my ſpeculations to the ladies; and indeed the moraliſt whoſe inſtructions are accommodated only to one half of the human ſpecies, muſt be confeſſed not ſufficiently to have extended his views. Yet, it is to be conſidered, that maſculine duties afford more room for counſels and obſervations, as they are leſs uniform, and connected with things more ſubject to viciſſitude and accident; we therefore find that, in philoſophical diſcourſes which teach by precept, or hiſtorical narratives that inſtruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a ſmall part; perhaps generally too ſmall; for ſo much of our domeſtick happineſs is in their hands, and their influence is ſo great upon our earlieſt years, that the univerſal intereſt of the world requires them to be well inſtructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper, that the qualities by which ſo much pain or pleaſure may be given, ſhould be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which, perhaps, may not be wholly uſeleſs to them whoſe chief ambition is to pleaſe, as it ſhews how certainly the end is miſſed by abſurd and injudicious endeavours at diſtinction.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am a young gentleman at my own diſpoſal, with a conſiderable eſtate; and having paſſed through the common forms of education, ſpent ſome time in foreign countries, and made myſelf diſtinguiſhed ſince my return in the politeſt company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to ſettle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withſtood for ſome time the ſolicitations and remonſtrances of my aunts and uncles, but at laſt was perſuaded to viſit Anthea, an heireſs, whoſe land lies contiguous to mine, and whoſe birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other, all thoſe on both ſides who had no intereſt in hindering our union contributed to promote it, and were conſpiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own conſent; and having happened to pick up an opinion which to many of my relations ſeemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large eſtate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the perſon with whom I was to paſs the remainder of my time. To protract the courtſhip was by no means difficult, for Anthea had a wonderful facility of evading queſtions which I ſeldom repeated, and of barring approaches which I had no great eagerneſs to preſs.

Thus the time paſſed away in viſits and civilities, without any ardent profeſſions of love, or formal offers of ſettlements. I often attended her to publick places; in which, as is well known, all behaviour is ſo much regulated by cu om, that very little inſight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myſelf of her humour and inclinations.

At laſt I ventured to propoſe to her to make one of a ſmall party, and ſpend a day in viewing a ſeat and gardens a few miles diſtant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the reſt of the company, I brought at the hour a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myſelf, till I ſhould have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whoſe uſe it was intended. Anthea came down, but as ſhe was going to ſtep into the coach, ſtarted back with great appearance of terror, and told us that ſhe durſt not enter, for the ſhocking colour of the lining had ſo much

the air of the mourning-coach in which ſhe followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that ſhe ſhould never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their miſtreſſes; I therefore ſent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amuſing ourſelves with the expectation of what we ſhould ſee, when, upon a ſmall inclination of the carriage, Anthea ſcreamed out, that ſhe was overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which ſhe took care to keep up by renewing her outcries, at every corner where we had occaſion to turn: at intervals ſhe entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneaſineſs of the coach, and obliged me to call ſeveral times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to pleaſe us, and therefore moved very ſlowly, till Anthea found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the ſtones, and deſired that I would order him to make more ſpeed. He whipped his horſes, the coach jolted again, and Anthea very complaiſantly told us how much ſhe repented that ſhe made one of our company.

At laſt we got into the ſmooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a ſudden, Anthea ſaw a brook before us, which ſhe could not venture to paſs. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but when we came to it, we found it ſo narrow, that Anthea durſt not ſet her foot upon it, and was content, after long conſultation, to call the coach back; and with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, croſſed the brook.

It was neceſſary after this delay to mend our pace, and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when Anthea informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion, and begged of me to look out every minute leſt we ſhould all be conſumed. I was forced to obey, and gave her from time to time the moſt ſolemn declarations that all was ſafe, and that I hoped we ſhould reach the place without loſing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we paſſed on over ways ſoft and hard, with more or with leſs ſpeed, but always with new viciſſitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted; if ſoft, we were ſinking. If we went faſt, we ſhould be overturned; if ſlowly, we ſhould never reach the place. At length ſhe ſaw ſomething which ſhe called a cloud, and began to conſider that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This ſeemed to be the capital terror, for after that the coach was ſuffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided ſhe could get into a houſe before the thunder.

Thus our whole converſation paſſed in dangers, and cares, and fears and conſolations, and ſtories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to ſpend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, and burnt with lightning; and no ſooner had a hair-breadth eſcape ſet us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the houſe where we intended to regale ourſelves; and I propoſed to Anthea the choice of a great number of diſhes, which the place, being well provided for entertainment, happened to afford. She made ſome objection to every thing that was offered; one thing ſhe hated at that time of the year; another ſhe could not bear ſince ſhe had ſeen it ſpoiled at Lady Feedwell's table; another ſhe was ſure they could not dreſs at this houſe; and another ſhe could not touch without French ſauce. At laſt ſhe fixed her mind upon ſalmon, but there was no ſalmon in the houſe. It was however procured with great expedition; and when it came to the table ſhe found that her fright had taken away her ſtomach, which indeed ſhe thought no great loſs, for ſhe could never believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly got.

Dinner was now over, and the company propoſed, for I was now paſt the condition of making overtures, that we ſhould purſue our original deſign of viſiting the gardens. Anthea declared that ſhe could not imagine what pleaſure we expected from the ſight of a few green trees and a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water; that for her part ſhe hated walking till the cool of the evening, and thought it very likely to rain; and again wiſhed that ſhe had ſtaid at home. We then reconciled ourſelves to our diſappointment, and began to talk on common ſubjects, when Anthea told us that, ſince we

came to ſee gardens, ſhe would not hinder our ſatisfaction. We all roſe, and walked through the incloſures for ſome time, with no other trouble than the neceſſity of watching leſt a frog ſhould hop acroſs the way, which Anthea told us would certainly kill her, if ſhe ſhould happen to ſee him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, Anthea ſaw ſome ſheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which ſhe was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no aſſurances nor intreaties ſhould prevail upon her to get a ſtep farther; ſhe was ſorry to diſappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn; and Anthea now diſcovered that there was no time to be loſt in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thouſand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horſes were immediately harneſſed; and Anthea, having wondered what could ſeduce her to ſtay ſo long, was eager to ſet out. But we had now a new ſcene of terrour; every man we ſaw was a robber, and we were ordered ſometimes to drive hard, leſt a traveller whom we ſaw behind ſhould overtake us; and ſometimes to ſtop, leſt we ſhould come up to him who was paſſing before us. She alarmed many an honeſt man, by begging him to ſpare her life as he paſſed by the coach, and drew me into fifteen quarrels with perſons who encreaſed her fright, by kindly ſtopping to enquire whether they could aſſiſt us. At laſt we came home; and ſhe told her company next day what a pleaſant ride ſhe had been taking.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, I need not renquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happineſs can ariſe from the ſociety of that woman who miſtakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to conſiſt in refuſing to be pleaſed.

I am, &c.

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1750.

——Non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adeſt, non illi gratia lecto.

OVID.

Without connubial Juno's aid they wed;
Nor Hymen nor the graces bleſs the bed.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promiſe, by which you gave us reaſon to hope for another paper upon Matrimony, I imagine you deſirous of collecting more materials than your own experience, or obſervation, can ſupply; and I ſhall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal ſtate.

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diverſions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more ſerious buſineſs by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly truſted the conduct of my fortune, I reſolved to take my eſtate into my own care, and methodiſe my whole life according to the ſtricteſt rules of economical prudence.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who diſmiſſed me with numberleſs jeſts upon my own ſyſtem; having firſt endeavoured to divert me from a deſign ſo little worthy of a man of wit, by ridiculous accounts of the ignorance and ruſticity into which many had ſunk in their retirement, after having diſtinguiſhed themſelves in taverns and playhouſes, and given hopes of riſing to uncommon eminence among the gay part of mankind.

When I came firſt into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never ſeen ſince the death of my father, I found every thing in ſuch confuſion, that being utterly without practice in buſineſs, I had great difficulties to encounter in diſentangling the perplexities of my circumſtances; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived that the advantage of keeping my own accounts would very much overbalance the time which they could require.

I had now viſited my tenants, ſurveyed my land, and repaired the old houſe, which for ſome years had been running to decay. Theſe proofs of pecuniary wiſdom began to recommend me, as a ſober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate my management in oppoſition to Thriftleſs and Latterwit, two ſmart fellows, who had eſtates in the ſame part of the kingdom, which they viſited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feaſt for the village, and tell ſtories of their own intrigues, and then rode poſt back to town to ſpend their money.

It was doubtful however for ſome time, whether I ſhould be able to hold my reſolution; but a ſhort perſeverance removed all ſuſpicions. I roſe every day in reputation by the decency of my converſation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the aſſizes, as a man very fit to be put in commiſſion for the peace.

During the confuſion of my affairs, and the daily neceſſity of viſiting farms, adjuſting contracts, letting leaſes, and ſuperintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but in a little while the tumult of buſineſs ſubſided, and the exact method which I had eſtabliſhed enabled me to diſpatch my accounts with great facility. I had therefore now upon my hands the taſk of finding means to ſpend my time, without falling back into the poor amuſements which I had hitherto indulged, or changing them for the ſports of the field, which I ſaw purſued with ſo much eagerneſs by the gentlemen of the country, that they were indeed the only pleaſures in which I could promiſe myſelf any partaker.

The inconvenience of this ſituation naturally diſpoſed me to wiſh for a companion; and the known value of my eſtate, with my reputation for frugality and prudence, eaſily gained me admiſſion into every family; for I ſoon found that no enquiry was made after any other virtue, nor any teſtimonial neceſſary, but of my freedom from incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the *main chance*. I ſaw, not without indignation, the eagerneſs with which the daughters, wherever I came, were ſet out to ſhow; nor could I conſider them in a ſtate much different from proſtitution, when I found them ordered to play their airs before me, and to exhibit, by ſome ſeeming chance, ſpecimens of their muſick, their work, or their houſewifery. No ſooner was I placed at table, than the young lady was called upon to pay me ſome civility or other; nor could I find means of eſcaping, from either father or mother, ſome account of their daughters excellences, with a declaration that they were now leaving the world, and had no buſineſs on this ſide the grave, but to ſee their children happily diſpoſed of; that ſhe whom I had been pleaſed to compliment at table was indeed the chief pleaſure of their age, ſo good, ſo dutiful, ſo great a relief to her mamma in the care of the houſe, and ſo much the papa's favourite for her cheerfulneſs and wit, that it would be with the laſt reluctance that they ſhould part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often viſit, they would not ſo far conſult their own gratification as to refuſe her; and their tenderneſs ſhould be ſhewn in her fortune, whenever a ſuitable ſettlement was propoſed.

As I knew theſe overtures not to proceed from any preference of me, before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young perſons condemned to be ſet to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themſelves offered and rejected a hundred times, without ſome loſs of that ſoft elevation, and maiden dignity, ſo neceſſary to the completion of female excellence?

I ſhall not trouble you with a hiſtory of the ſtratagems practiſed upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart; which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural politicks, you will eaſily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money; and, ſuppoſing its influence the ſame upon all the world, ſeldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than falſe computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myſelf loudly commended for my diſcretion, I began to ſet ſome value upon my character, and was unwilling to loſe my credit by marrying for love. I therefore reſolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I ſhould addreſs, before I enquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Mitiſſa, the daughter of Chryſophilus, whoſe perſon was at leaſt without deformity, and whoſe manners were free from reproach, as ſhe had been bred up at a diſtance from all common temptations. To Mitiſſa, therefore, I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court, and was referred by her again to her father, whoſe directions ſhe was reſolved to follow. The queſtion then was, only, what ſhould be ſettled. The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refuſed to comply. Mitiſſa was ordered to exert her power; ſhe told me, that if I could refuſe her papa, I had no love for her; that ſhe was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then ſhe burſt into tears, and fell into fits. All this, as I was no paſſionate lover, had little effect. She next refuſed to ſee me; and becauſe I thought myſelf obliged to write in terms of diſtreſs, they had once hopes of ſtarving me into meaſures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my propoſal, and told me he liked me the more for being ſo good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitiſſa, and was to experience the happineſs of a match made without paſſion. Mitiſſa ſoon diſcovered that ſhe was equally prudent with myſelf, and had taken a huſband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domeſtick management; and was, on every occaſion, her chief agent and directreſs. They ſoon invented one reaſon or other to quarrel with all my ſervants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them ſo ill, that they left me of themſelves, and always ſupplied their places with ſome brought from my wife's relations. Thus they eſtabliſhed a family, over which I had no authority, and which was in a perpetual conſpiracy againſt me; for Mitiſſa conſidered herſelf as having a ſeparate intereſt, and thought nothing her own but what ſhe laid up without my knowledge. For this reaſon ſhe brought me falſe accounts of the expences of the houſe, joined with my tenants in complaints of hard times, and, by means of a ſteward of her own, took rewards for ſoliciting abatements of the rent. Her great hope is to outlive me, that ſhe may enjoy what ſhe has thus accumulated, and therefore ſhe is always contriving ſome improvements of her jointure-land; and once tried to procure an injunction to hinder me from felling timber upon it for repairs. Her father and mother aſſiſt her in her projects; and are frequently hinting that ſhe is ill uſed, and reproaching me with the preſents that other ladies receive from their huſbands.

Such, Sir, was my ſituation for ſeven years, till at laſt my patience was exhauſted; and having one day invited her father to my houſe, I laid the ſtate of my affairs before him, detected my wife in ſeveral of her frauds, turned out her ſteward, charged a conſtable with her maid, took my buſineſs in my own hands, reduced her to a ſettled allowance, and now write this account to warn others againſt marrying thoſe whom they have no reaſon to eſteem.

I am, &c.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1750.

Ἂμ' ἕπετο νομῆες
Τερπόμενοι σύριγξι. δόλον δ' ὅτι προνόησαν.

HOMER.

——*Piping on their reeds, the ſhepherds go;*
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe. POPE.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the Paſtoral. It is generally pleaſing, becauſe it entertains the mind with repreſentations of ſcenes familiar to almoſt every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well deſcribed. It exhibits a life to which we have been always accuſtomed to aſſociate peace, and leiſure, and innocence; and therefore we readily ſet open the heart for the admiſſion of its images, which contribute to drive away cares and perturbations, and ſuffer ourſelves, with out reſiſtance, to be tranſported to elyſian regions, where we are to meet with

nothing but joy, and plenty, and contentment; where every gale whiſpers pleaſure, and every ſhade promiſes repoſe.

It has been maintained by ſome, who love to talk of what they do not know, that paſtoral is the moſt ancient poetry; and, indeed, ſince it is probable that poetry is nearly of the ſame antiquity with rational nature, and ſince the life of the firſt man was certainly rural, we may reaſonably conjecture, that, as their ideas would neceſſarily be borrowed from thoſe objects with which they were acquainted, their compoſures, being filled chiefly with ſuch thoughts on the viſible creation as muſt occur to the firſt obſervers, were paſtoral hymns, like thoſe which Milton introduces the original pair ſinging, in the day of innocence, to the praiſe of their Maker.

For the ſame reaſon that paſtoral poetry was the firſt employment of the human imagination, it is generally the firſt literary amuſement of our minds. We have ſeen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleaſed with birds, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and paſſions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, becauſe we know the original at an age when our curioſity can be very little awakened by deſcriptions of courts which we never beheld, or repreſentations of paſſions which we never felt.

The ſatisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but laſts long; we do not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among many other childiſh amuſements and paſtimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true paſtoral have always the power of exciting delight, becauſe the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the ſame order and beauty, and continue to force themſelves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the moſt careleſs regard, and more than adequate to the ſtrongeſt reaſon, and ſevereſt contemplation. Our inclination to ſtillneſs and tranquillity is ſeldom much leſſened by long knowledge of the buſy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our thoughts to the country, as to the region of pleaſure; we recur to it in old age as a port of reſt, and perhaps with that ſecondary and adventitious gladneſs, which every man feels on reviewing thoſe places, or recollecting thoſe occurrences, that contributed to his uſeful enjoyments, and bring him back to the prime of life, when the world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth wantoned at his ſide, and hope ſparkled before him.

The ſenſe of this univerſal pleaſure has invited *numbers without number* to try their ſkill in paſtoral performances, in which they have generally ſucceeded after the manner of other imitators, tranſmitting the ſame images in the ſame combination from one to another, till he that reads the title of a poem may gueſs at the whole ſeries of the compoſition; nor will a man, after the peruſal of thouſands of theſe performances, find his knowledge enlarged with a ſingle view of nature not produced before, or his imagination amuſed with any new application of thoſe views to moral purpoſes.

The range of paſtoral is indeed narrow; for though nature itſelf, philoſophically conſidered, be inexhauſtible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of deſcription. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter diſtinctions, by which one ſpecies differs from another, without departing from that ſimplicity of grandeur which fills the imagination; nor diſſect the latent qualities of things, without loſing its general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its conceptions. However, as each age makes ſome diſcoveries, and thoſe diſcoveries are by degrees generally known, as new plants or modes of culture are introduced, and by little and little become common, paſtoral might receive, from time to time, ſmall augmentations, and exhibit once in a century a ſcene ſomewhat varied.

But paſtoral ſubjects have been often, like others, taken into the hands of thoſe that were not qualified to adorn them; men to whom the face of nature was ſo little known, that they have drawn it only after their own imagination, and changed or diſtorted her features, that their portraits might appear ſomething more than ſervile copies from their predeceſſors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occaſions on which they can be properly produced, are few and general. The ſtate of a man confined to the employments and pleaſures of the country, is ſo little diverſified, and expoſed to ſo few of thoſe accidents which produce perplex-

ities, terrors, and ſurpriſes, in more complicated tranſactions, that he can be ſhewn but ſeldom in ſuch circumſtances as attract curioſity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himſelf; nor any diſaſters to lament, but a cruel miſtreſs, or a bad harveſt.

The conviction of the neceſſity of ſome new ſource of pleaſure induced Sannazarius to remove the ſcene from the fields to the ſea, to ſubſtitute fiſhermen for ſhepherds, and derive his ſentiments from the piſcatory life; for which he has been cenſured by ſucceeding criticks, becauſe the ſea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amuſe the mind and lay the paſſions aſleep. Againſt this objection he might be defended by the eſtabliſhed maxim, that the poet has a right to ſelect his images, and is no more obliged to ſhew the ſea in a ſtorm, than the land under an inundation; but may diſplay all the pleaſures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his ſhepherd under a ſhady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beaſt looſe upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the piſcatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be ſupplied. The ſea, though in hot countries it is conſidered by thoſe who live like Sannazarius, upon the coaſts, as a place of pleaſure and diverſion, has notwithſtanding much leſs variety than the land, and therefore will be ſooner exhauſted by a deſcriptive writer. When he has once ſhewn the ſun riſing or ſetting upon it, curled its waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the waves in gentle ſucceſſion to the ſhore, and enumerated the fiſh ſporting in the ſhallows, he has nothing remaining but what is common to all other poetry, the complaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fiſher that his oyſters are refuſed, and Mycon's accepted.

Another obſtacle to the general reception of this kind of poetry, is the ignorance of maritime pleaſures, in which the greater part of mankind muſt always live. To all the inland inhabitants of every region, the ſea is only known as an immenſe diffuſion of waters, over which men paſs from one country to another, and in which life is frequently loſt. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts, the deſcriptions of winding ſhores, and calm bays, nor can look on the poem in which they are mentioned, with other ſenſations than on a ſea-chart, or the metrical geography of Dionyſius.

This defect Sannazarius was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a learned language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would ſoon have diſcovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make that loved which was not underſtood.

I am afraid it will not be found eaſy to improve the paſtorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diverſifications. Our deſcriptions may indeed differ from thoſe of Virgil, as an Engliſh from an Italian ſummer, and, in ſome reſpects, as modern from ancient life; but as nature is in both countries nearly the ſame, and as poetry has to do rather with the paſſions of men, which are uniform, than their cuſtoms, which are changeable, the varieties which time or place can furniſh will be inconſiderable: and I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, in the next paper, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the ruſtick muſe.

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1750.

Canto quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircæus. VIRG.
Such ſtrains I ſing as once Amphion play'd.
When liſtening flocks the powerful call obey'd.
ELPHINSTON.

IN writing or judging of Paſtoral Poetry, neither the authors nor criticks of latter times ſeem to have paid ſufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themſelves with unneceſſary difficulties, by advancing principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a ſpecies of compoſition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore neceſſary to enquire after ſome

more diſtinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be eaſily found in the Paſtorals of Virgil, from whoſe opinion it will not appear very ſafe to depart, if we conſider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and ſeverity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brighteſt ages, and embelliſhed with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving than inventing, and therefore muſt have endeavoured to recompenſe the want of novelty by exactneſs; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found paſtoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil for the true definition of a paſtoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life*. Whatſoever therefore may, according to the common courſe of things, happen in the country, may afford a ſubject for a paſtoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to thoſe who are verſed in the writings of the modern criticks, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed eaſily diſcover why it is thought neceſſary to refer deſcriptions of a rural ſtate to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has conſiſtently preſerved the Arcadian manners and ſentiments. The only reaſon, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the cuſtoms of modern life, it is improbable that ſhepherds ſhould be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate ſentiments; and therefore the reader muſt exalt his ideas of the paſtoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

Theſe reaſoners ſeem to have been led into their hypotheſis, by conſidering paſtoral, not in general, as a repreſentation of rural nature, and conſequently as exhibiting the ideas and ſentiments of thoſe, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleaſure or employment, but ſimply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending ſheep, and buſied in the loweſt and moſt laborious offices; from whence they very readily concluded, ſince the characters muſt neceſſarily be preſerved, that either the ſentiments muſt ſink to the level of the ſpeakers, or the ſpeakers muſt be raiſed to the height of the ſentiments.

In conſequence of theſe original errors, a thouſand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and confound. Some have thought it neceſſary that the imaginary manners of the golden age ſhould be univerſally preſerved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in paſtoral, than lilies and roſes, and rocks and ſtreams, among which are heard the gentle whiſpers of chaſte fondneſs, or the ſoft complaints of amorous impatience. In paſtoral, as in other writings, chaſtity of ſentiment ought doubtleſs to be obſerved, and purity of manners to be repreſented; not becauſe the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but becauſe, having the ſubject in his own choice, he ought always to conſult the intereſt of virtue.

Theſe advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very conſiſtent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to ſupport the character of the ſhepherd, it is proper that all refinement ſhould be avoided, and that ſome ſlight inſtances of ignorance ſhould be interſperſed. Thus the ſhepherd in Virgil is ſuppoſed to have forgot the name of Anaximander; and, in Pope, the term Zodiack is too hard for a ruſtick apprehenſion. But if we place our ſhepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we ſuffer them to allude at all to things of later exiſtence, which perhaps cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them ſpeak with too much accuracy, ſince they converſed with divinities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of paſtoral, by obſolete terms and ruſtick words, which they very learnedly call Dorick, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken, that they may as well refine the ſpeech as the ſentiments of their perſonages, and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of join-

ing elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spenſer begins one of his paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity—

Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
Or, Diggon her is, or I miſſay.
Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the Church of Rome? Surely, at the ſame time that a ſhepherd learns theology, he may gain ſome acquaintance with his native language.

Paſtoral admits of all ranks of perſons, becauſe perſons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters neceſſary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are improper which, not owning their original to rural objects, are not paſtoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil—

Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum
Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,
Nec generis noſtri puerum, nec ſanguinis, edunt.

I know thee, Love; in deſerts thou wert bred,
And at the dugs of ſavage tygers fed;
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains.

DRYDEN.

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to ſtill greater impropriety:

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain;
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in paſtoral they are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe it wants that exaltation above common life, which in tragick or heroick writings often reconciles us to bold flights and daring figures.

Paſtoral being the *repreſentation of an action or paſſion, by its effects upon a country life*, has nothing peculiar but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes to be paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtick, and this it cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is a compoſition truly bucolick, though rejected by the criticks; for all the images are either taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, becauſe though the ſcene lies in the country, the ſong being religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to any other audience or place. Neither can it well be defended as a fiction, for the introduction of a god ſeems to imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many ſubſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that the occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt not inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to intereſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and quiet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title of a paſtoral to verſes in which the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their flocks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corruption in the government, or to lamentations of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom, when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and lilies wither, and the ſheep hang their heads, without art or learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtick, that he computes his time, not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls, but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs are always leaſt likely to hurry their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtyle has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphne or of Thyrſis; and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter diſregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological illuſions, with incredible fictions, and with ſentiments which neither paſſion nor reaſon could have dictated, ſince the change which religion has made in the whole ſyſtem of the world.

No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1750.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell;
And in himſelf ſerenely great,
Declines an envied room of ſtate.

FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral ſtate of the world, it has been obſerved that happineſs, as well as virtue, conſiſts in Mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is neceſſary, even to him who has no other care than to paſs through the preſent ſtate with eaſe and ſafety; and that the middle path is the road of ſecurity, on either ſide of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, 'μέτρον ἄριστον—Mediocrity is beſt,' has been long conſidered as an univerſal principle, extended through the whole compaſs of life and nature. The experience of every age ſeems to have given it new confirmation, and to ſhew that nothing, however ſpecious or alluring, is purſued with propriety, or enjoyed with ſafety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be conſidered as the moſt ſolid and durable of all terreſtrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the poſſeſſor into many calamities, eaſily avoided by others that have been leſs bountifully enriched or adorned. We ſee every day women periſh with infamy, by having been too willing to ſet their beauty to ſhew; and others, though not with equal guilt or miſery, yet with very ſharp remorſe, languiſhing in decay, neglect, and obſcurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deſerve much regard, very few ſighs would be vented for eminent and ſuperlative elegance of form: 'For 'beautiful women,' ſays he, 'are ſeldom of 'any great accompliſhments, becauſe they, for 'the moſt part, ſtudy behaviour rather than 'virtue.'

Health and vigour, and a happy conſtitution of the corporeal frame, are of abſolute neceſſity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requiſite in yet a greater meaſure to the accompliſhment of any thing illuſtrious or diſtinguiſhed; yet even theſe, if we can judge by their apparent conſequences, are ſometimes not very beneficial to thoſe on whom they are moſt liberally beſtowed. They that frequent the chambers of the ſick, will generally find the ſharpeſt pains, and moſt ſtubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that ſuperfluity of ſtrength, which was at once their boaſt and their ſnare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, nor conſider how much leſs is the cala-

mity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly deſired. Poverty is an evil always in our view; and evil complicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs and vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of neceſſity; when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that the evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be yet at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt till they are parted by ſome barrier, which may take away all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreaſonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuſe to extend his mediocrity. But it almoſt always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, ſtates his wants by ſome new meaſure; and, from flying the enemy that purſued him, bends his endeavours to overtake thoſe whom he ſees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreaſes their demands; a thouſand wiſhes crowd in upon him, importunate to be ſatisfied; and vanity and ambition open proſpects to deſire, which ſtill grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deluges the ſoul, and we ſink into the gulph of inſatiability, only becauſe we do not ſufficiently conſider, that all real need is very ſoon ſupplied, and all real danger of its invaſion eaſily precluded: that the claims of vanity, being without limits, muſt be denied at laſt; and that the pain of repreſſing them is leſs pungent before they have been long accuſtomed to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition ſuch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes riches leſs deſirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of Diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him: but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa—'Fly not from your 'benefactor, children of the duſt! I am come 'to offer you gifts, which only your own folly 'can make vain. You here pray for water, 'and water I will beſtow; let me know with 'how much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not 'raſhly; conſider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous 'than ſcarcity. When you remember the 'pain of thirſt, do not forget the danger of 'ſuffocation.—Now, Hamet, tell me your 'requeſt.'

'O Being, kind and beneficent,' ſays Hamet, 'let thine eye pardon my confuſion. I entreat 'a little brook, which in ſummer ſhall never 'be dry, and in winter never overflow.'—'It 'is granted,' replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his ſabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet, ſcattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees ſpread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirſt.

Then turning to Raſchid, the Genius invited him likewiſe to offer his petition. 'I requeſt,' ſays Raſchid, 'that thou wilt turn 'the Ganges through my grounds, with all his 'waters, and all their inhabitants.' Hamet was ſtruck with the greatneſs of his neighbour's ſentiments, and ſecretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the ſame petition before him; when the Genius ſpoke—'Raſh man, be 'not inſatiable! remember, to thee that is no-'thing which thou canſt not uſe: and how are 'thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?' Raſchid repeated his deſire, and pleaſed himſelf with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the preſence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two ſhepherds ſtood waiting the event. As Raſchid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a ſudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty ſtream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raſchid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was ſwept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1750.

Infelix——nulli bene nupta matito,

AUSONIUS.

Unbleſt, ſtill doom'd to wed with miſery.

THE condition of the female ſex has been frequently the ſubject of compaſſion to medical writers, becauſe their conſtitution of body is ſuch, that every ſtate of life brings its peculiar diſeaſes: they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a ſingle life, are expoſed, in conſequence of their choice, to ſickneſs, miſery, and death.

It were to be wiſhed that ſo great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increaſed by adventitious and artificial miſeries; and that beings whoſe beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whoſe delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderneſs, might be ſuffered to enjoy every alleviation of their ſorrows. But, however it has happened, the cuſtom of the world ſeems to have been formed in a kind of conſpiracy againſt them, though it does not appear but they had themſelves an equal ſhare in its eſtabliſhment; and preſcriptions which, by whomſoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and by conſequence of great authority, ſeem to have almoſt excluded them from content, in whatſoever condition they ſhall paſs their lives.

If they refuſe the ſociety of men, and continue in that ſtate which is reaſonably ſuppoſed to place happineſs moſt in their own power, they ſoldom give thoſe that frequent their converſation any exalted notions of the bleſſing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that like barren countries they are free, only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have at laſt been perſuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had ſo long contemned, and put on their bridal ornaments at a time when they leaſt became them.

What are the real cauſes of the impatience which the ladies diſcover in a virgin ſtate, I ſhall perhaps take ſome other occaſion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happineſs, appears from the ſolicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion univerſally prevalent among the ſex, that no woman continues long in it but becauſe ſhe is not invited to forſake it t from the diſpoſition always ſhewn to treat old

maids as the refuſe of the world; and from the willingneſs with which it is often quitted at laſt, by thoſe whoſe experience has enabled them to judge at leiſure, and decide with authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is much eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity from the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated virginity, has yet, as it is uſually conducted, many diſadvantages, that take away much from the pleaſure which ſociety promiſes, and might afford, if pleaſures and pains were honeſtly ſhared, and mutual confidence inviolably preſerved.

The miſeries, indeed, which many ladies ſuffer under conjugal vexations, are to be conſidered with great pity, becauſe their huſbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by perſuaſion and importunity, equally reſiſtleſs when urged by thoſe whom they have been always accuſtomed to reverence and obey; and it very ſeldom appears, that thoſe who are thus deſpotick in the diſpoſal of their children, pay any regard to their domeſtick and perſonal felicity, or think it ſo much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other reſpect to be numbered with robbers and aſſaſſins, frequently commit, that, in their eſtimation, riches and happineſs are equivalent terms. They have paſſed their lives with no other wiſh than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter ſufficiently conſidered, when they have ſecured her a large jointure, and given her reaſonable expectations of living in the midſt of thoſe pleaſures with which ſhe had ſeen her father and mother ſolacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which adviſes fathers *to marry their daughters leſt they ſhould marry themſelves*; by which I ſuppoſe it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themſelves with ſuch partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intentions it was originally uttered, I have not yet diſcovered; but imagine that, however ſolemnly it may be tranſmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied; it cannot licenſe Titius to be unjuſt, leſt Caia ſhould be imprudent; nor give right to impriſon for life, leſt liberty ſhould be ill employed.

That the ladies have ſometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, muſt be confeſſed by their warmeſt advocates; and I have indeed ſeldom obſerved, that when the tenderneſs or virtue of their parents has preſerved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to chuſe their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: they commonly take the opportunity of independence to trifle away youth, and loſe their bloom in a hurry of diverſions, recurring in a ſucceſſion too quick to leave room for any ſettled reflection; they ſee the world without gaining experience, and at laſt regulate their choice by motives trifling as thoſe of a girl, or mercenary as thoſe of a miſer.

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; ſhe was therefore followed and careſſed by many men of rank, and by ſome of underſtanding; but having an inſatiable deſire of pleaſure, ſhe was not at leiſure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, viſits, aſſemblies, and maſquerades, to attend ſeriouſly to any propoſal, but was ſtill impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power; till in time her admirers fell away, wearied with expence, diſguſted at her folly, or offended by her inconſtancy; ſhe heard of concerts to which ſhe was not invited, and was more than once forced to ſit ſtill at an aſſembly for want of a partner. In this diſtreſs, chance threw in her way Philotryphus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtleſs as herſelf, who had ſpent a ſmall fortune in equipage and dreſs, and was ſhining in the laſt ſuit for which his tailor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore ſoon paid his court to Melanthia, who, after ſome weeks of inſenſibility, ſaw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleaſing:

however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappineſs than vacuity of mind, and that taſteleſſneſs of life which, proceeds from a ſatiety of juvenile pleaſures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the faſhionable world at the ſame time, they agree in their notions of all thoſe ſubjects on which they ever ſpeak; and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to converſation, but very often join in one wiſh—'That they could ſleep more and think leſs.'

Argyris, after having refuſed a thouſand offers, at laſt conſented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of perſon, or force of underſtanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear alluſions to her birth, and hints how cheaply ſhe would purchaſe an alliance to ſo illuſtrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been inſufferably tyrannical; nor has he any other regard to her than what ariſes from his deſire that her appearance may not diſgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he always orders that ſhe ſhould be gaily dreſſed, and ſplendidly attended; and ſhe has, among all her mortifications, the happineſs to take place of her eldeſt ſiſter.

No. XL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1750.

———Nec dicet, cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel.

HOR.

Nor ſay, for trifles why ſhould I diſpleaſe
The man I love? For trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile—a generation very eaſily put out of temper*; and that they ſeldom fail of giving proofs of their iraſcibility upon the ſlighteſt attacks of criticiſm, or the moſt gentle or modeſt offer of advice and information.

Writers being beſt acquainted with one another, have repreſented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extenſive view of the world would have ſhewn them to be diffuſed through all human nature, to mingle itſelf with every ſpecies of ambition and deſire of praiſe, and to diſcover its effects with greater or leſs reſtraint, and under diſguiſes more or leſs artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more obſerved, becauſe they neceſſarily appeal to the deciſion of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauſes from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general diverſion; and when the conteſt happens to riſe high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the ſame reaſon as its vehemence was at firſt promoted, becauſe it gratifies the malevolence or curioſity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amuſement and laughter. The perſonal diſputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are ſometimes tranſmitted to poſterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men leſs conſpicuous, though carried on with equal bitterneſs, and productive of greater evils, are expoſed to the knowledge of thoſe only whom they nearly affect, and ſuffered to paſs off and be forgotten among common and caſual tranſactions.

The reſentment which the diſcovery of a fault or folly produces, muſt bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious, as pride is more immediately the principle of action. In whatever, therefore, we wiſh or imagine ourſelves to excel, we ſhall always be diſpleaſed to have our claims to reputation diſputed, and more diſpleaſed, if the ac-

compliſhment be ſuch as can expect reputation only for its reward. For this reaſon, it is common to find men break out into rage at any inſinuations to the diſadvantage of their wit, who have borne with great patience reflections on their morals; and of women it has been always known, that no cenſure wounds ſo deeply, or rankles ſo long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling purſuits, and pleaſe themſelves moſt with things of ſmall importance, I have often known very ſevere and laſting malevolence excited by unlucky cenſures, which would have fallen without any effect, had they not happened to wound a part remarkably tender. Guſtulus, who valued himſelf upon the nicety of his palate, diſinherited his eldeſt ſon for telling him that the wine, which he was then commending, was the ſame which he had ſent away the day before, not fit to be drunk. Proculus withdrew his kindneſs from a nephew, whom he had always conſidered as the moſt promiſing genius of the age, for happening to praiſe in his preſence the graceful horſemanſhip of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privy-counſellor, procured a clerk to be diſmiſſed from one of the publick offices, in which he was eminent for his ſkill and aſſiduity, becauſe he had been heard to ſay, that there was another man in the kingdom on whoſe ſkill at billiards he would lay his money againſt Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one houſe, and ſhared all the pleaſures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the ſame time, and continued their confidence and friendſhip; conſulted each other in every change of their dreſs, and every admiſſion of a new lover; thought every diverſion more entertaining, whenever it happened that both were preſent; and, when ſeparated, juſtified the conduct, and celebrated the excellences of one another. Such was their intimacy, and ſuch their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were conſulting upon new cloaths, to adviſe her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not anſwered the expectation which her other accompliſhments had raiſed. Felicia commended her ſincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that ſhe danced to pleaſe herſelf, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of ſaying, but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneaſineſs, ſhe would ſtay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new proteſtations of ſincerity and affection, with which Felicia was ſo well ſatisfied, that they parted with more than uſual fondneſs. They ſtill continued to viſit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value ſhe put upon ſincerity, how much ſhe thought that goodneſs to be eſteemed which would venture to admoniſh a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from miſtake.

In a few months Felicia, with great ſerioufneſs, told Floretta, that though her beauty was ſuch as gave charms to whatever ſhe did, and her qualifications were ſo extenſive, that ſhe could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet ſhe thought herſelf obliged by the duties of friendſhip to inform her, that if ever ſhe betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with ſolicitations to ſing, for that her manner was ſomewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compaſs. 'It is true,' ſays Floretta, 'when I ſung three nights ago at Lady 'Sprightly's, I was hoarſe with a cold; but I 'ſing for my own ſatisfaction, and am not in 'the leaſt pain whether I am liked. However, 'my dear Felicia's kindneſs is not the leſs; and 'I ſhall always think myſelf happy in ſo true a 'friend.'

From this time they never ſaw each other without mutual profeſſions of eſteem, and declarations of confidence, but went ſoon after into the country to viſit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occaſion, when they met, to bewail the diſtance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondeſt and firmeſt friendſhips diſſolved, by ſuch openneſs and ſincerity as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remembrance of thoſe failings which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means neceſſary to imagine, that

he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and reſents the admonition as a falſe charge; for perhaps it is moſt natural to be enraged when there is the ſtrongeſt conviction of our own guilt. While we can eaſily defend our character, we are no more diſturbed at an accuſation than we are alarmed by any enemy whom we are ſure to conquer; and whoſe attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger. But when a man feels the repreſentation of a friend ſeconded by his own heart, he is eaſily heated into reſentment and revenge, either becauſe he hoped that the fault of which he was conſcious had eſcaped the notice of others; or that his friend had looked upon it with tenderneſs and extenuation, and excuſed it for the ſake of his other virtues; or had conſidered him as too wiſe to need advice, or too delicate to be ſhocked with reproach: or, becauſe we cannot feel, without pain, thoſe reflections rouſed which we have been endeavouring to lay aſleep; and when pain has produced anger, who would not willingly believe, that it ought to be diſcharged on others, rather than on himſelf?

The reſentment produced by ſincerity, whatever be its immediate cauſe, is ſo certain, and generally ſo keen, that very few have magnanimity ſufficient for the practice of a duty, which, above moſt others, expoſes its votaries to hardſhips and perſecutions; yet friendſhip without it is of very little value, ſince the great uſe of ſo cloſe an intimacy is that our virtues may be guarded and encouraged, and our vices repreſſed in their firſt appearance by timely detection and ſalutary remonſtrances.

It is decreed by Providence, that nothing truly valuable ſhall be obtained in our preſent ſtate, but with difficulty and danger. He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained from unreſtrained communication, muſt ſometimes hazard, by unpleaſing truths, that friendſhip which he aſpires to merit. The chief rule to be obſerved in the exerciſe of this dangerous office, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of intereſt or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend; and, if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

No. XLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui.

MART.

No day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
Nor wiſh one bitter moment to forget:
They ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan;
And, by enjoying, live paſt life again.

F. LEWIS.

So few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of preſent pleaſures or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplemental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being by recollection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man.

We have no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the preſervation of themſelves, or their ſpecies, requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers, but a ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her firſt neſt, the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens with all the prudence that ſhe ever attains.

It has been aſked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common underſtandings, how reaſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himſelf declare, that, to diſtinguiſh them is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate anſwer to a queſtion of which the terms are not completely underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not know in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and therefore cannot tell with exactneſs how they differ: but ſurely he that contemplates a ſhip and a bird's neſt will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impreſſed at once, and continued through all the progreſſive deſcents of the ſpecies, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the reſult of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated obſervation, from leſs to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various profeſſions.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rule of future action, or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral agents. If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome immediate impulſe, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thing to another; becauſe we could make no compariſon but of objects which might both happen to be preſent.

We owe to memory not only the increaſe of our knowledge, and our progreſs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleaſures. Indeed, almoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt or future; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before its preſence is well perceived, and is only known to have exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore, from the view before or behind us; and we are happy or miſerable, according as we are affected by the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of future exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at ſuch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thoſe vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to ſolace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories; ſo that we are ſeldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to tranquillity,

whenever any troubleſome preſage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the ſolitary and thoughtful to amuſe themſelves with ſchemes of the future, than reviews of the paſt. For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature; the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left their ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid; and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

——— *Non tamen irritum*
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque.
Diffinget, infectumque reddet
Quod fugies ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diverſified through its ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true—

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

———*Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here, ſuff'ring age, a bleſs'd proviſion find.

ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune; and however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.

No. XLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1750.

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.

HOR.

How heavily my time revolves along.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

I AM no great admirer of grave writtings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aſide before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confeſs that, by ſlow degrees, you have raiſed my opinion of your underſtanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed upon to regard you with much kindneſs, you have, however, more of my eſteem than thoſe whom I ſometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I ſhall therefore chuſe you for the confident of my diſtreſſes, and aſk your counſel with regard to the means of conquering or eſcaping them, though I never expect from you any of that ſoftneſs and pliancy, which conſtitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourſe to the maſtiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent aſſemblies at her houſe than any other perſon in the ſame quarter of the town. I was bred from my earlieſt infancy in a perpetual tumult of pleaſure, and remember to have heard of little elſe than meſſages, viſits, play-houſes, and balls; of the aukwardneſs of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of ſome riſing faſhion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a maſquerade, and the dreſſes of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving viſits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reſerve or of vivacity, the ſtated and eſtabliſhed anſwer to every compliment; ſo that I was very ſoon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever ſaid to a young lady. My mother was generous to ſo uncommon a degree as to be pleaſed with my advance into life, and allowed me, without envy or reproof, to enjoy the ſame happineſs with herſelf; though moſt women about her own age were very angry to ſee young girls ſo forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the ſame time with her own charms and thoſe of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have paſſed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; ſo that my time has been ſpent uniformly in the ſame company, and the ſame amuſements, except as faſhion has introduced new diverſions, or the revolutions of the gay world have afforded new ſucceſſions of wits and beaus. However, my mother is ſo good an economiſt of pleaſure, that I have no ſpare hours upon my hands; for every morning brings ſome new appointment, and every night is hurried away by the neceſſity of making our appearance at different places, and of being with one lady at the opera, and with another at the card-table.

When the time came of ſettling our ſcheme of felicity for the ſummer, it was determined that I ſhould pay a viſit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know the chief converſation of all tea-tables, in the ſpring, ariſes from a communication of the manner in which time is to be paſſed till winter, it was a great relief to the barrenneſs of our topicks, to relate the pleaſures that were in ſtore for me, to deſcribe my uncle's ſeat, with the park and gardens, the charming walks, and beautiful waterfalls; and every one told me how much ſhe envied me, and what ſatisfaction ſhe had once enjoyed in a ſituation of the ſame kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing to imagine ſome latent ſatisfaction in any thing which we have not experienced, I will confeſs to you,

without reſtraint, that I had ſuffered my head to be filled with expectations of ſome nameleſs pleaſure in a rural life, and that I hoped for the happy hour that ſhould ſet me free from noiſe, and flutter, and ceremony, diſmiſs me to the peaceful ſhade, and lull me in content and tranquillity. To ſolace myſelf under the miſery of delay, I ſometimes heard a ſtudious lady of my acquaintance read paſtorals. I was delighted with ſcarce any talk but of leaving the town, and never went to bed without dreaming of groves, and meadows, and friſking lambs.

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and ſaw the coach at the door; I ſprung in with ecſtacy, quarrelled with my maid for being too long in taking leave of the other ſervants, and rejoiced as the ground grew leſs which lay between me and the completion of my wiſhes. A few days brought me to a large old houſe, encompaſſed on three ſides with woody hills, and looking from the front on a gentle river, the ſight of which renewed all my expectations of pleaſure, and gave me ſome regret for having lived ſo long without the enjoyment which theſe delightful ſcenes were now to afford me. My aunt came out to receive me, but in a dreſs ſo far removed from the preſent faſhion, that I could ſcarcely look upon her without laughter, which would have been no kind requital for the trouble ſhe had taken to make herſelf fine againſt my arrival. The night and the next morning were driven along with enquiries about our family; my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me ſtories of my great-grandfather's bravery in the civil wars, nor was it leſs than three days before I could perſuade her to leave me to myſelf.

At laſt economy prevailed; ſhe went in the uſual manner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to range in the wilderneſs, and ſit by the caſcade. The novelty of the objects about me pleaſed me for a while, but after a few days they were new no longer, aud I ſoon began to perceive that the country was not my element; that ſhades and flowers, and lawns and waters, had very ſoon exhauſted all their power of pleaſing, and that I had not in myſelf any fund of ſatisfaction with which I could ſupply the loſs of my cuſtomary amuſements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the firſt warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to ſtay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone; and how ſhall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an inſect, and when I have examined its colours, ſet it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and ſee one circle ſpread after another. When it chances to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I ſhall grow melancholy; and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to viſit us. They came at firſt with great eagerneſs to ſee the fine lady from London but when we met, we had no common topick on which we could converſe; they had no curioſity after plays, operas, or muſick: and I find as little ſatisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whoſe names, when once I can eſcape, I ſhall never hear. The women have now ſeen me; know how my gown is made, and are ſatisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and ſay little, becauſe they think themſelves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to ſolitude; the day moves ſlowly forward, and I ſee the dawn with uneaſineſs, becauſe I conſider that night is at a great diſtance. I have tried to ſleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual; ſo that I am forced to be awake at leaſt twelve hours, without viſits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery. I walk becauſe I am diſguſted with ſitting ſtill, and ſit down becauſe I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dreſs with ſpirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner; nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and ſuch it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared againſt exiſtence, nor called upon the deſtinies to cut my thread; but I have ſincerely reſolved not to condemn myſelf to ſuch another ſummer, nor too haſtily to flatter myſelf with happineſs. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of thoſe who never thought themſelves ſo much at eaſe as in ſolitude; and cannot but ſuſpect it to be ſome way or other my own fault, that, with great pain, either of

mind or body, I am thus weary of myſelf: that the current of youth ſtagnates, and that I am languiſhing in a dead calm, for want of ſome external impulſe. I ſhall therefore think you a benefactor to our ſex, if you will teach me the art of living alone; for I am confident that a thouſand and a thouſand and a thouſand ladies, who affect to talk with ecſtacies of the pleaſures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the winter, and wiſhing to be delivered from themſelves by company and diverſion.

I am, Sir, Yours,

EUPHELIA.

No. XLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua.

OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries,
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies.

F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life, with the ſeeds of that malady, which, in time, ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some that imagine themſelves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiar for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion, which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniences from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a publick or a private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted; there will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error and miſcarriage.

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude; the one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

The general error of thoſe who poſſeſs powerful and elevated underſtandings, is, that they form ſchemes of too great extent, and flatter themſelves too haſtily with ſucceſs; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complacency with which every man ſurveys himſelf, imagine it ſtill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and

engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meaſures, they ſhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to conſider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thoſe ſecurities and reſources which others know themſelves obliged to provide, and diſdain to accompliſh their purpoſes by eſtabliſhed means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual ſuperiority, is very fatal to great deſigns. The reſolution of the combat is ſeldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an oppoſition which he did not expect, loſes his courage. The violence of his firſt onſet is ſucceed by a laſting and unconquerable languor; miſcarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleaſing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by ſlow degrees, he quits his firſt purſuit, and ſuffers ſome other project to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts, in which the ſame ardour of mind promiſes him again certain ſucceſs, and which diſappointments of the ſame kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the ſteadineſs and perſeverance always neceſſary in the conduct of a complicated ſcheme, where many intereſts are to be connected, many movements to be adjuſted, and the joint efforts of diſtinct and independent powers to be directed to a ſingle point. In all important events which have been ſuddenly brought to paſs, chance has been the agent rather than reaſon; and, therefore, however thoſe who ſeemed to preſide in the tranſaction may have been celebrated by ſuch as loved or feared them, ſucceeding times have commonly conſidered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every deſign in which the connection is regularly traced from the firſt motion to the laſt, muſt be formed and executed [illegible]m intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aſide, but conſtancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhauſt.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praiſe or wonder, are inſtances of the reſiſtleſs force of perſeverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that diſtant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a ſingle ſtroke of the pick-ax, or one impreſſion of the ſpade, with the general deſign and laſt reſult, he would be overwhelmed by the ſenſe of their diſproportion; yet thoſe petty operations, inceſſantly continued, in time ſurmount the greateſt difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the ſlender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmoſt importance that thoſe who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation ſuperior to names hourly ſwept away by time among the refuſe of fame, ſhould add to their reaſon, and their ſpirit, the power of perſiſting in their purpoſes; acquire the art of ſapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquiſhing obſtinate reſiſtance by obſtinate attacks.

The ſtudent who would build his knowledge on ſolid foundations, and proceed by juſt degrees to the pinacles of truth, is directed by the great philoſopher of France to begin by doubting of his own exiſtence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterpriſe, ſhould, as ſoon as his imagination can cool after the firſt blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every poſſible embarraſſment that may retard or defeat him. He ſhould firſt queſtion the probability of ſucceſs, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old Markham, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged: and Horace adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will however happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that

too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the effervescence of an agitated fancy. As Des Cartes has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies; and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſuch ſucceſs obtained againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ ἐν Διός ἐστι.

HOMER.

Dreams deſcend from Jove.

POPE.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt, from every baleful tree; the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

'Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, 'from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, 'and learn that pleaſure was not deſigned the 'portion of human life. Man was born to 'mourn and to be wretched; this is the condi'tion of all below the ſtars, and whoever en'deavours to oppoſe it, acts in contradiction to 'the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal 'enchantments of youth and ſocial delight, and 'here conſecrate the ſolitary hours to lamenta'tion and woe. Miſery is the duty of all ſub'lunary beings, and every enjoyment is an of'fence to the Deity, who is to be worſhipped 'only by the mortification of every ſenſe of plea'ſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and 'tears.'

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a

life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprised by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendours were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful sunshine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

'My name is Religion. I am the offspring 'of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. That monster from 'whose power I have freed you is called Superstition; she is the child of Discontent, and 'her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus 'different as we are, she has often the insolence 'to assume my name and character, and seduces 'unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she 'at length drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were 'just going to sink.

'Look round and survey the various beauties 'of the globe, which Heaven has destined for 'the seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be 'meant for the abode of misery and pain. For 'what end has the lavish hand of Providence 'diffused such innumerable objects of delight, 'but that all might rejoice in the privilege of 'existence, and be filled with gratitude to the 'beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the 'blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; 'and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, 'is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. 'Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is 'to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties 'assigned them for various orders of delights.'

'What,' cried I, 'is this the language of 'Religion? Does she lead her votaries through 'flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, 'the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?'

'The true enjoyments of a reasonable being,' answered she mildly, 'do not consist of unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the 'tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, 'or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding 'to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living 'to animal and trifling ones debases it; both 'in their degree disqualify it for its genuine 'good, and consign it over to wretchedness. 'Whoever would be really happy must make 'the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the 'perfections of his Maker, expressing goodwill to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he 'must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. 'In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, 'unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows 'there with a perpetual and abundant stream, 'nor needs there any mound to check its course. 'Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has 'cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been 'guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently 'submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in 'order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful 'Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. 'And in proportion as this recovery advances, 'the liveliest joy will spring from his secret 'sense of an amended and improving heart. 'So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor 'mortal, at the thought of the gulph into 'which thou wast but now going to plunge.

'While the most faulty have ever encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will

'be ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experience of human infirmities; 'ſupported by the gladdening aſſurances that 'every ſincere endeavour to outgrow them, ſhall 'be aſſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To 'ſuch a one, the loveliest ſelf-abaſement is but a 'deep-laid foundation for the moſt elevated 'hopes; ſince they who faithfully examine and 'acknowledge what they are, ſhall be enabled 'under my conduct to become what they deſire. 'The chriſtian and the hero are inſeparable; 'and to aſpirings of unaſſuming truſt, and 'filial confidence, are ſet no bounds. To him 'who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the univerſe, 'no difficulty is inſurmountable. Secure in this 'purſuit of every needful aid, his conflict with 'the ſevereſt pains and trials is little more than 'the vigorous exerciſes of a mind in health. 'His patient dependence on that providence 'which looks through all eternity, his ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation of his 'thoughts and behaviour to its inſcrutable 'ways, is at once the moſt excellent ſort of 'ſelf-denial, and a ſource of the moſt exalted 'tranſports. Society is the true ſphere of human virtue. In ſocial, active life, difficulties 'will perpetually be met with; reſtraints of 'many kinds will be neceſſary; and ſtudying 'to behave right in reſpect of theſe is a diſcipline of the human heart, uſeful to others, 'and improving to itſelf. Suffering is no duty 'but where it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or to 'do good; nor pleaſure a crime, but where it 'ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations, 'or leſſens the generous activity of virtue. 'The happineſs allotted to man in his preſent 'ſtate is indeed faint and low, compared with 'his immortal proſpects, and noble capacities; 'but yet, whatever portion of it the diſtributing 'hand of Heaven offers to each individual, is a 'needful ſupport and refreſhment for the preſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the 'attaining of his final deſtination.

'Return then with me from continual miſery 'to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. 'Return from the contracted views of ſolitude 'to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells 'and cloſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement. 'Theſe are the gloomy doctrines of Superſtition, by which ſhe endeavours to break thoſe 'chains of benevolence and ſocial affection, 'that link the welfare of every particular with 'that of the whole. Remember that the greateſt honour you can pay to the Author of your 'being is by ſuch a cheerful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind ſatisfied with his diſpenſations.'

Here my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgments for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, yours, &c.

No. XLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1750.

Ἦτοι μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
Ὅταν γύνη πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ,
Νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα———

EURIP.

That is the chief felicity of life,
That concord ſmile on the connubial bed;
But now 'tis hatred all———

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the diſſertations which you have given us on marriage, very juſt cautions are laid down againſt the common cauſes of infelicity, and the neceſſity of having, in that important choice, the firſt regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the ſubject ſo much exhauſted, but that a little reflection would preſent to the mind many queſtions, in the diſcuſſion of which great numbers are intereſted, and many precepts which deſerve to be more particularly and forcibly impreſſed.

You ſeem, like moſt of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an unconteſted principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy*: but I know not whether a man who profeſſes to think for himſelf, and concludes from his own obſervations, does not depart from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, eſpecially when they compriſe ſo wide a circuit of life, and include ſuch variety of circumſtances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that ſtate which I have tried than many who talk of it without experience; I am unwilling to be reſtrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwiſe than as life is unhappy; and that moſt of thoſe who complain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both ſexes repine at their change, relate the happineſs of their earlier years, blame the folly and raſhneſs of their own choice, and warn thoſe whom they ſee coming into the world againſt the ſame precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they ſo much wiſh to call back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of hope, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and lightneſs of heart. It is not eaſy to ſurround life with any circumſtances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we ſhall find the veſture of terreſtrial exiſtence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That they cenſure themſelves for the indiſcretion of their choice, is not a ſufficient proof that they have choſen ill, ſince we ſee the ſame diſcontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converſe with almoſt any man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into ſome different courſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are more eaſily attained. 'The merchant,' ſays Horace, 'envies the 'ſoldier, and the ſoldier recounts the felicity of 'the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients 'haraſs him, calls out for the quiet of the 'countryman; and the countryman, when bu'ſineſs calls him to town, proclaims that there 'is no happineſs but amidſt opulence and 'crowds.' Every man recounts the inconveniences of his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, becauſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the eaſe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to marriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our obſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery is the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular condition it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs; and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we enquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts, the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal functions that muſt concur to the healthful and

vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon, and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves; I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unsuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet perhaps, among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications, and the uniformity of life, gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not much danger of capricious dislike, and while they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongst us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquillity; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, not think that the Russians lost much by their restraint. For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known; and to disguise their natural temper, and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other but in a mask; and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to suspect that some transformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

I desire you, therefore, Mr. Rambler, to question all who shall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behaviour in the time of courtship, and inform them that they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in disappointment.

I am, &c.

No. XLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1750.

——— Genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.

OVID.

Nought from my birth or ancestors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my shame.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

SINCE I find that you have paid so much regard to my complaints as to publish them, I am inclined by vanity, or gratitude, to continue our correspondence; and indeed, without either of these motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accustomed to keep in any thing that swells my heart, and

have here none with whom I can freely converſe. While I am thus employed, ſome tedious hours will ſlip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I ſhall find that I have diſburdened myſelf of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much conſideration of any thing but my own convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real ſentiments, the little time which I have ſpent, againſt my will, in ſolitary meditation, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect that, with all your ſplendid profeſſions of wiſdom, and ſeeming regard for truth, you have very little ſincerity; that you either write what you do not think, and willingly impoſe upon mankind, or that you take no care to think right, but while you ſet up yourſelves as guides, miſlead your followers by credulity, or negligence; that you produce to the publick whatever notions you can ſpecioufly maintain, or elegantly expreſs, without enquiring whether they are juſt; and tranſcribe hereditary falſehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careleſs as yourſelves.

You may perhaps wonder that I expreſs myſelf with ſo much acrimony on a queſtion in which women are ſuppoſed to have very little intereſt; and you are likely enough, for I have ſeen many inſtances of the ſaucineſs of ſcholars, to tell me, that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens, than in giving myſelf airs of criticiſm, and cenſuring the learned. But you are miſtaken, if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or ſilenced by your reproofs. As I read, I have a right to judge; as I am injured, have a right to complain; and theſe privileges, which I have purchaſed at ſo dear a rate, I ſhall not eaſily be perſuaded to reſign.

To read has, indeed, never been my buſineſs; but as there are hours of leiſure in the moſt active life, I have paſſed the ſuperfluities of time, which the diverſions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongſt other ſentiments, common to all authors of this claſs, I have found almoſt every page filled with the charms and happineſs of a country life; that life to which every ſtateſman in the higheſt elevation of his proſperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragick heroine in ſome ſcene or other wiſhes to have been born, and which is repreſented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from paſſion, and from guilt.

It was impoſſible to read ſo many paſſionate exclamations, and ſoothing deſcriptions, without feeling ſome deſire to enjoy the ſtate in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by ſome unknown influence I ſhould find all hopes and fears, jealouſies and competitions, vaniſh from my heart upon my firſt arrival at the ſeats of innocence and tranquillity; that I ſhould ſleep in halcyon bowers, and wander in elyſian gardens, where I ſhould meet with nothing but the ſoftneſs of benevolence, the candour of ſimplicity, and the cheerfulneſs of content; where I ſhould ſee reaſon exerting her ſovereignty over life, without any interruption from envy, avarice, or ambition, and every day paſſing in ſuch a manner as the ſevereſt wiſdom ſhould approve.

This, Mr. Rambler, I tell you I expected, and this I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneaſineſs, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, ſince I wrote my former letter, been driven, by the mere neceſſity of eſcaping from abſolute inactivity, to make myſelf more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an abſolute ſtranger to rural converſation and employments, but am far from diſcovering in them more innocence or wiſdom, than in the ſentiments or conduct of thoſe with whom I have paſſed more cheerful and more faſhionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table, and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to ſcandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but muſt, however, obſerve, in favour of the modiſh prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at leaſt by accident, leſs guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to obſerve and cenſure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and ſeldom give way to malevolence, but ſuch as

ariſes from ſome injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourſelves. But in theſe diſtinct provinces, where the ſame families inhabit the ſame houſes from age to age, they tranſmit and recount the faults of a whole ſucceſſion. I have been informed how every eſtate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a ſingle acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaus and toaſts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves; and am often entertained with traditional ſcandal on perſons of whoſe names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed ſomewhat that might diſgrace their deſcendants.

In one of my viſits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady, who had juſt left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great ſlineſs at each other, and the elder aſked me whether I had ever ſeen the picture of Henry the Eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the queſtion; but after having waited a while for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and ſuppoſed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal perſons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about ſome election, in which their grandfathers were competitors: the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguiſhed; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have deſtroyed each other's game from the time of Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the heroes remarked, with exultation, that he might now have ſome notion of the ravages committed by his anceſtors in their retreat from Boſworth.

Thus malice and hatred deſcend here with an inheritance; and it is neceſſary to be well verſed in hiſtory, that the various factions of this county may be underſtood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are reſolved to love nothing in common; and, in ſelecting your intimates, you are perhaps to conſider which party you moſt favour in the barons wars. I have often loſt the good opinion of my aunt's viſitants by confounding the intereſt of York and Lancaſter; and was once cenſured by ſitting ſilent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aſide all pretences to circumſpection, for I find it impoſſible in leſs than ſeven yearn to learn all the requiſite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are ſafe; but you are here ſuſpected of alluding to the ſlips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving conteſts which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to conteſt, and that you will contribute to divert me while I ſtay here by ſome facetious performance.

I am, Sir,

EUPHELIA.

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1750.

Quanquam his ſolatiis acquieſcam, debilitor et frangor eadem illa humanitate quæ me, ut hoc ipſum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim durior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujuſmodi caſus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eoque ſibi magnos homines et ſapientes videri. Qui an magni ſapienteſque ſint, neſcio: homines non ſunt. Hominis eſt enim affici dolore, ſentire: reſiſtere tamen, et ſolatia admittere; non ſolatiis non egere.

PLIN.

Theſe proceedings have afforded me ſome comfort in my diſtreſs; notwithſtanding which, I am ſtill diſpirited, and unhinged by the ſame motives of humanity that induced me to grant ſuch indulgences. However, I by no means wiſh to become leſs ſuſceptible of tenderneſs. I know theſe kind of misfortunes would be eſtimated by other perſons only as common loſſes, and from ſuch ſenſations they would conceive themſelves great and wiſe men. I ſhall not determine either their greatneſs or their wiſdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel ſorrow, at the ſame time that he is to reſiſt it, and to admit of comfort.

EARL OF ORRERY.

OF the paſſions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be obſerved, that they naturally haſten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and deſire animates our progreſs; and if there are ſome which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their ſatisfaction, as it is frequently obſerved of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to ſome means of happineſs really exiſting, and generally within the proſpect. The miſer always imagines that there is a certain ſum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like King Pyrrhus, has an acquiſition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he ſhall paſs the reſt of his life in eaſe or gaiety, in repoſe or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breaſt that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deſerves the particular attention of thoſe who have aſſumed the arduous province of preſerving the balance of the mental conſtitution. The other paſſions are diſeaſes indeed, but they neceſſarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haſte as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himſelf by unerring inſtinct, as the wounded ſtags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourſe to vulnerary herbs. But for ſorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occaſioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have loſt or changed their exiſtence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the univerſe ſhould be repealed; that the dead ſhould return, or the paſt ſhould be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promiſed to accept it as an atonement; the pain which ariſes from theſe cauſes has very ſalutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itſelf by the reparation of thoſe miſcarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that ſtate of the mind in which our deſires are fixed upon the paſt, without looking forward to the future, an inceſſant wiſh that ſomething were otherwiſe than it has been, a tormenting and harraſſing want of ſome enjoyment or poſſeſſion which we have loſt, and which no endeavours can poſſibly regain. Into ſuch anguiſh many have ſunk upon ſome ſudden diminution of their fortune, an unexpected blaſt of their reputation, or the loſs of children or of friends. They have ſuffered all ſenſibility of pleaſure to be deſtroyed by a ſingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of ſubſtituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, reſigned their lives to gloom and deſpondency, and worn themſelves out in unavailing miſery.

Yet ſo much is this paſſion the natural conſequence of tenderneſs and endearment, that however painful and however uſeleſs, it is juſtly re-

proachful not to feel it on ſome occaſions; and ſo widely and conſtantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of ſome nations, and the cuſtoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief cauſed by the diſſolution of cloſe alliances, and the breach of domeſtick union.

It ſeems determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that ſorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaſt pardonable as the effect of weakneſs; but that it ought not to be ſuffered to increaſe by indulgence, but muſt give way after a ſtated time to ſocial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firſt unavoidable, and therefore muſt be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion, or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs but culpable: for we have no right to ſacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which Providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch a firm poſſeſſion of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, firſt violently impreſſed, and afterwards willingly received, ſo much engroſs the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual ſadneſs ſeizes upon the ſoul, and the faculties are chained to a ſingle object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeleſs uneaſineſs.

From this ſtate of dejection it is very difficult to riſe to cheerfulneſs and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preſervatives eaſier than remedies, and teach us not to truſt ourſelves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondneſs, but to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures of ſympathy and confidence; he muſt feel no melting fondneſs, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of thoſe honeſt joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life. He may juſtly be overlooked and neglected by ſuch as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever aſſiduity he may be courted, and with whatever ſervices obliged, his principles will not ſuffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhauſted all the inſtances of good-will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut out grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince, however we may debar ourſelves from happineſs, miſery will find its way at many inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the moſt certain way to clear the heart from its embarraſſment is to drag it by force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines which will deſtroy, if it happens not to cure.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without any of that lamenta ion which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrievable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow, and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Leniri poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit.——

GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wiſdom fly, ſhe quickly brings relief.

F. LEWIS.

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exerciſe and motion.

No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita.

MART.

For life is not to live, but to be well.

ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy, than the neglect of Health. When the ſprings of motion are yet elaſtick, when the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much activity, will loſe all their powers under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy, and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion, and clamours of meriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſplendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which Providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a diſtem-

pered body; the time of ſuch a man is always ſpent in forming ſchemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing, his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleaſes his ambition with the fame he ſhall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he ſhall confer. But in the night the ſkies are overcaſt, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and diſtraction, and has no longer any wiſh but for eaſe, nor any attention but to miſery. It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes; the diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of moral beings finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a ſhort hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happineſs of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to poſſeſſion, is inculcated with ſo much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languiſhed under the diſcomforts and infirmities of a lingering diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wiſh, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occaſion of this little compoſition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been ſick, and in the firſt raptures of returning vigour addreſſed Health in the following manner:

Ὑγίεια πρεσβίσα Μακάρων,
Μετὰ σῦ ναίομι
Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς·
Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἴης
Εἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλῦτῳ χάρις ἢ τεκέων,
Τᾶς εὐδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις
Ρατιλήδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,
Οὺς χρυφίοις Αφροδίτης ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν;
Ἤ ει τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποις τερψις,
Ἤ πόνων ἀμπνοὰ πέφανται·
Μετὰ σεῖο μακαρία Ὑγίεια,
Τίθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ·
Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς, οὐδεὶς εὐδαίμων πέλει.

Health, moſt venerable of the powers of Heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be paſſed, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy reſidence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleaſure in wealth, in deſcendants, or in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit of human enjoyment, or in thoſe objects of deſire which we endeavour to chaſe into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever ſolace is granted by the celeſtials, to ſoften our fatigues, in thy preſence, thou parent of happineſs, all thoſe joys ſpread out and flouriſh; in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of pleaſure, and without thee no man is happy.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs, as the powers of vegetation without the ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value, or waſte it to ſhew how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabrick of their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy rout of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove, that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor, perhaps, will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet, ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider, that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by health that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or refuſcitate the powers of digeſtion.

Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

——*Projecere animam! quam vellent æthere in alto*
Nunc et pauperiem, et duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments, are yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life before-hand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of languor, and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body; and find that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the flights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1750.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit libitinam, uſque ego poſtera
Creſcam laude recens. HOR.

Whole Horace ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave. CREECH.

THE firſt motives of human actions are thoſe appetites which Providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt, which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider, as our reaſon ſtrengthens, and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain, but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin to fear it; yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at a greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which miſery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward, that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot lie wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things which are of no uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither ſatisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain, nor ſecure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no eſteem among thoſe nations whoſe artleſs and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the neceſſaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all thoſe deſires which ariſe from the compariſon of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himſelf poor,

becauſe his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæſar, would rather be the firſt man of a village, than the ſecond in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himſelf deſires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles eſtabliſhed only by the authority of cuſtom.

Of thoſe adſcititious paſſions, ſome, as avarice and envy, are univerſally condemned; ſome, as friendſhip and curioſity, generally praiſed; but there are others about which the ſuffrages of the wiſe are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend moſt to promote the happineſs, or increaſe the miſeries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and diſputable kind is the love of fame, a deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praiſes which we ſhall not hear. This ardour has been conſidered by ſome, as nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, ſay they, can be more remote from wiſdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exiſt till we ourſelves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be poſſeſſed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, ariſes from this particular condition, that, during, life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſirable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed; as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for preſent uſe the wine and garland which they purpoſe to beſtow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame alledge in its vindication, that it is a paſſion natural and univerſal; a flame lighted by Heaven, and always burning with greateſt vigour in the moſt enlarged and elevated minds. That the deſire of being praiſed by poſterity implies a reſolution to deſerve their praiſes, and that the folly charged upon it is only a noble and diſintereſted generoſity, which is not felt, and therefore not underſtood, by thoſe who have been always accuſtomed to refer every thing to themſelves, and whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has contracted their underſtandings. That the ſoul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally ſprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, and rejoices to conſider herſelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endleſs duration. That the reproach urged with ſo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for ſince we ſuppoſe the powers of the ſoul to be enlarged by its ſeparation, why ſhould we conclude that its knowledge of ſublunary tranſactions is contracted or extinguiſhed?

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguiſhed; and that men ſhould be taught not to be wholly careleſs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for their virtues, ſince no other reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten. And hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and undiſtinguiſhed appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or devaſtation of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our

laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly impreſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompence which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege which ſatire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλὰ φαγὼν, γαι πολλὰ πινὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κακ ειπὼν.
Ἀνθρώπυς, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that with our name our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

No. L. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos.

JUV.

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have died, tho' richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore.

CREECH.

I Have always thought it the buſineſs of thoſe who turn their ſpeculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expoſe the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a falſe as well as to ſupport a juſt accuſation; not only becauſe it is peculiarly the buſineſs of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, leſt thoſe who can once charge him with partiality ſhould indulge themſelves afterwards in diſbelieving him at pleaſure; but becauſe he may find real crimes ſufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without diſtracting the mind by needleſs ſcruples and vain ſolicitudes.

There are certain fixed and ſtated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly tranſmitted through continued ſucceſſions, and which he that has once ſuffered them is certain to uſe with the ſame undiſtinguiſhing vehemence, when he has changed his ſtation, and gained the preſcriptive right of inflicting on others what he had formerly endured himſelf.

To theſe hereditary imputations, of which no man ſees the juſtice till it becomes his intereſt to ſee it, very little regard is to be ſhewn; ſince it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of inſtantaneous contagion, and ſupported rather by willingneſs to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of thoſe who are deſirous to believe themſelves made venerable by length of time, to cenſure the new comers into life, for want of reſpect to grey hairs and ſage experience, for heady confidence in their own underſtandings, for haſty concluſions upon partial views, for diſregard of counſels which their fathers and grandſires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that ſubordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as neceſſary to its ſecurity from evils into which it would be otherwiſe precipitated by the raſhneſs of paſſion, and the blindneſs of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and inſolence of the riſing generation. He recounts the

decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the diſcipline and ſobriety of the age in which his youth was paſſed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, ſince confuſion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not ſufficiently conſidered how much he aſſumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full ſhare of the miſeries of life, he is inclined to conſider all clamorous uneaſineſs as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to aſk, 'What merit has this man to ſhow, 'by which he has acquired a right to repine at 'the diſtributions of nature? Or, why does he 'imagine that exemptions ſhould be granted 'him from the general condition of man?' We find ourſelves excited rather to captiouſneſs than pity; and inſtead of being in haſte to ſooth his complaints by ſympathy and tenderneſs, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, ſuppoſing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulouſneſs and indignation which is obſerved ſo often to diſfigure the laſt ſcene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like theſe. For ſurely it will be thought, at the firſt view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, inſulted and neglected, the crime muſt at leaſt be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of eſtabliſhing their authority over minds ductile and unreſiſting, they who have been the protectors of helpleſſneſs, and the inſtructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, muſt defeat their influence by their own miſconduct, and make uſe of all theſe advantages with very little ſkill, if they cannot ſecure to themſelves an appearance of reſpect, and ward off open mockery, and declared contempt.

The general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecility, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendour, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life, however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than enliſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There, are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by thoſe who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect; the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradict; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolicks, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence; and naturally look on thoſe whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like

that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faultering voices; and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtlineſs of diſeaſe; they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſions obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend to competition with youth, they muſt bear the inſolence of ſucceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink;
'Tis time to quit the ſcene; 'tis time to think.
ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs, but gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood, and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life, that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their fathers company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport when his powers of acting ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

No. LI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1750.

——— *Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum.*

MART.

How fooliſh is the toil of trifling cares!

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have reſolved, after many ſtruggles with idleneſs and diffidence, to give you ſome account of my entertainment in this ſober ſeaſon of univerſal retreat, and to deſcribe to you the employments of thoſe who look with contempt on the pleaſures and diverſions of polite life, and employ all their powers of cenſure and invective upon the uſeleſſneſs, vanity, and folly, of dreſs, viſits, and converſation.

When a tireſome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the houſe, where invitation, regularly ſent for ſeven years together, had at laſt induced me to paſs the ſummer, I was ſurpriſed, after the civilities of my firſt reception, to find, inſtead of the leiſure and tranquillity which a rural life always promiſes, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confuſed wildneſs of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed, very full of the happineſs which ſhe received from my viſit, and, according to the forms of obſolete breeding, inſiſted that I ſhould recompenſe the long delay of my company with a promiſe not to leave her till winter. But, amidſt all her kindneſs and careſſes, ſhe very frequently turned her head aſide, and whiſpered, with anxious earneſtneſs, ſome order to her daughters, which never failed to ſend them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not ſuffer her to ſtay behind; ſhe begged my pardon, ſhe muſt leave me for a moment; ſhe went, and returned and ſat down again, but was again diſturbed by ſome new care, diſmiſſed her daughters with the ſame tre-

pidation, and followed them with the ſame countenance of buſineſs and ſolicitude.

However I was alarmed at this ſhew of eagerneſs and diſturbance, and however my curioſity was excited by ſuch buſy preparations as naturally promiſed ſome great event, I was yet too much a ſtranger to gratify myſelf with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleaſed myſelf with imagining that I ſhould rather ſee a wedding than a funeral.

At laſt we ſat down to ſupper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myſelf obliged to enquire, was under a neceſſity of attending ſome affair that could not be neglected: ſoon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at laſt let me know that they had propoſed that night to go to bed ſooner than was uſual, becauſe they were to riſe early in the morning to make cheeſecakes. This hint ſent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuſe ſome large ſieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to diſtil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that ſo conveniently received the riſing ſun.

The ſcent of the plants hindered me from reſt, and therefore I roſe early in the morning with a reſolution to explore my new habitation. I ſtole unperceived by my buſy couſins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the ſame number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener, I ſoon learned that his lady was the greateſt manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conſerves, than could be ſeen at any other houſe a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyſhip gave me ſufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for ſhe was too much pleaſed with her own accompliſhments to conceal them; and took occaſion, from ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe ſet next day upon the table, to diſcourſe for two long hours upon robs and gellies; laid down the beſt methods of conſerving, reſerving, and preſerving all ſorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom theſe terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſet before company, at her own houſe, ſweetmeats of ſo dark a colour as ſhe had often ſeen at Miſtreſs Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great buſineſs of her life, to watch the ſkillet on the fire, to ſee it ſimmer with the due degree of heat, and to ſnatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which ſhe had bred her daughters, are to turn roſe-leaves in the ſhade, to pick out the ſeeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit wi[illegible]ruiſing it, and to extract bean-flower water for the ſkin. Such are the taſks with which every day, ſince I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are ſacrificed, and in which that time is paſſing away which never ſhall return.

But to reaſon or expoſtulate, are hopeleſs attempts. The lady has ſettled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmneſs of ſtupidity accuſtomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never ſeen any houſe but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her huſband is a mere ſportſman, who is pleaſed to ſee his table well furniſhed, and thinks the day ſufficiently ſucceſsful, in which he brings home a leaſh of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books, but my lady ſoon told me that none of her books would ſuit my taſte; for her part, ſhe never loved to ſee young women give their minds to ſuch follies, by which they would only learn to uſe hard words; ſhe bred up her daughters to underſtand a houſe, and whoever ſhould marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, ſome things in the culinary ſciences too ſublime for youthful intellects; myſteries into which they muſt not be initiated till the year of ſerious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the ſupreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which ſhe has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with ſecrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been diſcovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can ſuggeſt. It is never known before-hand when this pudding will be produced; ſhe take the ingredients privately

into her own cloſet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the houſe, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands, the mouth of the oven is then ſtopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The compoſition of the pudding ſhe has, however, promiſed Clarinda, that if ſhe pleaſes her in marriage, ſhe ſhall be told without reſerve. But the art of making Engliſh capers ſhe has not yet perſuaded herſelf to diſcover; but ſeems reſolved that ſecret ſhall periſh with her, as ſome alchymiſts have obſtinately ſuppreſſed the art of tranſmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of receipts, which ſhe left upon the table, having intelligence that a veſſel of gooſeberry-wine had burſt the hoops. But though the importance of the event ſufficiently engroſſed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her ſecrets were expoſed, I was not able to make uſe of the golden moments; for this treaſure of hereditary knowledge was ſo well concealed by the manner of ſpelling uſed by her grandmother, her mother, and herſelf, that I was totally unable to underſtand it, and loſt the opportunity of conſulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which its anſwers were returned.

It is, indeed, neceſſary, if I have any regard to her ladyſhip's eſteem, that I ſhould apply myſelf to ſome of theſe economical accompliſhments; for I overheard her, two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, againſt negligence of paſtry, and ignorance in carving: 'For you ſaw,' ſaid ſhe, 'that, 'with all her pretenſions to knowledge, ſhe 'turned the partridge the wrong way when ſhe 'attempted to cut it, and, I believe, ſcarcely 'knows the difference between paſte raiſed, and 'paſte in a diſh.'

The reaſon, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Buſtle's character before you, is a deſire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I ſhall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *The Lady's Cloſet Opened*, *The Complete Servant Maid*, and *The Court Cook*, and reſign all curioſity after right and wrong, for the art of ſcalding damaſcenes without burſting them, and preſerving the whiteneſs of pickled muſhrooms.

Lady Buſtle has, indeed, by this inceſſant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow ſpace, and ſet herſelf free from many perplexities with which other minds are diſturbed. She has no curioſity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in diſtreſs; ſhe can hear, without the leaſt emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devaſtations of a ſtorm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while ſhe is preſſing the gelly-bag, or airing the ſtore-room; but I cannot perceive that ſhe is more free from diſquiets than thoſe whoſe underſtandings take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almoſt cured, are often ſcattered by the wind, and the rain ſometimes falls upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is reſtleſſneſs and anxiety. Her ſweetmeats are not always bright; and the maid ſometimes forgets the juſt proportions of ſalt and pepper, when veniſon is to be baked. Her conſerves mould, her wines ſour, and her pickles mother; and, like all the reſt of mankind, ſhe is every day mortified with the defeat of her ſchemes, and the diſappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue ſhe ſeems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chaſtity; ſhe has no deſire to be praiſed but for her cookery, nor wiſhes any ill to the reſt of mankind, but that whenever they aſpire to a feaſt, their cuſtards may be wheyiſh, and their pie-cruſts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on theſe ladies as the great patterns of our ſex, and to conſider conſerves and pickles as the buſineſs of my life; whether the cenſures which I now ſuffer be juſt, and whether the brewers of wines, and the diſtillers of waſhes, have a right to look with inſolence on the weakneſs of

CORNELIA.

No. LII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1750.

——— Quoties flenti Theſeius heros
Siſte modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Solo tua eſt, ſimiles aliorum reſpice caſus,
Mitius iſta feres.

OVID.

How oft in vain the ſon of Theſeus ſaid,
The ſtormy ſorrows be with patience laid:
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh others woes, and learn to bear thy own.

CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of conſolation, to which the miſeries inſeparable from our preſent ſtate have given occaſion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by ſome writers to put the ſufferer in mind of heavier preſſures, and more excruciating calamities, than thoſe of which he has himſelf reaſon to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practiſed; and, in conformity to this cuſtom, Lipſius, the great modern maſter of the Stoick philoſophy, has in his celebrated treatiſe on *ſteadineſs of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breaſt againſt too much ſenſibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devaſtation of wide-extended regions, the ſack of cities, and maſſacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude uninſtructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in queſtions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more deciſive than the learning of Lipſius, ſeems to juſtify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the firſt comforts which one neighbour adminiſters to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumſtances of greater bitterneſs.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we ſee the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, ſome, who are unwilling to ſuppoſe any thing out of the reach of their own ſagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really thoſe virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Conſolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, ſignify ſome alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing, than a diminution of the burthen. A priſoner is relieved by him that ſets him at liberty, but receives comfort from ſuch as ſuggeſt conſiderations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which ariſes from a great loſs, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the ſame as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by perſuaſion extenuates the pain of poverty, and ſhews, in the ſtyle of Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole*.

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appeaſe the throbbings of anguiſh, to hear that others are more miſerable; others, perhaps, unknown, or wholly indifferent, whoſe proſperity raiſes no envy, and whoſe fall can gratify no reſentment. Some topicks of comfort ariſing, like that which gave hope and ſpirit to the captive of Seſoſtris, from the perpetual viciſſitudes of life, and mutability of human affairs, may as properly raiſe the dejected as depreſs the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languiſhes in the gloom of ſorrow, without proſpect of emerging into the ſunſhine of cheerfulneſs, to hear that others are ſunk yet deeper in the dungeon of miſery, ſhackled with heavier chains, and ſurrounded with darker deſperation?

The ſolace ariſing from this conſideration ſeems indeed the weakeſt of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in caſes where there is no place for reflections of more

ſpeedy and pleaſing efficacy. But even from ſuch calamities life is by no means free; a thouſand ills incurable, a thouſand loſſes irreparable, a thouſand difficulties inſurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the ſons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or loſt in ſickneſs, cannot be reſtored.

Under the oppreſſion of ſuch melancholy, it has been found uſeful to make a ſurvey of the world, to contemplate the various ſcenes of diſtreſs in which mankind are ſtruggling round us, and acquaint ourſelves with the *terribiles viſu formæ*—the various ſhapes of miſery, which make havock of terreſtrial happineſs, range all corners almoſt without reſtraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harveſt, and when we have built our ſchemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The firſt effects of this meditation is, that it furniſhes a new employment for the mind, and engages the paſſions on remoter objects; as kings have ſometimer freed themſelves from a ſubject too haughty to be governed and too powerful to be cruſhed, by poſting him in a diſtant province, till his popularity has ſubſided, or his pride been repreſſed. The attention is diſſipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any ſingle part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be reſiſted. This ſpecies of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in ſevere paroxyſms of corporal pain, when the mind is every inſtant called back to miſery, and in the firſt ſhock of any ſudden evil; but will certainly be of uſe againſt encroaching melancholy, and a ſettled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it ſupplies us with opportunities of making compariſons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain, or pleaſure, which does not begin and end in our ſenſes, is otherwiſe than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of theſe reſpects; and therefore, a man whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflexion on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt.

There is another kind of compariſon, leſs tending towards the vice of envy, very well illuſtrated by an old poet, whoſe ſyſtem will not afford many reaſonable motives to content. 'It 'is,' ſays he, 'pleaſing to look from ſhore upon 'the tumults of a ſtorm, and to ſee a ſhip ſtrug-'gling with the billows; it is pleaſing, not 'becauſe the pain of another can give us de-'light, but becauſe we have a ſtronger impreſ-'ſion of the happineſs of ſafety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thoſe which we have experienced, we ſhrink back to our own ſtate, and, inſtead of repining that ſo much muſt be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obſervation of the miſeries of others, fortitude is ſtrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenſive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, ſo they to whom Providence has allotted the harder taſk of ſuffering with calmneſs and dignity, may animate themſelves by the remembrance of thoſe evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themſelves, and bear up with vigour and reſolution againſt their own oppreſſions, when they ſee it poſſible that more ſevere afflictions may be borne.

There is ſtill another reaſon who, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a laſting and continual relief. Some, not well inſtructed in the meaſures by which Providence diſtributes happineſs, are perhaps miſled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal proſperity one of the characters of the true church, have repreſented wealth and eaſe as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing reſult of the Divine approbation. Such ſufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not ſo much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not becauſe they cannot ſupport the ſorrows, or endure the wants, of their preſent condition, but becauſe they conſider them as only the beginnings of more ſharp and more laſting pains. To theſe mourners it is an act of the higheſt charity to repreſent the calamities which not only virtue has ſuffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future ſtate is the uncertainty of any preſent reward for goodneſs; and to remind them, from the higheſt authority, of the diſtreſſes and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy*.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1750.

φείδεο τῶν κτεανέων.

EPIGRAM. VET.

Nuſband thy poſſeſſions.

THERE is ſcarcely among the evils of human life, any ſo generally dreaded as Poverty. Every other ſpecies of miſery, thoſe, who are not much accuſtomed to diſturb the preſent moment with reflection, can eaſily forget, becauſe it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impoſſible to paſs a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without ſeeing how much indigence is expoſed to contumely, neglect, and inſult; and, in its loweſt ſtate, to hunger and nakedneſs; to injuries againſt which every paſſion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot ſuſtain.

Againſt other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by falſe notions of dignity and reputation: thus we feel dangers of every kind faced with willingneſs, becauſe bravery in a good or bad cauſe is never without its encominſts and admirers. But in the proſpect of poverty there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body ſuffer together; its miſeries bring no alleviations; it is a ſtate in which every virtue is obſcured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a ſtate in which cheerfulneſs is inſenſibility, and dejection ſullenneſs, of which the hardſhips are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of theſe calamities there ſeems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every ſide the noiſe of trade, and ſee the ſtreets thronged with numberleſs multitudes, whoſe faces are clouded with anxiety, and whoſe ſteps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion by the deſire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it ſecures us from poverty; for it is more uſeful for defence than acquiſition, and is not ſo much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always ſome whoſe paſſions or follies lead them to a conduct oppoſite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; ſome who ſeem to ruſh upon poverty with the ſame eagerneſs with which others avoid it; who ſee their revenues hourly leſſened, and the eſtates which they inherit from their anceſtors mouldering away, without reſolution to change their courſe of life; who perſevere againſt all remonſtrances, and go forward with full career, though they ſee before them the precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this paper, to expoſtulate with ſuch as ruin their fortunes by expenſive ſchemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the ſame vanity that prompted them to begin; chuſing, as it happens in a thouſand other caſes, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the ſhame of repentance till they incur the miſeries of diſtreſs. Thoſe for whom I intend my preſent admonitions, are the thoughtleſs, the negligent, and the diſſolute; who having, by the viciouſneſs of their own inclinations, or the ſeducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accuſtomed to move in a certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every hour deeper into the gulph of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act, which rage or deſire might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but expe-

rience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families, and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf; unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes, Sirens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence; and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylors and jockies, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied; but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround them with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man who ſquanders his eſtate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs; and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation, and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

No. LIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1750.

Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire lunæ;
Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulchri
Immemor ſtruis domos.

HOR.

Day preſſes on the heels of day,
And moons increaſe to their decay;
But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When, lo! thy tomb forgotten lies.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Have lately been called, from a mingled life of buſineſs and amuſement, to attend the laſt hours of an old friend; an office which has filled me, if not with melancholy, at leaſt with ſerious reflections, and turned my thoughts towards the contemplation of thoſe ſubjects which, though of the utmoſt importance, and of indubitable certainty, are generally ſecluded from our regard, by the jollity of health, the hurry of employment, and even by the calmer diverſions of ſtudy and ſpeculation; or if they become accidental topicks of converſation and argument, yet rarely ſink deep into the heart, but give occaſion only to ſome ſubtilties of reaſoning, or elegancies of declamation, which are heard, applauded, and forgotten.

It is, indeed, not hard to conceive how a man accuſtomed to extend his views through a long concatenation of cauſes and effects, to trace things from their origin to their period, and compare means with ends, may diſcover the weakneſs of human ſchemes; detect the fallacies by which mortals are deluded; ſhew the inſufficiency of wealth, honours, and power, to real happineſs; and pleaſe himſelf and his auditors with learned lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the ſpeculatiſt may ſee and ſhew the folly of terreſtrial hopes, fears and deſires, every hour will give proofs that he never felt it. Trace him through the day or year, and you will find him acting upon principles which he has in common with the illiterate and unenlightened, angry and pleaſed like the loweſt of the vulgar, purſuing, with the ſame ardour, the ſame deſigns; graſping, with all the eagerneſs of tranſport, thoſe riches which he knows he cannot keep; and ſwelling with the applauſe which he has gained by proving that applauſe is of no value.

The only conviction that ruſhes upon the ſoul, and takes away from our appetites and paſſions the power of reſiſtance, is to be found, where I have received it, at the bed of a dying friend. To enter this ſchool of wiſdom is not the peculiar privilege of geometricians; the moſt ſublime and important precepts require no

uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence and underſtood without ſkill in analytick ſcience. Every tongue can utter them, and every underſtanding can conceive them. He that wiſhes in earneſt to obtain juſt ſentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find inſtructions on every ſide. He that deſires to enter behind the ſcene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every paſſion labours to illuminate, and wiſhes to ſee life ſtripped of thoſe ornaments which make it glitter on the ſtage, and expoſed in its natural meanneſs, impotence, and nakedneſs, may find all the deluſion laid open in the chamber of diſeaſe: he will there find vanity diveſted of her robes, power deprived of her ſceptre, and hypocriſy without her maſk.

The friend whom I have loſt was a man eminent for genius; and, like others of the ſame claſs, ſufficiently pleaſed with acceptance and applauſe. Being careſſed by thoſe who have preferments and riches in their diſpoſal, he conſidered himſelf as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to its object. But in the midſt of his hopes, his projects and his gaieties, he was ſeized by a lingering diſeaſe, which, from its firſt ſtage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his viſions of greatneſs and happineſs; from the firſt hour that his health declined, all his former pleaſures grew taſteleſs. His friends expected to pleaſe him by thoſe accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they ſoon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakneſs, and relieve the ſolicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue ſurpaſs all external goods, might here have ſeen them weighed againſt each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that ſparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the boſom of ſuſpicion, at once became duſt in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praiſe, loſe all their influence when they are conſidered as riches which to-morrow ſhall be beſtowed upon another, authority which ſhall this night expire for ever, and praiſe which, however merited, or however ſincere, ſhall after a few moments, be heard no more.

In thoſe hours of ſerioufneſs and wiſdom, nothing appeared to raiſe his ſpirits, or gladden his heart, but the recollection of acts of goodneſs, nor to excite his attention but ſome opportunity for the exerciſe of the duties of religion. Every thing that terminated on this ſide of the grave was received with coldneſs and indifference, and regarded rather in conſequence of the habit of valuing it, than from any opinion that it deſerved value; it had little more prevalence over his mind than a bubble that was now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were engroſſed by the conſideration of another ſtate, and all converſation was tedious that had not ſome tendency to diſengage him from human affairs, and to open his proſpects into futurity.

It is now paſt; we have cloſed his eyes, and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the ſight of this laſt conflict, I felt a ſenſation never known to me before; a confuſion of paſſions, an awful ſtilneſs of ſorrow, a gloomy terrour without a name. The thoughts that entered my ſoul were too ſtrong to be diverted, and too piercing to be endured; but ſuch violence cannot be laſting, the ſtorm ſubſided in a ſhort time, I wept, retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently revolved in my mind the effects which the obſervation of death produces in thoſe who are not wholly without the power and uſe of reflection; for by far the greater part it is wholly unregarded, their friends and their enemies ſink into the grave without raiſing any uncommon emotion, or reminding them that they are themſelves on the edge of the precipice, and that they muſt ſoon plunge into the gulph of eternity.

It ſeems to me remarkable that death increaſes our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. Thoſe virtues which once we envied, as Horace obſerves, becauſe they eclipſed our own, can now no longer obſtruct our reputation, and we have therefore no intereſt to ſuppreſs their praiſe. That wickedneſs which we feared for its malignity is now become impotent; and the man whoſe name filled us with alarm, and rage, and indignation, can at laſt be conſidered only with pity or contempt.

When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuſes for every weakneſs, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thouſand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impreſſion, a thouſand favours unrepaid, a thouſand duties unperformed; and wiſh, vainly wiſh, for his return, not ſo much that we may receive, as that we may beſtow happineſs, and recompenſe that kindneſs which before we never underſtood.

There is not, perhaps, to a mind well inſtructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime ſeems now irretrievable; it is indelibly recorded, and the ſtamp of fate is fixed upon it. We conſider, with the moſt afflictive anguiſh, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the loſſes which we have cauſed, and now cannot repair.

Of the ſame kind are the emotions which the death of an emulator or competitor produces. Whoever had qualities to alarm our jealouſy, had excellence to deſerve our fondneſs; and to whatever ardour of oppoſition intereſt may inflame us, no man ever outlived an enemy whom he did not then wiſh to have made a friend. Thoſe who are verſed in literary hiſtory know, that the elder Scaliger was the redoubted antagoniſt of Cardan and Eraſmus; yet at the death of each of his great rivals he relented, and complained that they were ſnatched away from him before their reconciliation was completed.

Tu-ne etiam moreris? Ah! quid me linguis,
Eraſme,
Ante meus quam ſit conciliatus amor?

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could ſubſide,
And love return, has great Eraſmus died?

Such are the ſentiments with which we finally review the effects of paſſion, but which we ſometimes delay till we can no longer rectify our errors. Let us therefore make haſte to do what we ſhall certainly at laſt wiſh to have done; let us return the careſſes of our friends, and endeavour by mutual endearments to heighten that tenderneſs which is the balm of life. Let us be quick to repent of injuries while repentance may not be a barren anguiſh, and let us open our eyes to every rival excellence, and pay early and willingly thoſe honours which juſtice will compel us to pay at laſt. ATHANATUS.

No. LV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1750.

Maturo propior deſine funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et ſtellis maculam ſpargere candidis:
Non ſiquid Pholoen ſatis
Et te, Chlori, decet.——

HOR.

Now near to death that comes but ſlow,
Now thou art ſtepping down below;
Sport not among the blooming maids,
But think on ghoſts and empty ſhades:
What ſuits with Pholoe in the bloom,
Grey Chloris, will not thee become;
A bed is different from a tomb.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Have been but a little time converſant in the world, yet I have already had frequent opportunities of obſerving the little efficacy of remonſtrance and complaint, which, however extorted by oppreſſion, or ſupported by reaſon, are deteſted by one part of the world as rebellion, cenſured by another as peeviſhneſs, by ſome heard with an appearance of compaſſion, only to betray any of thoſe ſallies of vehemence and reſentment which are apt to break out upon encouragement, and by others paſſed over with indifference and neglect, as matters in which they have no concern, and which, if they ſhould

endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw miſchief upon themſelves.

Yet ſince it is no leſs natural for thoſe who think themſelves injured to complaint, than for others to neglect their complaints, I ſhall venture to lay my caſe before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it juſt, or endeavour to rectify my ſentiments, if I am miſtaken. I expect at leaſt, that you will diveſt yourſelf of partiality, and that whatever your age or ſolemnity may be, you will not with the dotard's inſolence pronounce me ignorant and fooliſh, perverſe and refractory, only becauſe you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myſelf, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whoſe prudence or virtue he had no reaſon to diſtruſt. She felt, for ſome time, all the ſorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final ſeparation of perſons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhauſted by its own violence, it ſubſided into tenderneſs for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was ſpent in careſſes, conſolations, and inſtruction, in celebration of my father's virtues, in profeſſions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly inſtances of ſuch fondneſs as gratitude will not eaſily ſuffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the enſigns of ſorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the reſt of the world; a powerful argument, which is ſeldom uſed to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was inceſſantly relating the occurrences of the town; and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderneſs, that it began to be publickly obſerved how much ſhe overacted her part, and that moſt of her acquaintance ſuſpected her hope of procuring another huſband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderneſs and piety.

All the officiouſneſs of kindneſs and folly was buſied to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with cenſure, and at another fired with praiſe. She was told of balls, where others ſhone only becauſe ſhe was abſent; of new comedies to which all the town was crouding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domeſtick diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to ſtand alone againſt fear on one ſide, and pleaſure on the other; eſpecially when no actual crime is propoſed, and prudence itſelf can ſuggeſt many reaſons for relaxation and indulgence. My mamma was at laſt perſuaded to accompany Miſs Giddy to a play. She was received with a boundleſs profuſion of compliments, and attended home by a very fine gentleman. Next day ſhe was with leſs difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Gravely's, and came home gay and lively; for the diſtinctions that had been paid her awakened her vanity, and good luck had kept her principles of frugality from giving her diſturbance. She now made her ſecond entrance into the world, and her friends were ſufficiently induſtrious to prevent any return to her former life; every morning brought meſſages of invitation, and every evening was paſſed in places of diverſion, from which ſhe for ſome time complained that ſhe had rather be abſent. In a ſhort time ſhe began to feel the happineſs of acting without controul, of being unaccountable for her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned by degrees to drop an expreſſion of contempt or pity at the mention of ladies whoſe huſbands were ſuſpected of reſtraining their pleaſures, or their play, and confeſſed that ſhe loved to go and come as ſhe pleaſed.

I was ſtill favoured with ſome incidental precepts and tranſient endearments, and was now and then fondly kiſſed for ſmiling like my papa: but moſt part of her morning was ſpent in comparing the opinion of her maid and milliner, contriving ſome variation in her dreſs, viſiting ſhops, and ſending compliments; and the reſt of the day was too ſhort for viſits, cards, plays, and concerts.

She now began to diſcover that it was impoſſible to educate children properly at home. Parents could not have them always in their ſight; the ſociety of ſervants was contagious; company produced boldneſs and ſpirit; emulation excited induſtry; and a large ſchool was naturally the firſt ſtep into the open world. A thouſand other reaſons ſhe alleged, ſome of little force in themſelves, but ſo well ſeconded by pleaſure, vanity and idleneſs, that they ſoon overcame all the remaining principles of kindneſs and piety; and both I and my brother were diſpatched to boarding ſchools.

How my mamma ſpent her time when ſhe

was thus diſburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reaſon to believe that trifles and amuſements took ſtill faſter hold of her heart. At firſt ſhe viſited me at ſchool, and afterwards wrote to me; but in a ſhort time, both her viſits and her letters were at an end; and no other notice was taken of me than to remit money for my ſupport.

When I came home at the vacation, I found myſelf coldly received, with an obſervation—'That this girl will preſently be a woman.' I was, after the uſual ſtay, ſent to ſchool again, and overheard my mother ſay, as I was a going, 'Well, now I ſhall recover.'

In ſix months more I came again; and, with the uſual childiſh alacrity, was running to my mother's embrace, when ſhe ſtopt me with exclamations at the ſuddenneſs and enormity of my growth, having, ſhe ſaid, never ſeen any body ſhoot up ſo much at my age. She was ſure no other girls ſpread at that rate, and ſhe hated to have children look like women before their time. I was diſconcerted, and retired without hearing any thing more than—'Nay, 'if you are angry, Madam Steeple, you may 'walk off.'

When once the forms of civility are violated, there remains little hope of return to kindneſs or decency. My mamma made this appearance of reſentment a reaſon for continuing her malignity, and poor Miſs Maypole, for that was my appellation, was never mentioned or ſpoken to but with ſome expreſſion of anger or diſlike.

She had yet the pleaſure of dreſſing me like a child; and I know not when I ſhould have been thought fit to change my habit, had I not been reſcued by a maiden ſiſter of my father, who could not bear to ſee women in hanging-ſleeves, and therefore preſented me with brocade for a gown, for which I ſhould have thought myſelf under great obligations, had ſhe not accompanied her favour with ſome hints that my mamma might now conſider her age, and give me her ear-rings, which ſhe had ſhewn long enough in publick places.

I now left the ſchool, and came to live with my mamma, who conſidered me as an uſurper that had ſeized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was puſhing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a ſuperior. While I am thus beheld with jealouſy and ſuſpicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to pleaſe. Every word and look is an offence. I never ſpeak, but I pretend to ſome qualities and excellencies, which it is criminal to poſſeſs; if I am gay, ſhe thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, ſhe hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haſte for a huſband; if I retire to my chamber, ſuch matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her aſſemblies, nor am I ever ſuffered to viſit at the ſame place with my mamma. Every one wonders why ſhe does not bring Miſs more into the world; and when ſhe comes home in vapours I am certain that ſhe has heard either of my beauty or wit, and expect nothing for the enſuing week but taunts and menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a ſtate of continual perſecution, only becauſe I was born ten years too ſoon, and cannot ſtop the courſe of nature or of time, but am unhappily a woman before my mother can willingly ceaſe to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to the happineſs of many families, if, by any arguments or perſuaſions, you could make mothers aſhamed of rivalling their children; if you could ſhew them, that though they may refuſe to grow wiſe, they muſt inevitably grow old; and that the proper ſolaces of age are not muſick and compliments, but wiſdom and devotion; that thoſe who are ſo unwilling to quit the world will ſoon be driven from it; and that it is therefore their intereſt to retire while there yet remain a few hours for nobler employments. I am, &c.

No. LVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1750.

——Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

HOR.

Farewel the ſtage; for humbly I diſclaim
Such fond purſuits of pleaſure, or of fame,
If I muſt ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or denied.

FRANCIS.

NOTHING is more unpleaſing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to thoſe who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of ſociety is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneaſy when he finds himſelf acting in oppoſition to the purpoſes of life; becauſe though his conſcience may eaſily acquit him of *malice prepenſe*, of ſettled hatred or contrivances of miſchief, yet he ſeldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence: that he has not been hindered from conſulting the common intereſt by too much regard to his own eaſe, or too much indifference to the happineſs of others.

Nor is it neceſſary that, to feel this uneaſineſs, the mind ſhould be extended to any great diffuſion of generoſity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick ſenſibility of private intereſt, will direct us to ſhun needleſs enmities; ſince there is no man whoſe kindneſs we may not ſome time want, or by whoſe malice we may not ſome time ſuffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtleſſneſs with which ſome alienate from themſelves the affections of all whom chance, buſineſs, or inclination, brings in their way. When we ſee a man purſuing ſome darling intereſt, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we juſtly conſider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in diſcovering his motives; we ſee him actuated by paſſions which are hard to be reſiſted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled ſtronger eyes. But the greater part of thoſe who ſet mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to infuſe malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foſter, no deſigns to promote, nor any expectations of attaining power by inſolence, or of climbing to greatneſs by trampling on others. They give up all the ſweets of kindneſs, for the ſake of peeviſhneſs, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the eſtabliſhed laws of converſation.

Every one muſt, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all ſpeak with cenſure, though they are not changeable with any crime, and whom none can be perſuaded to love, though a reaſon can ſcarcely be aſſigned why they ſhould be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions ſometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confeſſions of diſguſt; 'He is a good 'man, but I cannot like him.' Surely ſuch perſons have ſold the eſteem of the world at too low a price, ſince they have loſt one of the rewards of virtue, without granting the profits of wickedneſs.

This ill economy of fame is ſometimes the effect of ſtupidity. Men whoſe perceptions are languid and ſluggiſh, who lament nothing but loſs of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to gueſs why they are encompaſſed with enemies, though they neglect all thoſe arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themſelves that they have lived irreproachably; that none charge them with having endangered his life, or diminiſhed his poſſeſſions; and therefore conclude that they ſuffer by ſome invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themſelves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or ſuſpecting that they are every day deſervedly incurring reſentments, by withholding from thoſe with whom they converſe, that regard, or

appearances to regard, to which every one is entitled by the cuſtoms of the world.

There are many injuries which almoſt every man feels, though he does not complain; and which, upon thoſe whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and laſting impreſſions; as there are many arts of graciouſneſs and conciliation, which are to be practiſed without expence, and by which thoſe may be made our friends who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanneſs, it is ſurely reaſonable to learn, for who would want for love which is ſo eaſily to be gained? And ſuch injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuſe of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged; becauſe it is apparent that they are not only careleſs of pleaſing, but ſtudious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themſelves by waſting the time of others in uſeleſs attendance, by mortifying them with ſlights, and teazing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among thoſe that have not mingled much in general converſation, but ſpent their lives amidſt the obſequiouſneſs of dependants, and the flattery of paraſites; and by long conſulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the ſame deference.

Tyranny, thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is ſo much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in thoſe who can reward the patience which they exact; and inſolence is generally ſurrounded only by ſuch whoſe baſeneſs inclines them to think nothing inſupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at ſcurrility and rudeneſs with a luxurious table and an open purſe.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous inſolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no leſs danger in timid compliance and tame reſignation. It is common for ſoft and fearful tempers to give themſelves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of thoſe whom they do not believe wiſer or better than themſelves; to recede from the beſt deſigns where oppoſition muſt be encountered; and to fall off from virtue for fear of cenſure.

Some firmneſs and reſolution is neceſſary to the diſcharge of duty: but it is a very unhappy ſtate of life in which the neceſſity of ſuch ſtruggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without ſome reſentment, which will be continued with obſtinacy while he believes himſelf in the right, and exerted with bitterneſs, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external conſequences of contrariety and diſpute, it muſt be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain; and there will be danger leſt the kindeſt nature may be vitiated by too long a cuſtom of debate and conteſt.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with inſenſibility by many of my correſpondents, who believe their contributions unjuſtly neglected. And, indeed, when I ſit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious ſtudy, and the offspring of a fond parent; I, who know the paſſions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myſelf the various changes of ſorrow, impatience, and reſentment, which the writers muſt have felt in this tedious interval.

Theſe reflections are ſtill more awakened, when, upon peruſal, I find ſome of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a ſtyle of ſuperiority and haughtineſs, as ſecure of deference, and above fear of criticiſm; others humbly offering their weak aſſiſtance with ſoftneſs and ſubmiſſion, which they believe impoſſible to be reſiſted; ſome introducing their compoſitions with a menace of the contempt which he that refuſes them will incur; others applying privately to the bookſellers for their intereſt and ſolicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to ſecure the bliſs of publication. I cannot but conſider myſelf as placed in a very incommodious ſituation, where I am forced to repreſs confidence, which it is pleaſing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and ſo frequently to offend thoſe by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with

the beauties of his new compoſition, contains his raptures in his own boſom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends expectations of renown; and as I can eaſily conceive the eagerneſs with which a new paper is ſnatched up by one who expects to find it filled with his own production; and, perhaps, has called his companions to ſhare the pleaſure of a ſecond peruſal; I grieve for the diſappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inſpection. His hopes, however, do not yet forſake him; he is certain of giving luſtre the next day. The next day comes, and again he pants with expectation; and having dreamed of laurels and Parnaſſus, caſts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For ſuch cruelty, what atonement can be made? for ſuch calamities, what alleviation can be found? I am afraid that the miſchief already done muſt be without reparation; and all that deſerves my care is prevention for the future. Let, therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, obſerve the cautions of Swift, and write ſecretly in his own chamber, without communicating his deſign to his neareſt friend, for the neareſt friend will be pleaſed with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the poſt himſelf, and wait in ſilence for the event. If it is publiſhed and praiſed, he may then declare himſelf the author; if it be ſuppreſſed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be cenſured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulneſs of the writing generation.

No. LVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1750.

Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal ſit parſimonia.

TULL.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am always pleaſed when I ſee literature made uſeful, and ſcholars deſcending from that elevation which, as it raiſes them above common life, muſt likewiſe hinder them from beholding the ways of men, otherwiſe than in a cloud of buſtle and confuſion. Having lived a life of buſineſs, and remarked how ſeldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the neceſſity of regarding little things; and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legiſlators of mankind, or to limit the rage of thoſe powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge; yet I have long thought, that the greateſt part of thoſe who loſe themſelves in ſtudies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiſer, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themſelves, apply their underſtandings to domeſtick arts, and ſtore their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleaſing; but, in my opinion, not ſufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the muſick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and cogent inſtructions, which may ſink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of the world, ſo beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the higheſt of human potentates, to the loweſt labourer or artificer; and the miſeries which the neglect of it produces are ſo numerous and ſo grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of addreſs, and adapted to every claſs of underſtanding.

Whether thoſe who treat morals as a ſcience will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it neceſſary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful obſervation of the world, am ſatisfied with knowing, what is abundantly ſufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is at leaſt a quality which can ſeldom exiſt without ſome virtues and without which few virtues can exiſt. Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the ſiſter of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almoſt always produce a paſſive compliance with the wickedneſs of others; and there are few

who do not learn by degrees to practiſe thoſe crimes which they ceaſe to cenſure.

If there are any who do not dread poverty as dangerous to virtue, yet mankind ſeem unanimous enough in abhorring it as deſtructive to happineſs; and all to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themſelves obliged to learn the ſage maxims of our parſimonious anceſtors; and attain the ſalutary arts of contracting expence: for without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

To moſt other acts of virtue, or exertions of wiſdom, a concurrence of many circumſtances is neceſſary, ſome previous knowledge muſt be attained, ſome uncommon gifts of nature poſſeſſed, or ſome opportunity produced by an extraordinary combination of things; but the mere power of ſaving what is already in our hands, muſt be eaſy of acquiſition to every mind; and as the example of Bacon may ſhew that the higheſt intellect cannot ſafely neglect it, a thouſand inſtances will every day prove, that the meaneſt may practiſe it with ſucceſs.

Riches cannot be within the reach of great numbers, becauſe to be rich is to poſſeſs more than is commonly placed in a ſingle hand; and if many could obtain the ſum which now makes a man wealthy, the name of wealth muſt then be transferred to ſtill greater accumulations. But I am not certain that it is equally impoſſible to exempt the lower claſſes of mankind from poverty; becauſe though whatever be the wealth of the community, ſome will always have leaſt, and he that has leſs than any other is comparatively poor: yet I do not ſee any coactive neceſſity that many ſhould be without the indiſpenſable conveniencies of life; but am ſometimes inclined to imagine, that, caſual calamities excepted, there might, by univerſal prudence, be procured an univerſal exemption from want; and that he who ſhould happen to have leaſt, might notwithſtanding have enough.

But without entering too far into ſpeculations, which I do not remember that any political calculator has attempted, and in which the moſt perſpicacious reaſoner may be eaſily bewildered, it is evident that they to whom Providence has allotted no other care but of their own fortune and their own virtue, which make far the greater part of mankind, have ſufficient incitements to perſonal frugality: ſince whatever might be its general effect upon provinces or nations, by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is ſcarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parſimony, may not reaſonably promiſe himſelf a cheerful competence in the decline of life.

The proſpect of penury in age is ſo gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him muſt reſolve to avoid it; and it muſt be avoided generally by the ſcience of ſparing. For though in every age there are ſome who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, riſe ſuddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of ſuch rare events: and the bulk of mankind muſt owe their affluence to ſmall and gradual profits, below which their expence muſt be reſolutely reduced.

You muſt not therefore think me ſinking below the dignity of a practical philoſopher, when I recommend to the conſideration of your readers, from the ſtateſman to the apprentice, a poſition replete with mercantile wiſdom, *A penny ſaved is two-pence got*; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by obſerving not only that they who purſue any lucrative employment will ſave time when they forbear expence, and that the time may be employed to the increaſe of profit; but that they who are above ſuch minute conſiderations, will find, by every victory over appetite or paſſion, new ſtrength added to the mind, will gain the power of refuſing thoſe ſolicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly aſſaulted, and in time ſet themſelves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by thoſe who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the juſt meaſure of frugality; and when expence, not abſolutely neceſſary, degenerates into profuſion? To ſuch queſtions no general anſwer can be returned; ſince the liberty of ſpending, or neceſſity of parſimony, may be varied without end by different circumſtances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence ſhould not exceed his revenue*. A maxim ſo obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept ariſing from the former, and indeed included in it, is yet neceſſary to be diſtinctly impreſſed upon the warm, the fanciful, and the brave,

—*Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.* Let no man presume to spend upon hopes, to trust his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a loose to his present desires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To these cautions, which, I suppose, are, at least among the graver part of mankind, undisputed, I will add another—*Let no man squander against his inclination.* With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined easy to comply; yet if those whom profusion has buried in prisons, or driven into banishment, were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchased pleasure with the loss of their estates; but that they suffered themselves to be borne away by the violence of those with whom they conversed, and yielded reluctantly to a thousand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
SOPHRON.

No. LVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1750.

——— *Improbæ*
Crescunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

HORN.

But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd;
There's something wanting still to make him bless'd.

FRANCIS.

As the love of Money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topick more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavours to eradicate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost its power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn, that by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure, and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but, however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every

ſtate, and wiſhes every ſcene of life to change as ſoon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low ſtations equally unable to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a diſtempered mind, and were unable to ſhelter themſelves in the cloſeſt retreat from diſappointment, ſolicitude, and miſery.

Yet though theſe admonitions have been thus neglected by thoſe who either enjoyed riches, or were able to procure them, it is not raſhly to be determined that they are altogether without uſe; for ſince far the greateſt part of mankind muſt be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in ſituations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, thoſe writers cannot be thought ill employed that have adminiſtered remedies to diſcontent almoſt univerſal, by ſhowing, that what we cannot reach may very well be forborn, that the inequality of diſtribution, at which we murmur, is for the moſt part leſs than it ſeems, and that the greatneſs, which we admire at a diſtance, has much fewer advantages, and much leſs ſplendor, when we are ſuffered to approach it.

It is the buſineſs of moraliſts to detect the frauds of fortune, and to ſhow that ſhe impoſes upon the careleſs eye, by a quick ſucceſſion of ſhadows, which will ſhrink to nothing in the gripe; that ſhe diſguiſes life in extrinſick ornaments, which ſerve only for ſhow, and are laid aſide in the hours of ſolitude and of pleaſure; and that when greatneſs aſpires either to felicity or wiſdom, it ſhakes off thoſe diſtinctions which dazzle the gazer, and awe the ſupplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whoſe condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious inſtruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digeſt them by their own underſtandings, ſeem to conſider thoſe who are placed in the ranks of remote ſuperiority, as almoſt another and higher ſpecies of beings. As themſelves have known little other miſery than the conſequences of want, they are with difficulty perſuaded that where there is wealth there can be ſorrow, or that thoſe who glitter in dignity, and glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pain and cares like thoſe which lie heavy upon the reſt of mankind.

This prejudice is, indeed, confined to the loweſt meanneſs and the darkeſt ignorance; but it is ſo confined only becauſe others have been ſhown its folly and its falſehood, becauſe it has been oppoſed in its progreſs by hiſtory and philoſophy, and hindered from ſpreading its infection by powerful preſervatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguiſh avarice or ambition, or ſuppreſs that reluctance with which a man paſſes his days in a ſtate of inferiority, muſt, at leaſt, have made the lower conditions leſs grating and weariſome, and has conſequently contributed to the general ſecurity of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which muſt have been produced by an unbounded eagerneſs of wealth, ariſing from an unſhaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himſelf incited, by ſome violent impulſe of paſſion, to purſue riches as the chief end of being, muſt ſurely be ſo much alarmed by the ſucceſſive admonitions of thoſe whoſe experience and ſagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to ſtop and conſider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine, before he ruſhes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will ſeldom fail to repreſs his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itſelf; it is not uſeful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchaſe, which, if we ſuppoſe it put to its beſt uſe by thoſe that poſſeſs it, ſeems not much to deſerve the deſire or envy of a wiſe man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleaſure nor block up the paſſages of anguiſh. Diſeaſe and infirmity ſtill continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exaſperated by luxury, or promoted by ſoftneſs. With reſpect to the mind, it has rarely been obſerved, that wealth contributes much to quicken the diſcernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence aſleep, confirm error, and harden ſtupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatneſs, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itſelf is not able to give

that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppreſſes feeble minds, though it may elevate the ſtrong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whoſe exiſtence has ſcarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the deſire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and ſee how it operates upon thoſe whoſe induſtry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppreſſed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleaſure, idle without eaſe, impatient and querulous in themſelves, and deſpiſed or hated by the reſt of mankind, we ſhall ſoon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are ſatisfied, there remains little to be ſought with ſolicitude, or deſired with eagerneſs.

No. LIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1750.

Eſt aliquid fatale malum per verba levare,
Hoc querulam halcyonenque Progne facit:
Hoc erat in ſolo quare Pœantias antro
Vox fatigaret Lemnia ſaxa ſua.
Strangulat incluſus dolor atque exæſtuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare ſuas.

OVID.

Complaining oft, gives reſpite to our grief;
From hence the wretched Progne ſought relief;
Hence the Pœantian chief his fate deplores,
And vents his ſorrow to the Lemnian ſhores:
In vain by ſecrecy we would aſſuage
Our cares; conceal'd, they gather tenfold rage.

F. LEWIS.

IT is common to diſtinguiſh men by the names of animals which they are ſuppoſed to reſemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a Lion, and a ſtateman a Fox; an extortioner gains the appellation of a Vulture, and a ſop the title of a Monkey. There is alſo among the various anomalies of character, which a ſurvey of the world exhibits, a ſpecies of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the ſcreech-owls of mankind.

Theſe ſcreech-owls ſeem to be ſettled in an opinion that the great buſineſs of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpoſe than to diſturb the happineſs of others, to leſſen the little comforts, and ſhorten the ſhort pleaſure of our condition, by painful remembrances of the paſt, or melancholy prognoſticks of the future; their only care is to cruſh the riſing hope, to damp the kindling tranſport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful droſs of grief and ſuſpicion.

To thoſe whoſe weakneſs of ſpirits, or timidity of temper, ſubjects them to impreſſions from others, and who are apt to ſuffer by faſcination, and catch the contagion of miſery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compaſs of a ſcreech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehenſions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and ſadden, by intruded ſorrows, the day which might have been paſſed in amuſement or in buſineſs; it will burthen the heart with unneceſſary diſcontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is neceſſary to the vigorous proſecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the reſt of mankind, many failings and weakneſſes, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with ſuperſtition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either ſhoulder. I have, like moſt other philoſophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been ſometimes reproached as fool-hardy for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly 'becauſe a ſnake croſſes my way, nor have any particular dread of a climacterical year: yet I confeſs that, with all my ſcorn of old women, and their tales, I conſider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by Suſpirius the ſcreech-owl.

I have now known Suſpirius fifty-eight years and four months, and have never paſſed an hour with him in which he has not made ſome attack upon my quiet. When we were firſt acquainted, his great topick was the miſery of youth without riches, and whenever we walked out together he ſolaced me with a long enumeration of pleaſures, which, as they were beyond the reach of my fortune, and which I ſhould never have conſidered as the objects of a wiſh, had not his unſeaſonable repreſentations placed them in my ſight.

Another of his topicks is the neglect of merit, with which he never fails to amuſe every man whom he ſees not eminently fortunate. If he meets with a young officer, he always informs him of gentlemen whoſe perſonal courage is unqueſtioned, and whoſe military ſkill qualifies them to command armies, that have, notwithſtanding all their merit, grown old with ſubaltern commiſſions. For a genius in the church, he is always provided with a curacy for life. The lawyer he informs of many men of great parts and deep ſtudy, who have never had an opportunity to ſpeak in the courts: and, meeting Serenus the phyſician—'Ah, doctor,' ſays he, 'what, a-foot ſtill, when ſo many block-'heads are rattling in their chariots? I told 'you, ſeven years ago, that you would never 'meet with encouragement; and I hope you 'will now take more notice, when I tell you, 'that your Greek, and your diligence, and 'your honeſty, will never enable you to live like 'yonder apothecary, who preſcribes to his own 'ſhop, and laughs at the phyſician.'

Suſpirius has, in his time, intercepted fifteen authors in their way to the ſtage; perſuaded nine and thirty merchants to retire from a proſperous trade for fear of bankruptcy, broke off an hundred and thirteen matches by prognoſtications of unhappineſs, and enabled the ſmall-pox to kill nineteen ladies, by perpetual alarms of the loſs of beauty.

Whenever my evil ſtars bring us together, he never fails to repreſent to me the folly of my purſuits, and informs me that we are much older than when we began our acquaintance, that the infirmities of decrepitude are coming faſt upon me, that whatever I now get I ſhall enjoy but a little time, that fame is to a man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleaſures than a good dinner and an eaſy-chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious ſtrain, diſplaying preſent miſeries, and foreboding more, νυκτικοράξ ἀδὲι θανατηφορος, every ſyllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raiſes my reſentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himſelf. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without diſcovering, otherwiſe than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the ſame habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling ſtories, and falls into expreſſions of condolence for paſt, or apprehenſions of future miſchiefs, as all men ſtudious of their eaſe have recourſe to thoſe ſubjects upon which they can moſt fluently or copiouſly diſcourſe.

It is reported by the Sybarites, that they deſtroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without diſturbance. Though I would not ſo far promote effeminacy as to propoſe the Sybarites for an example, yet ſince there is no man ſo corrupt or fooliſh, but ſomething uſeful may be learned from him, I could wiſh that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, ſome regulations might be made to exclude ſcreech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to ſome proper receptacle, where they may mingle ſighs at leiſure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

'Thou prophet of evil,' ſays Homer's Agamemnon, 'thou never foretelleſt me good, but 'the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.' Whoever is of the ſame temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of ſcreech-owls might hoot together without injury to the reſt of the world.

Yet, though I have ſo little kindneſs for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the ſoft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the ſigh riſes from the deſire not of giving pain, but of gaining eaſe. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendſhip; and though it muſt be allowed

that he ſuffers moſt like a hero that hides his grief in ſilence—

Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
DRYDEN.

yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains acts like a man, like a ſocial being, who looks for help from his fellow-creatures. Pity is to many of the unhappy a ſource of comfort in hopeleſs diſtreſſes, as it contributes to recommend them to themſelves, by proving that they have not loſt the regard of others; and Heaven ſeems to indicate the duty even of barren compaſſion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

No. LX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1750.

Quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit.
HOR.

Whoſe works the beautiful and baſe contain,
Of Vice and Virtue more inſtructive rules,
Than all the ſober ſages of the ſchools.
FRANCIS.

ALL joy or ſorrow for the happineſs or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that realiſes the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whoſe fortune we contemplate; ſo that we feel, while the deception laſts, whatever motions would be excited by the ſame good or evil happening to ourſelves.

Our paſſions are therefore more ſtrongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleaſure propoſed to our minds, by recogniſing them as once our own, or conſidering them as naturally incident to our ſtate of life. It is not eaſy for the moſt artful writer to give us an intereſt in happineſs or miſery, which we think ourſelves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Hiſtories of the downfal of kingdoms, and the revolution of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleaſes common auditors only by its pomp of ornament and grandeur of ideas; and the man whoſe faculties have been engroſſed by buſineſs, and whoſe heart never fluttered but at the riſe or fall of ſtocks, wonders how the attention can be ſeized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Thoſe parallel circumſtances and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular perſons; and therefore no ſpecies of writing ſeems more worthy of cultivation than Biography, ſince none can be more delightful or more uſeful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irreſiſtible intereſt, or more widely diffuſe inſtruction to every diverſity of condition.

The general and rapid narratives of hiſtory, which involve a thouſand fortunes in the buſineſs of a day, and complicate innumerable incidents in one great tranſaction, afford few leſſons applicable to private life, which derives its comforts and its wretchedneſs from the right or wrong management of things, which nothing but their frequency makes conſiderable, '*Parva ſi non fiunt quotidie*,' ſays Pliny, and which can have no place in thoſe relations which never deſcend below the conſultation of ſenates, the motions of armies, and the ſchemes of conſpirators.

I have often thought that there has rarely paſſed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be uſeful. For not only every man has, in the mighty maſs of the world, great numbers in the ſame condition with himſelf, to whom his miſtakes and miſcarriages, eſcapes and expedients, would be of immediate and apparent uſe; but there is ſuch an uniformity in the ſtate of man, conſidered apart from adventitious and ſeparable decorations and diſguiſes, that there is ſcarce any poſſibility of good or ill but is common human kind. A great part of the time of thoſe who are place at the greateſt diſtance by fortune, or by temper,

muſt unavoidably paſs in the ſame manner; and though, when the claims of nature are ſatisfied, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begin to produce diſcriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot diſcover the ſame cauſes ſtill terminating their influence in the ſame effects, though ſometimes accelerated, ſometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the ſame motives, all deceived by the ſame fallacies, all animated by hope, obſtructed by danger, entangled by deſire, and ſeduced by pleaſure.

It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not diſtinguiſhed by any ſtriking or wonderful viciſſitudes. The ſcholar who paſſed his life among his books, the merchant who conducted only his own affairs, the prieſt, whoſe ſphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are conſidered as no proper objects of publick regard, however they might have excelled in their ſeveral ſtations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion ariſes from falſe meaſures of excellence and dignity, and muſt be eradicated by conſidering, that in the eſteem of uncorrupted reaſon, what is of moſt uſe is of moſt value.

It is, indeed, not improper to take honeſt advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the buſineſs of the biographer is often to paſs ſlightly over thoſe performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatneſs, to lead the thoughts into domeſtick privacies, diſplay the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are caſt aſide, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, ſaid by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to poſterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipſius ſcriptis ſunt olim ſemper miraturi*—whoſe candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preſerved in admiration.

There are many inviſible circumſtances which whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our ſcience, or encreaſe our virtue, are more important than publick occurrences. Thus Salluſt, the great maſter of nature, has not forgot, in his account of Catiline, to remark that *his walk was now quick, and again ſlow*, as an indication of a mind revolving ſomething with violent commotion. Thus the ſtory of Melanchthon affords a ſtriking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleneſs of ſuſpenſe; and all the plans of enterprize of De Wit are now of leſs importance to the world, than that part of his perſonal character which repreſents him as *careful of his health, and negligent of his life.*

But biography has often been allotted to writers who ſeem very little acquainted with the nature of their taſk, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from publick papers, but imagine themſelves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological ſeries of actions or preferments; and ſo little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's character, by a ſhort converſation with one of his ſervants, than from a formal and ſtudied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condeſcend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always ſo happy as to ſelect the moſt important. I know not well what advantage poſterity can receive from the only circumſtance by which Tickell has diſtinguiſhed Addiſon from the reſt of mankind—*the irregularity of his pulſe:* nor can I think myſelf overpaid for the time ſpent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looſeneſs of a ſingle woman might deſtroy all her boaſt of ancient deſcent; the other, that the French beggars made uſe, very improperly and barbarouſly, of the phraſe *noble Gentleman*, becauſe either word included the ſenſe of both.

There are, indeed, ſome natural reaſons why theſe narratives are often written by ſuch as were not likely to give much inſtruction or delight, and why moſt accounts of particular perſons are barren and uſeleſs. If a life be delayed till intereſt and envy are at end, we may hope for impartiality, but muſt expect little intelligence; for the incidents which give excellence

to biography are of a volatile and evaneſcent kind, ſuch as ſoon eſcape the memory, and are rarely tranſmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his moſt prominent and obſervable particularities, and the groſſer features of his mind; and it may be eaſily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be loſt in preparing it, and how ſoon a ſucceſſion of copies will loſe all reſemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from perſonal knowledge, and makes haſte to gratify the publick curioſity, there is danger leſt his intereſt, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderneſs, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer ſuffer by their detection; we therefore ſee whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinſick and caſual circumſtances. 'Let me remember,' ſays Hale, 'when I find 'myſelf inclined to pity a criminal, that there 'is likewiſe a pity due to the country.' If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more reſpect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1750.

Falſus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum et mendacem?

HOR.

False praiſe can charm, unreal ſhame controul——
Whom but a vicious or a fickly ſoul?

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirſty curioſity to be placed at a great diſtance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only to receive the current of report till it has ſatiated the greateſt part of the nation; but at laſt to find it muddy in its courſe, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleaſures of my life is to hear what paſſes in the world, to know what are the ſchemes of the politick, the aims of the buſy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes of publick meaſures are approaching; who is likely to be cruſhed in the colliſion of parties; who is climbing to the top of power, and who is tottering on the precipice of diſgrace. But, as it is very common for us to deſire moſt what we are leaſt qualified to obtain, I have ſuffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my preſent ſituation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the paſt, to form prognoſtications of events no longer doubtful, and to conſider the expediency of ſchemes already executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my proſpects, like a man pointing his teleſcope at a remote ſtar, which before the light reaches his eye has forſaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and diſcoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of thoſe whoſe health, or buſineſs, or pleaſure, brings them hither from London. For, without conſidering the inſuperable diſadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which abſence muſt produce, they often treat me with the utmoſt ſupercilioufneſs of contempt, for not knowing what no human ſagacity can diſcover; and ſometimes ſeem to conſider me as a wretch ſcarcely worthy of human converſe, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propoſe the healths of the dead, when I warn them to miſchiefs already incurred, or wiſh for meaſures that have been lately taken. They ſeem to attribute to the ſuperiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themſelves indiſputably intitled to airs of inſolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts; which, becauſe they echoed in the ſtreets of London, they ſuppoſe equally

publick in all other places, and known where they could neither be ſeen, related, nor conjectured.

To this haughtineſs they are indeed too much encouraged by the reſpect which they receive among us, for no other reaſon than that they come from London. For no ſooner is the arrival of one of theſe diſſeminators of knowledge known in the country, than we crowd about him from every quarter, and by innumerable enquiries flatter him into an opinion of his own importance. He ſees himſelf ſurrounded by multitudes, who propoſe their doubts, and refer their controverſies, to him, as to a being deſcended from ſome nobler region; and he grows on a ſudden oraculous and infallible, ſolves all difficulties, and ſets all objections at defiance.

There is, in my opinion, great reaſon for ſuſpecting, that they ſometimes take advantage of this reverential modeſty, and impoſe upon ruſtick underſtandings with a falſe ſhow of univerſal intelligence; for I do not find that they are willing to own themſelves ignorant of any thing, or that they diſmiſs any enquirer with a poſitive and deciſive anſwer. The court, the city, the park, and exchange, are to thoſe men of unbounded obſervation equally familiar, and they are alike ready to tell the hour at which ſtocks will riſe, or the miniſtry be changed.

A ſhort reſidence at London entitles a man to knowledge, to wit, to politeneſs, and to a deſpotick and dictatorial power of preſcribing to the rude multitude, whom he condeſcends to honour with a biennial viſit; yet, I know not well upon what motives, I have lately found myſelf inclined to cavil at this preſcription, and to doubt whether it be not, on ſome occaſions, proper to withhold our veneration, till we are more authentically convinced of the merits of the claimant.

It is well remembered here, that, about ſeven years ago, one Frolick, a tall boy, with lank hair, remarkable for ſtealing eggs, and ſucking them, was taken from the ſchool in this pariſh, and ſent up to London to ſtudy the law. As he had given amongſt us no proofs of a genius, deſigned by nature for extraordinary performances, he was, from the time of his departure, totally forgotten; nor was there any talk of his vices or virtues, his good or his ill-fortune, till laſt ſummer a report burſt upon us, that Mr. Frolick was come down in the firſt poſt-chaiſe which this village had ſeen, having travelled with ſuch rapidity, that one of his poſtilions had broke his leg, and another narrowly eſcaped ſuffocation in a quickſand. But that Mr. Frolick ſeemed totally unconcerned, for ſuch things were never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among the gentlemen at their weekly meeting on the bowling-green; and now were ſeen the effect of a London education. His dreſs, his language, his ideas, were all new; and he did not much endeavour to conceal his contempt of every thing that differed from the opinions, or practice, of the modiſh world. He ſhewed us the deformity of our ſkirts and ſleeves, informed us where hats of the proper ſize were to be ſold, and recommended to us the reformation of a thouſand abſurdities in our cloaths, our cookery, and our converſation. When any of his phraſes were unintelligible, he could not ſuppreſs the joy of confeſſed ſuperiority, but frequently delayed the explanation, that he might enjoy his triumph over our barbarity.

When he is pleaſed to entertain us with a ſtory, he takes care to crowd into it names of ſtreets, ſquares, and buildings, with which he knows we are unacquainted. The favourite topicks of his diſcourſe are the pranks of drunkards, and the tricks put upon country gentlemen by porters and link-boys. When he is with ladies, he tells them of the innumerable pleaſures to which he can introduce them; but never fails to hint, how much they will be deficient, at their firſt arrival, in the knowledge of the town. What it is *to know the town*, he has not indeed hitherto informed us; though there is no phraſe ſo frequent in his mouth, nor any ſcience which he appears to think of ſo great a value, or ſo difficult attainment.

But my curioſity has been moſt engaged by the recital of his own adventures and atchievements. I have heard of the union of various characters in ſingle perſons, but never met with ſuch a conſtellation of great qualities as this man's narrative affords. Whatever has diſtinguiſhed the hero; whatever has elevated the wit; whatever has endeared the lover; are all concentered in Mr. Frolick, whoſe life has, for ſeven years, been a regular interchange of intrigue, dangers, and waggeries, and who has

diſtinguiſhed himſelf in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I queſtion whether all the officers of the royal navy can bring together, from all their journals, a collection of ſo many wonderful eſcapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thouſand and a thouſand times on the point of periſhing, ſometimes by the terrors of fooliſh women in the ſame boat, ſometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in paſſing the river in the dark, and ſometimes by ſhooting the bridge, under which he has encountered mountainous waves, and dreadful cataracts.

Nor leſs has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddineſs on the top of the Monument; he has croſſed the ſtreet amidſt the ruſh of coaches; he has been ſurrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhouſe; he has ſcaled the windows of every toaſt of whatever condition; he has been haunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has ſlept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has reſcued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the conſtable, has bullied the juſtice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his underſtanding than his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the eſtabliſhed arbitrator of all points of honour, and the deciſive judge of all performances of genius; that no muſical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretenſions; that the theatres ſuſpend their ſentence till he begins to clap or hiſs, in which all are proud to concur: that no publick entertainment has failed or ſucceeded, but becauſe he oppoſed or favoured it; that all controverſies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjuſts the ceremonial at every aſſembly, and preſcribes every faſhion of pleaſure or of dreſs.

With every man whoſe name occurs in the papers of the day, he is intimately acquainted; and there are very few poſts, either in the ſtate or army, of which he has not more or leſs influenced the diſpoſal. He has been very frequently conſulted both upon war and peace; but the time is not yet come when the nation ſhall know how much it is indebted to the genius of Frolick.

Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe declarations, I cannot hitherto perſuade myſelf to ſee that Mr. Frolick has more wit, or knowledge, or courage, than the reſt of mankind, or that any uncommon enlargement of his faculties has happened in the time of his abſence. For when he talks on ſubjects known to the reſt of the company, he has no advantage over us, but by catches of interruption, briſkneſs of interrogation, and pertneſs of contempt; and therefore if he has ſtunned the world with his name, and gained a place in the firſt ranks of humanity, I cannot but conclude, that either a little underſtanding confers eminence at London, or that Mr. Frolick thinks us unworthy of the exertion of his powers, or that his faculties are benumbed by rural ſtupidity, as the magnetick needle loſes its animation in the polar climes.

I would not, however, like many haſty philoſophers, ſearch after the cauſe till I am certain of the effect; and therefore I deſire to be informed, whether you have yet heard the great name of Mr. Frolick. If he is celebrated by other tongues than his own, I ſhall willingly propagate his praiſe; but if he has ſwelled among us with empty boaſts, and honours conferred only by himſelf, I ſhall treat him with ruſtick ſincerity, and drive him as an impoſtor from this part of the kingdom to ſome region of more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURICOLA.

No. LXII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1750.

Nunc ego Triptolemi cuperem conſcendere curres,
Miſit in ignotam qui rude ſemen humum:
Nunc ego Medeæ vellem frænare dracones,
Quos habuit fugiens arva, Corinthe, tua;
Nunc ego jactandas optarem ſumere pennas,
Sive tuas, Perſeu; Dædale, ſive tuas.

OVID.

Now would I mount his care, whoſe bounteous hand
Firſt ſow'd with teeming ſeed the furrow'd land:
Now to Medæa's dragons fix my reins,
That ſwiftly bore her from Corinthian plains;
Now on Dædalian waxen pinions ſtray,
Or thoſe which waſted Perſeus on his way.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been perſuaded to comply with the rules and cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind, might long ſince have raiſed me to the higheſt honours of the female world; but ſo ſtrangely have they hitherto contrived to waſte my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever danced but at our monthly aſſembly, or been toaſted but among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or ſeen any company in which it was worth a wiſh to be diſtinguiſhed.

My father having impaired his patrimony in ſoliciting a place at court, at laſt grew wiſe enough to ceaſe his purſuit; and, to repair the conſequences of expenſive attendance and negligence of his affairs, married a lady much older than himſelf, who had lived in the faſhionable world till ſhe was conſidered as an encumbrance upon parties of pleaſure, and, as I can collect from incidental informations, retired from gay aſſemblies juſt time enough to eſcape the mortification of univerſal neglect.

She was, however, ſtill rich, and not yet wrinkled. My father was too diſtreſsfully embarraſſed to think much on any thing but the means of extrication; and though it is not likely that he wanted the delicacy which polite converſation will always produce in underſtandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be ſet free from inconveniencies, that would have deſtroyed all the pleaſures of imagination, and taken from ſoftneſs and beauty the power of delighting.

As they were both ſomewhat diſguſted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any diſlike of each other, yet principally for the ſake of ſetting themſelves free from dependence on caprice or faſhion, they ſoon retired into the country, and devoted their lives to rural buſineſs and diverſions.

They had not much reaſon to regret the change of their ſituation; for their vanity, which had ſo long been tormented by neglect and diſappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with publick life made them the oracles of all thoſe who aſpired to intelligence, or politeneſs. My father dictated politicks, my mother preſcribed the mode; and it was ſufficient to entitle any family to ſome conſideration, that they were known to viſit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this ſtate they were, to ſpeak in the ſtyle of noveliſts, made happy by the birth of your correſpondent. My parents had no other child; I was therefore not brow-beaten by a ſaucy brother, or loſt in a multitude of coheireſſes, whoſe fortunes being equal, would probably have conferred equal merit, and procured equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my underſtanding and my perſon had fair play, my enquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repreſſed, and I was ſoon ſuffered to tell my own opinions, and early accuſtomed to hear my own praiſes.

By theſe accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I converſed, and was treated by them with great deference. I ſaw none who did not ſeem to confeſs my ſuperiority, and to be held in awe by the ſplendour of my appearance; for the fondneſs of my father made himſelf pleaſed to ſee me dreſſed, and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much deſire after any thing beyond the circle of our viſits; and here I ſhould have quietly continued to portion out my time among my books, and my needle, and my company, had not my curioſity been every moment excited by the converſation of my parents, who, whenever they ſit down to familiar prattle, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately tranſport themſelves to London, and relate ſome adventure in a hackney-coach, ſome frolick at a maſquerade, ſome converſation in the Park, or ſome quarrel at an aſſembly; diſplay the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conqueſts of maids of honour, or give a hiſtory of diverſions, ſhows, and entertainments, which I had never known but from their accounts.

I am ſo well verſed in the hiſtory of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the laſt race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole ſucceſſion of celebrated ſingers, muſicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the laſt twenty years all the changes of faſhions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with reſpect to head-dreſſes, dances, and operas.

You will eaſily imagine, Mr. Rambler, that I could not hear theſe narratives, for ſixteen years together, without ſuffering ſome impreſſion, and wiſhing myſelf nearer to thoſe places where every hour brings ſome new pleaſures, and life is diverſified with an unexhauſted ſucceſſion of felicity.

I indeed often aſked my mother why ſhe left a place which ſhe recollected with ſo much delight, and why ſhe did not viſit London once a year, like ſome other ladies, and initiate me in the world by ſhewing me its amuſements, its grandeur, and its variety. But ſhe always told me that the days which ſhe had ſeen were ſuch as will never come again; that all diverſion is now degenerated, that the converſation of the preſent age is inſipid, that their faſhions are unbecoming, their cuſtoms abſurd, and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that ſhe remembers; that no one who had ſeen, or heard, the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this deſpicable age; and that there is now neither politeneſs, nor pleaſure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore aſſures me that ſhe conſults my happineſs by keeping me at home, for I ſhould now find nothing but vexation and diſguſt, and ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſee me pleaſed with ſuch fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the preſent ſet of young people.

With this anſwer I was kept quiet for ſeveral years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till laſt ſummer a young gentleman and his ſiſter came down to paſs a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but diſtinguiſhed me by a particular complaiſance; and, as we grew intimate, gave me ſuch a detail of the elegance, the ſplendour, the mirth, the happineſs of the town, that I am reſolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obſcurity, but to ſhare with other wits the joy of being admired, and divide with other beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial compariſon, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, by which ſhe mingles with ſtrangers as with perſons long acquainted, and which enables her to diſplay her powers without any obſtruction, heſitation, or confuſion. Yet ſhe can relate a thouſand civilities paid to her in publick, can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praiſes, proteſtations, extaſies, and deſpair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occaſion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty viſits in an afternoon; been invited to ſix balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of courtſhip, and the fatigue of pleaſure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will ſtay here no longer. I have at laſt prevailed upon my mother to ſend me to town, and ſhall ſet out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend

to live in publick, and to crowd into the winter every pleaſure which money can purchaſe, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how ſhall I endure? Cannot you alleviate the miſery of delay by ſome pleaſing deſcription of the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing elſe; and if you will not ſooth my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for thoſe who have more leiſure, but are not to expect any longer the honour of being read by thoſe eyes which are now intent only on conqueſt and deſtruction.

RHODOCLIA.

No. LXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1750.

——— Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos; modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modo, ſit mihi menſa tripes, et
Concha ſalis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat.

HOR.

Now with two hundred ſlaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty ſtrain,
At morn, of kings and governors he prates;
At night—'a frugal table, O ye fates!
'A little ſhell, the ſacred ſalt to hold;
'And clothes, tho' coarſe, to keep me from the cold.'

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer who has left behind him obſervations upon life, that no man is pleaſed with his preſent ſtate; which proves equally unſatisfactory, ſays Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or choſen with deliberation; we are always diſguſted with ſome circumſtance or other of our ſituation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in bleſſings, or leſs expoſed to calamities.

This univerſal diſcontent has been generally mentioned with great ſeverity of cenſure, as unreaſonable in itſelf, ſince of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger ſhare of happineſs, and as tending to darken life with unneceſſary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happineſs which our ſtate affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to depreſs ourſelves, and increaſe our miſery by injurious compariſons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, ſo as to excite reſolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which ſuch tranſcendent privileges are ſuppoſed to be annexed; when it burſts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injuſtice, it is to be purſued with all the rigour of legal puniſhments. But while operating only upon the thoughts, it diſturbs none but him who has happened to admit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue, I cannot think it ſo far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deſerve ſome pity, and admit ſome excuſe.

That all are equally happy, or miſerable, I ſuppoſe none is ſufficiently enthuſiaſtical to maintain; becauſe though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent viciſſitudes in his own ſtate, and muſt therefore be convinced that life is ſuſceptible of more or leſs felicity. What then ſhall forbid us to endeavour the alteration of that which is capable of being improved, and to graſp at augmentations of good, when we know it poſſible to be increaſed, and believe that any particular change of ſituation will increaſe it?

If he that finds himſelf uneaſy may reaſonably make efforts to rid himſelf from vexation, all mankind have a ſufficient plea for ſome degree of reſtleſſneſs, and the fault ſeems to be little more than too much temerity of concluſion in favour of ſomething not yet experienced, and too much readineſs to believe that the miſery which our own paſſions and appetites produce,

is brought upon us by accidental cauſes, and external efficients.

It is, indeed, frequently diſcovered by us, that we complained too haſtily of peculiar hardſhips, and imagined ourſelves diſtinguiſhed by embarraſſments, in which other claſſes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and wiſh ourſelves reſtored again to the ſtate from which we thought it deſirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is eaſily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot juſtly be reproached, which reaſon could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once diſtinct and comprehenſive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the ſtate with which practice has not acquainted us, we ſnatch a glimpſe, we diſcern a point, and regulate the reſt by paſſion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate deſire, is buſy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at leaſt leſs happy than our nature ſeems to admit; we neceſſarily deſire the melioration of our lot; what we deſire, we very reaſonably ſeek, and what we ſeek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often diſappointed, but our reaſon is not convinced; and there is no man who does not hope for ſomething which he has not, though perhaps his wiſhes lie unactive, becauſe he foreſees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous ſtudents of Hermetick philoſophy, not one appears to have deſiſted from the taſk of tranſmutation from conviction of its impoſſibility, but from wearineſs of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhauſted fortune.

Irreſolution and mutability are often the faults of men whoſe views are wide, and whoſe imagination is vigorous and excurſive, becauſe they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the ſcenes of human exiſtence, and conſequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleaſure, and ſtart new poſſibilities of happineſs. Thus they are buſied with a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſchemes, and paſs their lives in alternate elation and ſorrow, for want of that calm and immoveable acquieſcence in their condition by which men of ſlower underſtandings are fixed for ever to a certain point, or led on in the plain beaten track which their fathers and grandſires have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the proſpect, that will always have the diſadvantage which we have already tried; becauſe the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the bleſſing we expect, yet in thoſe meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by neceſſity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleaſing images, and ſuffer hope to diſpoſe the lights by which we look upon futurity.

The good and ill of different modes of life are ſometimes ſo equally oppoſed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are propoſed to the election, than oſcillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no ſooner imagines itſelf determined by ſome prevalent advantage, than ſome convenience of equal weight is diſcovered on the other ſide, and the reſolutions which are ſuggeſted by the niceſt examination are often repented as ſoon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large eſtate from a father long eminent in conſpicuous employments. His father, haraſſed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of buſineſs, recommended the quiet of a private ſtation with ſo much force, that Eumenes for ſome years reſiſted every motion of ambitious wiſhes; but being once provoked by the ſight of oppreſſion, which he could not redreſs, he began to think it the duty of an honeſt man to enable himſelf to protect others, and gradually felt a deſire of greatneſs, excited by a thouſand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the ſenate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he poſſeſſed that authority and influence which he had reſolved to exert for the happineſs of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatneſs, and was in a ſhort time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt

himſelf every moment in danger of being either ſeduced or driven from his honeſt purpoſes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and ſometimes a rival to be cruſhed, by means which his conſcience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and ſometimes with the ſchemes of the miniſtry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual ſtruggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the ſhelter of innocence, perſuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameleſs example of private virtue. Here he ſpent ſome years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increaſed, and falſe opinions in government prevailed, he thought himſelf again ſummoned to poſts of publick truſt, from which new evidence of his own weakneſs again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconſtant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconſtancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, becauſe life allows us but a ſmall time for enquiry and experiment; and he that ſteadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that heſitates in chuſing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that reſolutely follows a rough and winding path will ſooner reach the end of his journey than he that is always changing his direction, and waſtes the hours of day-light in looking for ſmoother ground, and ſhorter paſſages.

No. LXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1750.

Idem velle, et idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia eſt.

SALLUST.

To live in friendſhip is to have the ſame deſires and the ſame averſions.

WHEN Socrates was building himſelf a houſe at Athens, being aſked by one that obſerved the littleneſs of the deſign, why a man ſo eminent would not have an abode more ſuitable to his dignity? he replied, that he ſhould think himſelf ſufficiently accommodated, if he could ſee that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great maſter of human life concerning the infrequency of ſuch an union of minds as might deſerve the name of Friendſhip, that, among the multitudes whom vanity or curioſity, civility or veneration, crouded about him, he did not expect that very ſpacious apartments would be neceſſary to contain all that ſhould regard him with ſincere kindneſs, or adhere to him with ſteady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requiſite to the formation of friendſhip, and ſo many accidents muſt concur to its riſe and its continuance, that the greateſt part of mankind content themſelves without it, and ſupply its place as they can, with intereſt and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a conſtant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence by perpetual attention to their intereſts, and unreſiſting ſubjection to their paſſions. Long habits may ſuperinduce inability to deny any deſire, or repreſs, by ſuperior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate ſelfiſhneſs will imagine all advantages diminiſhed in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of diſpoſition, not inconſiſtent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendſhip from the heart. Some ardent enough in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiouſneſs nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, ſoon attracted by new objects, diſguſted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are ſoft and flexible, eaſily influenced by reports or whiſpers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumſtance, and to liſten to every ſuſpicion which envy and flattery ſhall ſuggeſt; to follow the opinion of every confident adviſer, and move by the impulſe of the laſt breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be indebted for a better or ſafer way to the ſagacity of another; inclined to conſider counſel as inſult, and enquiry as want of confidence; and to confer their regard

on no other terms than unreſerved ſubmiſſion, and implicit compliance. Some are dark and involved, equally careful to conceal good and bad purpoſes, and pleaſed with producing effects by inviſible means, and ſhewing their deſign only in its execution. Others are univerſally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuſe of their own ſecrets and thoſe of others, without the neceſſary vigilance of caution, or the honeſt arts of prudent integrity; ready to accuſe without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of theſe may be uſeful to the community, and paſs through the world with the reputation of good purpoſes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for cloſe and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be choſen for a friend whoſe kindneſs is exalted by its own warmth, or frozen by the firſt blaſt of ſlander; he cannot be a uſeful counſellor who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whoſe principal maxim is to ſuſpect; nor can the candour and frankneſs of that man be much eſteemed who ſpreads his arms to human-kind, and makes every man, without diſtinction, a denizen of his boſom.

That friendſhip may be at once fond and laſting, there muſt not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the ſame kind; not only the ſame end muſt be propoſed, but the ſame means muſt be approved by both. We are often, by ſuperficial accompliſhments and accidental endearments, induced to love thoſe whom we cannot eſteem; we are ſometimes, by great abilities, and inconteſtible evidences of virtue, compelled to eſteem thoſe whom we cannot love. But friendſhip, compounded of eſteem and love, derives from one its tenderneſs, and its permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that its candidates ſhould gain the judgment, but that they ſhould attract the affections; that they ſhould not only be firm in the day of diſtreſs, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only uſeful in exigencies, but pleaſing in familiar life; their preſence ſhould give cheerfulneſs as well as courage, and diſpel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual complacency is generally requiſite an uniformity of opinions, at leaſt of thoſe active and conſpicuous principles which diſcriminate parties in government, and ſects in religion, and which every day operate more or leſs on the common buſineſs of life. For though great tenderneſs has, perhaps, been ſometimes known to continue between men eminent in contrary factions, yet ſuch friends are to be ſhewn rather as prodigies than examples; and it is no more proper to regulate our conduct by ſuch inſtances, than to leap a precipice, becauſe ſome have fallen from it and eſcaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preſerve private kindneſs in the midſt of publick oppoſition, in which will neceſſarily be involved a thouſand incidents, extending their influence to converſation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almoſt every queſtion upon different principles. When ſuch occaſions of diſpute happen, to comply is to betray our cauſe, and to maintain friendſhip by ceaſing to deſerve it; to be ſilent, is to loſe the happineſs and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual conſtraint, and to deſert, if not to betray; and who ſhall determine which of two friends ſhall yield, where neither belives himſelf miſtaken, and both confeſs the importance of the queſtion? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from thoſe what can be expected but acrimony and vehemence, the inſolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a wearineſs of conteſt, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourſe of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poiſon of diſcord is infuſed, and though the countenance may preſerve its ſmile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable whom we ſee only in times of ſerioufneſs and ſeverity; and therefore, to maintain the ſoftneſs and ſerenity of benevolence, it is neceſſary that friends partake each others pleaſures as well as cares, and be led to the ſame diverſions by ſimilitude of taſte. This is, however, not to be conſidered as equally indiſpenſable with conformity of principles, becauſe any man may honeſtly, according to the precepts of Horace, reſign the gratifications of taſte to the humour of another; and friendſhip may well deſerve the ſacrifice of pleaſure, though not of conſcience.

It was once confeſſed to me, by a painter, that no profeſſor of his art ever loved another.

This declaration is ſo far juſtified by the knowledge of life, as to damp the hopes of warm and conſtant friendſhip between men whom their ſtudies have made competitors, and whom every favourer and every cenſurer are hourly inciting againſt each other. The utmoſt expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they ſhould forbear open hoſtilities and ſecret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite againſt a common foe. Some, however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generoſity, who are diſtinguiſhed from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preſerve the ſacred flame of friendſhip from the guſts of pride, and the rubbiſh of intereſt.

Friendſhip is ſeldom laſting but between equals, or where the ſuperiority on one ſide is reduced by ſome equivalent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be diſcharged, are not commonly found to increaſe affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that eaſy freedom, and familiarity of intercourſe, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendſhip. Thus imperfect are all earthly bleſſings; the great effect of friendſhip is beneficence, yet by the firſt act of uncommon kindneſs it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruits and die. Yet this conſideration ought not to reſtrain bounty, or repreſs compaſſion, for duty is to be preferred before convenience; and he that loſes part of the pleaſures of friendſhip by his generoſity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conſcience.

No. LXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1750.

——— *Garrit aniles*
Ex re fabellas.———

HOR.

The cheerful ſage, when ſolemn dictates fail,
Conceals the moral counſel in a tale.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right-hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He therefore ſtill continued to walk, for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſick of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its

greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills—

χείμαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥέουσιν
Ἐς μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλιον ὀξέιμον ὕδωρ,
Τόνδε τε τηλόσε δὲ πον ἐν ὄρεσιν ἴκλυε ποιμήν.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wint'ry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over—'Tell me,' ſaid the hermit, 'by what chance thou haſt been 'brought hither; I have been now twenty 'years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in 'which I never ſaw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' ſaid the hermit, 'let the errors and 'follies, the dangers and eſcape, of this day, 'ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, 'that human life is the journey of a day. We 'riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour 'and full of expectation; we ſet forward with 'ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with dili'gence, and travel on a while in the ſtraight 'road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. 'In a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and en'deavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, 'and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the 'ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and 'reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at 'a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, 'and venture to approach what we reſolve ne'ver to touch. We thus enter the bowers of 'eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. 'Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; 'we are then willing to enquire whether ano'ther advance cannot be made, and whether 'we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the 'gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with 'ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but 'enter timorous and trembling, and always 'hope to paſs through them without loſing the

'road of virtue, which we for a while keep in 'our ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. 'But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one 'compliance prepares us for another; we in 'time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſo-'lace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. 'By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our 'original intention, and quit the only ade-'quate object of rational deſire. We entangle 'ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in 'luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of 'inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age be-'gins to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety ob-'ſtruct our way. We then look back upon 'our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with re-'pentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly 'wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of 'virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall 'learn from thy example not to deſpair, but 'ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, 'and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains 'one effort to be made; that reformation is ne-'ver hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever un-'aſſiſted; that the wanderer may at length re-'turn after all his errors; and that he who im-'plores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall 'find danger and difficulty give way before him. 'Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe; commit 'thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence; and, 'when the morning calls again to toil, begin 'anew thy journey and thy life.'

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1750.

Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remota
Erroris nebula.

JUV.

——How few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, purſue?
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears?

DRYDEN.

THE folly of human wiſhes and purſuits has always been a ſtanding ſubject of mirth and declamation, and has been ridiculed and lamented from age to age; till perhaps the fruitleſs repetition of complaints and cenſures may be juſtly numbered among the ſubjects of cenſure and complaint.

Some of theſe inſtructors of mankind have not contented themſelves with checking the overflows of paſſion, and lopping the exuberance of deſire, but have attempted to deſtroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to confine the mind within bounds, but to ſmooth it for ever by a dead calm. They have employed their reaſon and eloquence to perſuade us, that nothing is worth the wiſh of a wiſe man; have repreſented all earthly good and evil as indifferent; and counted, among vulgar errors, the dread of pain, and the love of life.

It is almoſt always the unhappineſs of a victorious diſputant, to deſtroy his own authority by claiming too many conſequences, or diffuſing his propoſition to an indefenſible extent. When we have heated our zeal in a cauſe, and elated our confidence with ſucceſs, we are naturally inclined to purſue the ſame train of reaſoning, to eſtabliſh ſome collateral truth, to remove ſome adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehenſion of our ſyſtem. As a prince, in the ardour of acquiſition, is willing to ſecure his firſt conqueſt by the addition of another, add fortreſs to fortreſs, and city to city, till deſpair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loſes in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philoſophers having found an eaſy victory over thoſe deſires which we produce in ourſelves, and which terminate in ſome imaginary ſtate of happineſs unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at laſt our ſenſes and our inſtincts. They continued to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore loſt the trophies of their former combats, and were conſidered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with juſtice denied, that

theſe men have been very uſeful monitors, and have left many proofs of ſtrong reaſon, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our buſineſs to ſeparate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciouſly to our own uſe. They have ſhewn that moſt of the conditions of life, which raiſe the envy of the timorous, and rouſe the ambition of the daring, are empty ſhows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, loſe their power of delighting, and that the moſt proſperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obſcure fortune, when their dangers and ſolicitudes are balanced againſt their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man uninſtructed to murmur at his condition, becauſe in the general infelicity of life he feels his own miſeries, without knowing that they are common to all the reſt of the ſpecies; and therefore, though he will not be leſs ſenſible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at leaſt be freed the temptation of ſeeking, by perpetual changes, that eaſe which is no where to be found; and, though his diſeaſe ſtill continues, he eſcapes the hazard of exaſperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation, confer, muſt be always by their own nature confined to a very ſmall number; and the life of the greater part of mankind muſt be loſt in empty wiſhes and painful compariſons, were not the balm of philoſophy ſhed upon us, and our diſcontent at the appearances of an unequal diſtribution ſoothed and appeaſed.

It ſeemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great maſters of moral learning, to deſcend to familiar life, and caution mankind againſt that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of Vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longeſt beard, and moſt ſolemn auſterity. For though the paſſions of little minds, acting in low ſtations, do not fill the world with bloodſhed and devaſtations, or make by great events the periods of time, yet they torture the breaſt on which they ſeize, infeſt thoſe that are placed within the reach of their influence, deſtroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine inſenſibly the happineſs of the world.

The deſire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently all directed. We fall, by chance, into ſome claſs of mankind; and, without conſulting nature or wiſdom, reſolve to gain their regard by thoſe qualities which they happen to eſteem. I once knew a man remarkably dim-ſighted, who, by converſing much with country gentlemen, found himſelf irreſiſtibly determined to ſylvan honours. His great ambition was to ſhoot flying, and he therefore ſpent whole days in the woods purſuing game; which, before he was near enough to ſee them, his approach frighted away.

When it happens that the deſire tends to objects which produce no competition, it may be overlooked with ſome indulgence; becauſe, however fruitleſs or abſurd, it cannot have ill effects upon the morals. But moſt of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of poſſeſſion, and when they are rated at too high a value, give occaſion to ſtratagems of malignity, and incite oppoſition, hatred, and defamation. The conteſt of two rural beauties for preference and diſtinction is often ſufficiently keen and rancorous to fill their breaſts with all thoſe paſſions which are generally thought the curſe only of ſenates, of armies, and of courts; and the rival dancers of an obſcure aſſembly have their partiſans and abettors, often not leſs exaſperated againſt each other than thoſe who are promoting the intereſts of rival monarchs.

It is common to conſider thoſe whom we find infected with an unreaſonable regard for trifling accompliſhments, as chargeable with all the conſequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappineſs; but, perhaps, thoſe whom we thus ſcorn or deteſt, have more claim to tenderneſs than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our ſeverity to break looſe upon any fault or error, we ought ſurely to conſider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We ſee multitudes buſy in the purſuit of riches, at the expence of wiſdom and of virtue; but we ſee the reſt of mankind approving their conduct, and inciting their eagerneſs, by paying that regard and deference to wealth, which wiſdom and virtue only can deſerve. We ſee women univerſally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they ſtudy their complexions, endeavour to preſerve or to ſupply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament,

twiſt their hair into curls, and ſhade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But when was it known that female goodneſs or knowledge was able to attract that officiouſneſs, or inſpire that ardour, which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to perſuade the ladies, that the time ſpent at the toilet is loſt in vanity, when they have every moment ſome new conviction, that their intereſt is more effectually promoted by a ribband well diſpoſed, than by the brighteſt act of heroick virtue?

In every inſtance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be ſhared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praiſe, or inſtigate needleſs emulation by invidious incitements, are to be conſidered as perverters of reaſon, and corrupters of the world: and ſince every man is obliged to promote happineſs and virtue, he ſhould be careful not to miſlead unwary minds, by appearing to ſet too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

No. LXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὡς λόγος,
Καλῶς βλέπουσιν ὄμμασι, μέλλουσι δέ.

EURIP.

Exiles, the proverb ſays, ſubſiſt on hope;
Deluſive hope ſtill points to diſtant good,
To good that mocks approach.

THERE is no temper ſo generally indulged as Hope; other paſſions operate by ſtarts on particular occaſions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the firſt power of comparing our actual with our poſſible ſtate, and attends us through every ſtage and period, always urging us forward to new acquiſitions, and holding out ſome diſtant bleſſing to our view, promiſing us either relief from pain, or increaſe of happineſs.

Hope is neceſſary in every condition. The miſeries of poverty, of ſickneſs, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be inſupportable; nor does it appear that the happieſt lot of terreſtrial exiſtence can ſet us above the want of this general bleſſing; or that life, when the gift of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not ſtill be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of ſome new poſſeſſion, of ſome enjoyment yet behind, by which the wiſh ſhall be at laſt ſatisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmoſt extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promiſes what it ſeldom gives; but its promiſes are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it ſeldom fruſtrates us without aſſuring us of recompenſing the delay by a greater bounty.

I was muſing on this ſtrange inclination which every man feels to deceive himſelf, and conſidering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay proſpect of futurity, when, falling aſleep, on a ſudden I found myſelf placed in a garden, of which my ſight could deſcry no limits. Every ſcene about me was gay and gladſome, light with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of ſpring, and all the choir of nature was ſinging in the groves. When I had recovered from the firſt raptures with which the confuſion of pleaſure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a ſmall diſtance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with bloſſoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the ſight of ripe fruits, which ſeemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked haſtily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the fields faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I

reached it, the birds flew ſtill ſinging before me, and though I preſſed onward with great celerity, I was ſtill in ſight of pleaſures of which I could not yet gain the poſſeſſion, and which ſeemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with ſo many alternations of joy and grief, I yet perſiſted to go forward, in hopes that theſe fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I ſaw an innumerable multitude of every age and ſex, who ſeemed all to partake of ſome general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye ſparkled with eagerneſs: yet each appeared to have ſome particular and ſecret pleaſure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themſelves. Moſt of them ſeemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too buſy to gratify the curioſity of a ſtranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troubleſome enquiries. At laſt I obſerved one man worn with time, and unable to ſtruggle in the crowd; and therefore ſuppoſing him more at leiſure, I began to accoſt him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he muſt not be diſturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury ſhould loſe his wings, and ſlavery ſhould no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and accoſted another, whoſe ſoftneſs of mien, and eaſy movement, gave me reaſon to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of ſerving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years ſoliciting would be ſoon vacant. From him I had recourſe to the next, who was departing in haſte to take poſſeſſion of the eſtate of an uncle, who by the courſe of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treaſure in a new invented bell; and another was on the point of diſcovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected whereſoever I applied myſelf for information, I began to imagine it beſt to deſiſt from enquiry, and try what my own obſervation would diſcover: but ſeeing a young man, gay and thoughtleſs, I reſolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Deſire, and that all thoſe whom I ſaw thus tumultuouſly buſtling round me, were incited by the promiſes of Hope, and haſtening to ſeize the gifts which ſhe held in her hand.

I turned my ſight upwards, and ſaw a goddeſs in the bloom of youth, ſitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the bleſſings of life were ſpread abroad to view; ſhe had a perpetual gaiety of aſpect, and every one imagined that her ſmile, whcih was impartial and general, was directed to himſelf, and triumphed in his own ſuperiority to others, who had conceived the ſame confidence from the ſame miſtake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extenſive view of the whole place, and could with leſs perplexity conſider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this ſtation I obſerved, that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by Reaſon, and the other by Fancy. Reaſon was ſurly and ſcrupulous, and ſeldom turned the key without many interrogatories, and long heſitation; but Fancy was a kind and gentle portreſs; ſhe held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the diſtrict under her ſuperintendency; ſo that the paſſage was crowded by all thoſe who either feared the examination of Reaſon, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reaſon there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, ſlippery, and winding path, called the *Streights of Difficulty*, which thoſe who entered with the permiſſion of the guard endeavoured to climb. But though they ſurveyed the way very cheerfully before they began to riſe, and marked out the ſeveral ſtages of their progreſs, they commonly found unexpected obſtacles, and were obliged frequently to ſtop on the ſudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thouſand intricacies embarraſſed them, a thouſand ſlips threw them back, and a thouſand pitfals impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and ſo frequent the miſcarriages, that many returned from the firſt attempt, and many fainted in the midſt of the way, and only a very ſmall number were led up to the ſummit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of theſe few, the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promiſed them, regretted the

labour which it coſt, and felt in their ſucceſs the regret of diſappointment; the reſt retired with their prize, and were led by Wiſdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the ſeat of Hope; but though ſhe ſat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that ſide, inacceſſibly ſteep, but ſo channelled and ſhaded, that none perceived the impoſſibility of aſcending it, but each imagined himſelf to have diſcovered a way to which the reſt were ſtrangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this induſtrious tribe, of whom ſome were making themſelves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never roſe above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued ſtill to gaze at a diſtance, and laughed at the ſlow progreſs of thoſe whom they ſaw toiling in the *Streight of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the reſt, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleneſs, a calm and undiſturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in proſpect, and to which they pleaſed themſelves with believing that ſhe intended ſpeedily to deſcend. Theſe were indeed ſcorned by all the reſt; but they ſeemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were reſolved to expect at eaſe the favour of the goddeſs.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to anſwer all my queſtions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round, I ſaw two dreadful monſters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and an univerſal ſhriek of affright and diſtreſs burſt out and awaked me.

No. LXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1750.

Vivendum recte, cum propter plurima, tunc his
Præcipue cauſis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars peſſima ſervi.

JUV.

Let us live well: were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of ſervants to deſpiſe:
Slander, that worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance to ignoble minds.

HARVEY.

THE younger Pliny has very juſtly obſerved, that of actions that deſerve our attention, the moſt ſplendid are not always the greateſt. Fame, and wonder, and applauſe, are not excited but by external and adventitious circumſtances, often diſtinct and ſeparate from virtue and heroiſm. Eminence of ſtation, greatneſs of effect, and all the favours of fortune, muſt concur to place excellence in publick view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, diveſted of their ſhow, glide unobſerved through the crowd of life, and ſuffer and act, though with the ſame vigour and conſtancy, yet without pity and without praiſe.

This remark may be extended to all parts of life. Nothing is to be eſtimated by its effect upon common eyes and common ears. A thouſand miſeries make ſilent and inviſible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewiſe, our pleaſures are for the moſt part equally ſecret, and moſt are borne up by ſome private ſatisfaction, ſome internal conſciouſneſs, ſome latent hope, ſome peculiar proſpect, which they never communicate, but reſerve for ſolitary hours, and clandeſtine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, compoſed of ſmall incidents, and petty occurrences; of wiſhes for objects not remote, and grief for diſappointments of no fatal conſequence; of inſect vexations which ſting us and fly away, imper-

tinences which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleaſures which dance before us and are diſſipated; of compliments which glide off the ſoul like other muſick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemiſts tell us, that all bodies are reſolvable into the ſame elements, and that the boundleſs variety of things ariſes from the different proportions of very few ingredients; ſo a few pains and a few pleaſures are all the materials of human life, and of theſe the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reaſon and of choice.

As theſe are well or ill diſpoſed, man is for the moſt part happy or miſerable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwiſted with the chain of cauſes on which armies or nations are ſuſpended; and even thoſe who ſeem wholly buſied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleaſures, paſs the chief part of their time in familiar and domeſtick ſcenes; from theſe they come into publick life, to theſe they are every hour recalled by paſſions not to be ſuppreſſed; in theſe they have the reward of their toils, and to theſe at laſt they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulneſs to thoſe hours which ſplendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; thoſe ſoft intervals of unbended amuſement, in which a man ſhrinks to his natural dimenſions, and throws aſide the ornaments or diſguiſes, which he feels in privacy to be uſeleſs incumbrances, and to loſe all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate reſult of all ambition, the end to which every enterpriſe and labour tends, and of which every deſire prompts the proſecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man muſt be known by thoſe who would make a juſt eſtimate either of his virtue or felicity; for ſmiles or embroidery are alike occaſional, and the mind is often dreſſed for ſhow in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man muſt have found ſome whoſe lives, in every houſe but their own, was a continual ſeries of hypocriſy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themſelves out of the reach of cenſure, broke out from their reſtraint, like winds impriſoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reaſon to love, but they whoſe love a wiſe man is chiefly ſolicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any ſhow of general goodneſs, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as beſtowers of happineſs, and reverenced as inſtructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The moſt authentick witneſſes of any man's character are thoſe who know him in his own family, and ſee him without any reſtraint, or rule of conduct, but ſuch as he voluntarily preſcribes to himſelf. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable ſecrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with thoſe allowances which mortal frailty muſt always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his ſincerity that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocriſy cannot be its own reward, we may, without heſitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The higheſt panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praiſe of ſervants. For, however vanity or inſolence may look down with contempt on the ſuffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very ſeldom happens that they commend or blame without juſtice. Vice and virtue are eaſily diſtinguiſhed. Oppreſſion, according to Harrington's aphoriſm, will be felt by thoſe that cannot ſee it; and, perhaps, it falls out very often, that, in moral queſtions, the philoſophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not ſo much in their ſentiments as in their language, and have equal power of diſcerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal addreſs.

There are very few faults to be committed in ſolitude, or without ſome agents, partners, confederates, or witneſſes; and therefore the ſervant muſt commonly know the ſecrets of a maſter, who has any ſecrets to entruſt; and failings, merely perſonal, are ſo frequently expoſed by that ſecurity which pride and folly generally produce, and ſo inquiſitively watched by that deſire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the teſtimony of a menial do-

meſtick can ſeldom be conſidered as defective for want of knowledge. And though its impartiality may be ſometimes ſuſpected, it is at leaſt as credible as that of equals, where rivalry inſtigates cenſure, or friendſhip dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakneſs to our ſervants, and the impoſſibility of concealing it from them, may be juſtly conſidered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or deſpicable, than his who has put himſelf in the power of his ſervant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has firſt corrupted by making him ſubſervient to his vices, and whoſe fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honeſty or reaſon. It is ſeldom known that authority, thus acquired, is poſſeſſed without inſolence, or that the maſter is not forced to confeſs, by his tameneſs or forbearance, that he has enſlaved himſelf by ſome fooliſh confidence. And his crime is equally puniſhed, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he ſacrificed his dignity to his paſſions, in perpetual dread of inſolence or defamation; of a controuler at home, or an accuſer abroad. He is condemned to purchaſe, by continual bribes, that ſecrecy which bribes never ſecured, and which, after a long courſe of ſubmiſſion, promiſes, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenneſs.

To dread no eye, and to ſuſpect to tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and ſolicitudes; and to make it yet more ſhameful and deteſtable, it is doomed often to ſtand in awe of thoſe to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

No. LXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1750.

Flet quoque, ut in ſpeculo rugas adſpexit aniles,
Tyndaris; et ſecum, cur ſit bis rapta, requirit.
Tempus edax rerum, tuque invidioſa vetuſtas
Omnia deſtruitis: vitiataque dentibus ævi
Paulatim lenta conſumitis omnia morte.

OVID.

The dreadful wrinkles when poor Helen ſpy'd,
Ah! why this ſecond rape?—with tears ſhe cry'd:
Time, thou devourer, and thou envious age,
Who all deſtroy with keen curroding rage,
Beneath your jaws, whate'er have pleas'd or pleaſe,
Muſt ſink, conſum'd by ſwift or ſlow degrees.

ELPHINSTON.

AN old Greek epigrammatiſt, intending to ſhew the miſeries that attend the laſt ſtage of man, imprecates upon thoſe who are ſo fooliſh as to wiſh for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requiſite, that decrepitude itſelf was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curſe of Age, but that it ſhould be extended beyond its natural limits.

The moſt indifferent or negligent ſpectator can indeed ſcarcely retire without heavineſs of heart, from a view of the laſt ſcenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds thoſe who in the former parts of the drama were diſtinguiſhed by oppoſition of conduct, contrariety of deſigns, and diſſimilitude of perſonal qualities, all involved in one common diſtreſs, and all ſtruggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miſeries, which waylay our paſſage through the world, wiſdom may eſcape, and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumſpection we may ſteal along with very little to obſtruct or incommode us; by ſpirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of conteſt by the pleaſures of victory. But a time muſt come when our policy and bravery

ſhall be equally uſeleſs; when we ſhall all ſink into helpleſſneſs and ſadneſs, without any power of receiving ſolace from the pleaſures that have formerly delighted us, or any proſpect of emerging into a ſecond poſſeſſion of the bleſſings that we have loſt.

The induſtry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavouring to procure comforts for theſe hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The moſt uſual ſupport of old age is wealth. He whoſe poſſeſſions are large, and whoſe cheſts are full, imagines himſelf always fortified againſt invaſions on his authority. If he has loſt all other means of government, if his ſtrength and his reaſon fail him, he can at laſt alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes muſt likewiſe have fears, and he may ſtill continue to give laws to ſuch as have not ceaſed to regard their own intereſt.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the laſt fortreſs to which age retires, and in which he makes the ſtand againſt the upſtart race that ſeizes his domains, diſputes his commands, and cancels his preſcriptions. But here, though there may be ſafety, there is no pleaſure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once poſſeſſed.

Nothing ſeems to have been more univerſally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and, indeed, to a man who has ſurvived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleaſures and his cares, have been engaged in the ſame events, and filled their minds with the ſame conceptions, this full peopled world is a diſmal ſolitude. He ſtands forlorn and ſilent, neglected or inſulted, in the midſt of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot ſhare, and employed in buſineſs which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unleſs he has ſecured ſome domeſtick gratifications, ſome tender employments, and endeared himſelf to ſome whoſe intereſt and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the paſt; and ſo different the opinions and ſentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the converſation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either ſide. To a young man entering the world, with fulneſs of hope, and ardour of purſuit, nothing is ſo unpleaſing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the ſcrupulous diffidence, which experience and diſappointments certainly infuſe; and the old man wonders, in his turn, that the world never can grow wiſer, that neither precepts, nor teſtimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and ſufficiency; and that not one can be convinced that ſnares are laid for him till he finds himſelf entangled.

Thus one generation is always the ſcorn and wonder of the other, and the motions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The ſpirits of youth ſublimed by health, and volatiliſed by paſſion, ſoon leave behind them the phlegmatick ſediment of wearineſs and deliberation, and burſt out in temerity and enterpriſe. The tenderneſs, therefore, which nature infuſes, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is neceſſary to reconcile ſuch oppoſition; and an old man muſt be a father to bear with patience thoſe follies and abſurdities which he will perpetually imagine himſelf to find in the ſchemes and expectations, the pleaſures and the ſorrows, of thoſe who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by fruſtration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleaſure of ſeeing children ripening into ſtrength, be not over-balanced by the pain of ſeeing ſome fall in the bloſſom, and others blaſted in their growth; ſome ſhaken down by ſtorms, ſome tainted with cankers, and ſome ſhrivelled in the ſhade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himſelf does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleaſures, by ſuperintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings ſufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dreſs, diverſions, and flattery; and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with buſineſs, have conſtantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happineſs to compliments and treats. With theſe ladies, age begins early, and very often laſts long; it begins, when their beauty fades, when their mirth loſes its ſprightlineſs, and their motion its eaſe. From that time, all which gave them joy vaniſhes from about them; they hear the praiſes

beſtowed on others which uſed to ſwell their boſoms with exultation. They viſit the ſeats of felicity, and endeavour to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleaſure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them, that their power and their value are paſt; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortleſs uniformity of time, withont any motion of the heart, or exerciſe of the reaſon?

Yet, however age may diſcourage us by its appearance from conſidering it in proſpect, we ſhall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to enquire what proviſion can be made againſt that time of diſtreſs? what happineſs can be ſtored up againſt the winter of life; and how we may paſs our latter years with ſerenity and cheerfulneſs?

If it has been found by the experience of mankind, that not even the beſt ſeaſons of life are able to ſupply ſufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed, that old age, worn with labour, haraſſed with anxieties, and tortured with diſeaſes, ſhould have any gladneſs of its own, or feel any ſatisfaction from the contemplation of the preſent. All the comfort that can now be expected muſt be recalled from the future; the paſt is very ſoon exhauſted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleaſure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and ſorrows inceſſantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomleſs miſery, in which every reflection muſt plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguiſh, and precipices of horrour.

No. LXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1750.

——— *Argentea proles,*
Auro deterior, fulvo pretioſior ære.

OVID.

Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold.

DRYDEN.

HESIOD, in his celebrated diſtribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. 'The firſt place,' ſays he, 'belongs to him that can by his own powers 'diſcern what is right and fit, and penetrate to 'the remoter motives of action. The ſecond 'is claimed by him that is willing to hear inſtruction, and can perceive right and wrong 'when they are ſhewn him by another; but he 'that has neither acuteneſs nor docility, who 'can neither find the way by himſelf, nor will 'be led by others, is a wretch without uſe or 'value.'

If we ſurvey the moral world, it will be found, that the ſame diviſion may be made of men with regard to their virtue. There are ſome whoſe principles are ſo firmly fixed, whoſe conviction is ſo conſtantly preſent to their minds, and who have raiſed in themſelves ſuch ardent wiſhes for the approbation of God, and the happineſs with which he has promiſed to reward obedience and perſeverance, that they riſe above all other cares and conſiderations, and uniformly examine every action and deſire, by comparing it with the divine commands. There are others in a kind of equipoiſe, between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleaſure, by the gratifications of paſſion and the delights of ſenſe; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very ſmall addition of weight turns either way. The third claſs conſiſts of beings immerſed in pleaſure, or abandoned to paſſion, without any deſire of higher good, or any effort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and groſs ſatisfactions.

The ſecond claſs is ſo much the moſt numerous, that it may be conſidered as compriſing the whole body of mankind. Thoſe of the laſt

are not very many, and thoſe of the firſt are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the conſideration of the moraliſt, whoſe precepts are intended chiefly for thoſe who are endeavouring to go forward up the ſteeps of virtue; not for thoſe who have already reached the ſummit, or thoſe who are reſolved to ſtay for ever in their preſent ſituation.

To a man not verſed in the living world, but accuſtomed to judge only by ſpeculative reaſon, it is ſcarcely credible that any one ſhould be in this ſtate of indifference, or ſtand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the firſt call to either ſide. It ſeems certain, that either a man muſt believe that virtue will make him happy, and reſolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore caſt off all care but for his preſent intereſt. It ſeems impoſſible that conviction ſhould be on one ſide and practice on the other; and that he who has ſeen the right way, ſhould voluntarily ſhut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all theſe abſurdities are every hour to be found; the wiſeſt and beſt men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or ſurpriſe; and moſt are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their paſſions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the ſentiments which almoſt every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of deſire, the cogency of diſtreſs, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his reſolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to ſtand firm whatever ſhall oppoſe it, will be always clamorous againſt the ſmalleſt failure, ready to exact the utmoſt punctualities of right, and to conſider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conſcience and without merit; unworthy of truſt or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all ſhould join to drive out of ſociety, as a peſt which all ſhould avoid, or as a weed which all ſhould trample.

It is not but by experience that we are taught the poſſibility of retaining ſome virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. For it is very eaſy to the ſolitary reaſoner to prove that the ſame arguments by which the mind is fortified againſt one crime are of equal force againſt all; and the conſequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occaſion has either never conſidered them, or has by ſome fallacy taught himſelf to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet ſuch is the ſtate of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, ſometimes extending to the whole compaſs of duty, and ſometimes ſhrinking into a narrow ſpace, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the reſt is left open to the incurſions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedneſs. Nothing therefore is more unjuſt than to judge of man by too ſhort an acquaintance, and too ſlight inſpection; for it often happens, that in the looſe, and thoughtleſs, and diſſipated, there is a ſecret radical worth, which may ſhoot out by proper cultivation; that the ſpark of heaven, though dimmed and obſtructed, is yet not extinguiſhed, but may by the breath of counſel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to ſuppoſe that all are capable of the ſame degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And ſince the pureſt virtue is conſiſtent with ſome vice, and the virtue of the greateſt number with almoſt an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too haſtily conclude, that all goodneſs is loſt, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for moſt minds are the ſlaves of external circumſtances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of cuſtom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard againſt them.

It may be particularly obſerved of women, that they are for the moſt part good or bad, as they fall among thoſe who practiſe vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reaſon gives them much ſecurity againſt the influence of example. Whether it be that they have leſs courage to ſtand againſt oppoſition, or that their deſire of admiration makes them ſacrifice their principles to the poor pleaſure of worthleſs praiſe, it is certain, whatever be the cauſe, that

female goodneſs ſeldom keeps its ground againſt laughter, flattery, or faſhion.

For this reaſon, every one ſhould conſider himſelf as entruſted not only with his own conduct, but with that of others; and as accountable, not only for the duties which he neglects, or the crimes that he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage or inculcate. Every man, in whatever ſtation, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes; and not only to practiſe virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and ſupport it. For it is poſſible that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourſelves are free, or by a cowardly deſertion of a cauſe which we ourſelves approve, may pervert thoſe who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their courſe, are eaſily miſled by the aberrations of that example which they chuſe for their directions.

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1750.

Vivere quod propero pauper, nec inutilis annis
Da veniam, properat vivere nemo ſatis.

MART.

True, ſir, to live I haſte; your pardon give,
For tell me, who makes haſte enough to live?

F. LEWIS.

MANY words and ſentences are ſo frequently heard in the mouths of men, that a ſuperficial obſerver is inclined to believe, that they muſt contain ſome primary principle, ſome great rule of action, which it is proper always to have preſent to the attention, and by which the uſe of every hour is to be adjuſted. Yet, if we conſider the conduct of thoſe ſententious philoſophers, it will often be found, that they repeat theſe aphoriſms, merely becauſe they have ſomewhere heard them, becauſe they have nothing elſe to ſay, or becauſe they think veneration gained by ſuch appearances of wiſdom, but that no ideas are annexed to the words, and that according to the old blunder of the followers of Ariſtotle, their ſouls are mere pipes or organs, which tranſmit ſounds, but do not underſtand them.

Of this kind is the well known and well atteſted poſition, that *life is ſhort*, which may be heard among mankind by an attentive auditor, many times a day, but which never yet within my reach of obſervation left any impreſſion upon the mind; and perhaps, if my readers will turn their thoughts back upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a ſingle man to remembrance, who appeared to know that life was ſhort till he was about to loſe it.

It is obſervable that Horace, in his account of the characters of men, as they are diverſified by the various influence of time, remarks, that the old man is *dilator, ſpe longus*—given to procraſtination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great diſtance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often ſay of the ſhortneſs of life, that at the time when it is neceſſarily ſhorteſt, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge ſuch expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and ſuffer thoſe paſſions to gain upon us, which are only excuſable in the prime of life.

Theſe reflections were lately excited in my mind by an evening's converſation with my friend Proſpero, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an eſtate, and is now contriving to diſpoſe and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleaſure is to walk among ſtately trees, and lie muſing in the heat of noon under their ſhade; he is therefore maturely conſidering how he ſhall diſpoſe his walks and his groves, and has at laſt determined to ſend for the beſt plans from Italy, and forbear planting till the next ſeaſon.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the requiſites which imagination can ſuggeſt are gathered together. Where our deſign terminates only in our own ſatisfaction, the miſtake is of no great importance; for the pleaſure of expecting enjoyment is often greater

than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almoſt every wiſh is found a diſappointment; but when many others are intereſted in an undertaking, when any deſign is formed, in which the improvement or ſecurity of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wiſdom or benevolence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget how much every day that paſſes over us takes away from our power, and how ſoon an idle purpoſe to do an action ſinks into a mournful wiſh that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the preſent hour, to catch the pleaſures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον. ἢ δὲ παρέλθῃς,
Ζητῶν ἑυρήσεις ἀ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

Soon fades the roſe; once paſt the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

But ſurely theſe exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purpoſes; it may be at leaſt inculcated, that pleaſures are more ſafely poſtponed than virtues, and that greater loſs is ſuffered by miſſing an opportunity of doing good, than an hour of giddy frolick and noiſy meriment.

When Baxter had loſt a thouſand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a ſchool, he uſed frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of beſtowing, and conſidered himſelf as culpable in ſome degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and ſuffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickneſs and diligence.

It is lamented by Hearne, the learned antiquary of Oxford, that this general forgetfulneſs of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the ſtudents of monuments and records; as their employment conſiſts firſt in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abſtracting, what libraries afford them, they ought to amaſs no more than they can digeſt; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on ſearching and tranſcribing, call for new ſupplies when they are already overburthened, and at laſt leave their work unfiniſhed. 'It is,' ſays he, 'the 'buſineſs of a good antiquary, as of a good 'man, to have morality always before him.'

Thus, not only in the ſlumber of ſloth, but in the diſſipation of ill-directed induſtry, is the ſhortneſs of life generally forgotten. As ſome men loſe their hours in lazineſs, becauſe they ſuppoſe that there is time enough for the reparation of neglect, others buſy themſelves in providing that no length of life may want employment; and it often happens that ſluggiſhneſs and activity are equally ſurpriſed by the laſt ſummons, and periſh not more differently from each other than the fowl that received the ſhot in her flight, from her that is killed upon the buſh.

Among the many improvements made by the laſt centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the exact calculations of the value of life; but, whatever may be their uſe in traffick, they ſeem very little to have advanced morality. They have hitherto been rather applied to the acquiſition of money, than of wiſdom; the computer refers none of his calculations to his own tenure, but perſiſts, in contempt of probability, to foretel old age to himſelf, and believes that he is marked out to reach the utmoſt verge of human exiſtence, and ſee thouſands and ten thouſands fall into the grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and ſo ſtrongly guarded by hope and fear againſt the approach of reaſon, that neither ſcience nor experience can ſhake it; and we act as if life were without end, though we ſee and confeſs its uncertainty and ſhortneſs.

Divines have, with great ſtrength and ardour, ſhewn the abſurdity of delaying reformation and repentance; a degree of folly, indeed, which ſets eternity to hazard. It is the ſame weakneſs, in proportion to the importance of the neglect, to transfer any care, which now claims our attention, to a future time; we ſubject ourſelves to needleſs dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and make proviſion for the execution of deſigns, of which the opportunity once miſſed never will return.

As he that lives longeſt lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waſte. The duties of life are commenſurate to its duration, and every day brings its taſk, which if neglected is doubled on the mor-

row. But he that has already trifled away thoſe months and years, in which he ſhould have laboured, muſt remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that ſince the few moments remaining are to be conſidered as the laſt truſt of Heaven, not one is to be loſt.

No. LXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1750.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit ſtatus, et color, et res,
Sectantem majora fere; preſentibus æquum.

HOR.

Yet Ariſtippus ev'ry dreſs became;
In ev'ry various change of life the ſame;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the preſent held an equal mind.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOSE who exalt themſelves into the chair of inſtruction, without enquiring whether any will ſubmit to their authority, have not ſufficiently conſidered how much of human life paſſes in little incidents, curſory converſation, ſlight buſineſs, and caſual amuſements; and therefore they have endeavoured only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condeſcending to regard thoſe petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which, though they produce no ſingle acts of heroiſm, nor aſtoniſh us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life ſweet or bitter by imperceptible inſtillations. They operate unſeen and unregarded, as change of air makes us ſink or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their ſalutary or malignant effects.

You have ſhown yourſelf not ignorant of the value of thoſe ſubaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend Good-Humour to the world, though a little reflection will ſhew you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind muſt owe its power of pleaſing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that ſuperiority which ſwells the heart of the lion in the deſert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without reſiſtance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightneſs; but muſt always be viewed at a diſtance, and will ſcarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleaſed; a conſtant and perennial ſoftneſs of manner, eaſineſs of approach, and ſuavity of diſpoſition; like that which every man perceives in himſelf, when the firſt tranſports of new felicity have ſubſided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a ſlow ſucceſſion of ſoft impulſes. Good-humour is a ſtate between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leiſure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aſpire to pleaſe, they are required to be merry, and to ſhew the gladneſs of their ſouls by flights of pleaſantry, and burſts of laughter. But though theſe men may be for a time heard with applauſe and admiration, they ſeldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to eaſineſs and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the ſun, but ſoon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak ſpirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety ſeldom fails to give ſome pain; the hearers either ſtrain their faculties to accompany its towering, or are left behind in envy and deſpair. Good-humour boaſts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.

It is well known that the moſt certain way to

give any man pleaſure is to perſuade him that you receive pleaſure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any ſuch appearance of ſuperiority as may overbear and depreſs him. We ſee many that by this art only ſpend their days in the midſt of careſſes, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the univerſal favourites of both ſexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found ſuch as excite neither jealouſy nor fear, and are not conſidered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themſelves with common accompliſhments, and endeavour rather to ſolicit kindneſs than to raiſe eſteem; therefore in aſſemblies and places of reſort it ſeldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of ſome particular perſon every face brightens with gladneſs, and every hand is extended in ſalutation, yet if you purſue him beyond the firſt exchange of civilities, you will find him of very ſmall importance, and only welcome to the company as one by whom all conceive themſelves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuſe himſelf, when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at eaſe, who will hear a jeſt withour criticiſm, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every diſputer.

There are many whoſe vanity always inclines them to aſſociate with thoſe from whom they have no reaſon to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wiſe and the knowing are willing to receive praiſe without the labour of deſerving it, in which the moſt elevated mind is willing to deſcend, and the moſt active to be at reſt. All therefore are at ſome hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon eaſy terms, and who will relieve them from ſolitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are moſt inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to pleaſe ourſelves will not be long without preference in our affection to thoſe whoſe learning holds us at the diſtance of pupils, or whoſe wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he ſees Falſtaff lying on the ground, that *he could have better ſpared a better man.* He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but while his conviction compelled him to do juſtice to ſuperior qualities, his tenderneſs ſtill broke out at the remembrance of Falſtaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladded him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and deſpiſe.

You may perhaps think this account of thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed for their good-humour, not very conſiſtent with the praiſes which I have beſtowed upon it. But ſurely nothing can more evidently ſhew the value of this quality, than that it recommends thoſe who are deſtitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being conſidered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by thoſe that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter ſplendour, perhaps imagine that they have ſome right to gratify themſelves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practiſe it. It is by ſome unfortunate miſtake that almoſt all thoſe who have any claim to eſteem or love, preſs their pretenſions with too little conſideration of others. This miſtake my own intereſt, as well as my zeal for general happineſs, makes me deſirous to rectify, for I have a friend who, becauſe he knows his own fidelity and uſefulneſs, is never willing to ſink into a companion: I have a wife whoſe beauty firſt ſubdued me, and whoſe wit confirmed her conqueſt, but whoſe beauty now ſerves no other purpoſe than to entitle her to tyranny, and whoſe wit is only uſed to juſtify perverſeneſs.

Surely nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious of the power, or ſhow more cruelty than to chuſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurrounded by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe

that admire his excellencies, or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and inrereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted.

I am, &c.

PHILOMIDES.

No. LXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1750.

Stulte quid heu votis fruſtra puerilibus optas
Quæ non ulla tulit, fertve, feretve dies.

OVID.

Why thinks the fool with childiſh hope to ſee
What neither is, nor was, nor e'er ſhall be?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IF you feel any of that compaſſion which you recommend to others, you will not diſregard a caſe which I have reaſon from obſervation to believe very common, and which I know by experience to be very miſerable. And though the querulous are ſeldom received with great ardour of kindneſs, I hope to eſcape the mortification of finding that my lamentations ſpread the contagion of impatience, and produce anger rather than tenderneſs. I write not merely to vent the ſwelling of my heart, but to enquire by what means I may recover my tranquillity; and ſhall endeavour at brevity in my narrative, having long known that complaint quickly tires, however elegant, or however juſt.

I was born in a remote county, of a family that boaſts alliances with the greateſt names in Engliſh hiſtory, and extends its claims of affinity to the Tudors and Plantagenets. My anceſtors, by little and little, waſted their patrimony, till my father had not enough left for the ſupport of a family, without deſcending to the cultivation of his own grounds, being condemned to pay three ſiſters the fortunes allotted them by my grandfather, who is ſuſpected to have made his will when he was incapable of adjuſting properly the claims of his children, and who, perhaps without deſign, enriched his daughters by beggaring his ſon. My aunts being, at the death of their father, neither young nor beautiful, nor very eminent for ſoftneſs of behaviour, were ſuffered to live unſolicited, and by accumulating the intereſt of their portions grew every day richer and prouder. My father pleaſed himſelf with foreſeeing that the poſſeſſions of thoſe ladies muſt revert at laſt to the hereditary eſtate, and that his family might loſe none of its dignity, reſolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment; whenever therefore I diſcovered any inclination to the improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I ſhould come to my aunts eſtate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our conſtant practice to have recourſe to futurity. If any of our neighbours ſurpaſſed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death of my aunts was to ſupply us. If any purſe-proud upſtart was deficient in reſpect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our eſtate was to be repaired. We regiſtered every act of civility and rudeneſs, enquired the number of diſhes at every feaſt, and minuted the furniture of every houſe, that we might, when the hour of affluence ſhould come, be able to eclipſe all their ſplendor, and ſurpaſs all their magnificence.

Upon plans of elegance and ſchemes of pleaſure the day roſe and ſet, and the year went round unregarded, while we were buſied in laying out plantations on ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the manor houſe ſhould be rebuilt or repaired. This was the amuſement of our leiſure, and the ſolace of our exigencies; we met together only to contrive how our approaching fortune ſhould be enjoyed; for in this our converſation always ended, on

whatever ſubject it began. We had none of the collateral intereſts which diverſify the life of others with joys and hopes, but had turned our whole attention on one event, which we could neither haſten nor retard, and had no other object of curioſity than the health or ſickneſs of my aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early intelligence.

This viſionary opulence for a while ſoothed our imagination, but afterwards fired our wiſhes, and exaſperated our neceſſities, and my father could not always reſtrain himſelf from exclaiming, that *no creature had ſo many lives as a cat and an old maid.* At laſt, upon the recovery of his ſiſter from an ague, which ſhe was ſuppoſed to have caught by ſparing fire, he began to loſe his ſtomach; and four months afterwards ſunk into the grave.

My mother, who loved her huſband, ſurvived him but a little while, and left me the ſole heir of their lands, their ſchemes, and their wiſhes. As I had not enlarged my conceptions either by books or converſation, I differed only from my father by the freſhneſs of my cheeks, and the vigour of my ſtep; and, like him, gave way to no thoughts but of enjoying the wealth which my aunts were hoarding.

At length the eldeſt fell in. I paid the civilities and compliments which ſickneſs requires with the utmoſt punctuality. I dreamed every night of eſcutcheons and white gloves, and enquired every morning at an early hour, whether there were any news of my dear aunt. At laſt a meſſenger was ſent to inform me, that I muſt come to her without the delay of a moment. I went and heard her laſt advice, but opening her will, found that ſhe had left her fortune to her ſecond ſiſter.

I hung my head; the younger ſiſter threatened to be married, and every thing was diſappointment and diſcontent. I was in danger of loſing irreparably one third of my hopes, and was condemned ſtill to wait for the reſt. Of part of my terror, I was ſoon eaſed; for the youth, whom his relations would have compelled to marry the old lady, after innumerable ſtipulations, articles, and ſettlements, ran away with the daughter of his father's groom; and my aunt, upon this conviction of the perfidy of man, reſolved never to liſten more to amorous addreſſes.

Ten years longer I dragged the ſhackles of expectation, without ever ſuffering a day to paſs in which I did not compute how much my chance was improved of being rich to-morrow. At laſt the ſecond lady died, after a ſhort illneſs, which yet was long enough to afford her time for the diſpoſal of her eſtate, which ſhe gave to me after the death of her ſiſter.

I was now relieved from part of my miſery; a larger fortune, though not in my power, was certain and unalienable; nor was there now any danger that I might at laſt be fruſtrated of my hopes by a fret of dotage, the flatteries of a chamber-maid, the whiſpers of a tale-bearer, or the officiouſneſs of a nurſe. But my wealth was yet in reverſion, my aunt was to be buried before I could emerge to grandeur and pleaſure; and there were yet, according to my father's obſervation, nine lives between me and happineſs.

I however lived on, without any clamours of diſcontent, and comforted myſelf with conſidering, that all are mortal, and they who are continually decaying muſt at laſt be deſtroyed.

But let no man from this time ſuffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt. The good gentlewoman was very regular in her hours, and ſimple in her diet; and in walking or ſitting ſtill, waking or ſleeping, had always in view the preſervation of her health. She was ſubject to no diſorder, but hypochondriac dejection; by which, without intention, ſhe increaſed my miſeries; for whenever the weather was cloudy, ſhe would take her bed, and ſend me notice that her time was come. I went with all the haſte of eagerneſs, and ſometimes received paſſionate injunctions to be kind to her maid, and directions how the laſt offices ſhould be performed; but if before my arrival the ſun happened to break out, or the wind to change, I met her at the door, or found her in the garden, buſtling and vigilant, with all the tokens of long life.

Sometimes, however, ſhe fell into diſtempers, and was thrice given over by the doctor; yet ſhe found means of ſlipping through the gripe of death; and after having tortured me three months at each time with violent alternations of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than the loſs of fleſh, which in a few weeks ſhe recovered by broths and jellies.

As moſt have ſagacity ſufficient to gueſs at

the deſire of an heir, it was the conſtant practice of thoſe who were hoping at ſecond hand, and endeavoured to ſecure my favour againſt the time when I ſhould be rich, to pay their court, by informing me, that my aunt began to droop, that ſhe had lately a bad night, that ſhe coughed feebly, and that ſhe could never climb May hill; or at leaſt, that the autumn would carry her off. Thus was I flattered in the winter with the piercing winds of March, and, in ſummer, with the fogs of September. But ſhe lived through ſpring and fall, and ſet heat and cold at defiance; till, after near half a century, I buried her on the fourteenth of laſt June, aged ninety-three years, five months, and ſix days.

For two months after her death I was rich; and was pleaſed with that obſequiouſneſs and reverence which wealth inſtantaneouſly procures. But this joy is now paſt, and I have returned again to my old habit of wiſhing. Being accuſtomed to give the future full power over my mind, and to ſtart away from the ſcene before me to ſome expected enjoyment, I deliver up myſelf to the tyranny of every deſire which fancy ſuggeſts, and long for a thouſand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much leſs power than is aſcribed to it by thoſe that want it. I had formed ſchemes which I cannot execute, I had ſuppoſed events which do not come to paſs, and the reſt of my life muſt paſs in craving ſolicitude, unleſs you can find ſome remedy for a mind, corrupted with an inveterate diſeaſe of wiſhing, and unable to think on any thing but wants, which reaſon tells me will never be ſupplied.

I am, &c.

CUPIDUS.

No. LXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1750.

Rixatur de lana ſæpe caprina.

HOR.

For nought tormented, ſhe for nought torments.

ELPHINSTON.

MEN ſeldom give pleaſure where they are not pleaſed themſelves; it is neceſſary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulneſs, that in whatever ſtate we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or to afford protection, we may ſecure the love of thoſe with whom we tranſact. For though it is generally imagined, that he who grants favours may ſpare any attention to his behaviour, and that uſefulneſs will always procure friends; yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requeſts, an art very difficult of attainment; that officiouſneſs and liberality may be ſo adulterated, as to loſe the greater part of their effect; that compliance may provoke, relief may haraſs, and liberality diſtreſs.

No diſeaſe of the mind can more fatally diſable it from benevolence, the chief duty of ſocial beings, than ill-humour or peeviſhneſs; for though it breaks not out in paroxiſms of outrage, and bloodſhed, it wears out happineſs by ſlow corroſion, and ſmall injuries inceſſantly repeated. It may be conſidered as the canker of life, that deſtroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot conſume.

Peeviſhneſs, when it has been ſo far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and diſcover itſelf without premeditation, is a ſpecies of depravity in the higheſt degree diſguſting and offenſive, becauſe no rectitude of intention, nor ſoftneſs of addreſs, can enſure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peeviſh man, and exerting ourſelves in the moſt diligent civility, an unlucky ſyllable diſpleaſes, an unheeded circumſtance ruffles and exaſperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourſelves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are fruſtrated at once, and all our aſſiduity forgotten in the caſual tumult of ſome trifling irritation.

This troubleſome impatience is ſometimes nothing more than the ſymptom of ſome deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confeſs his reſentment, or ſorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently in-

clined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the firſt paſſages that are opened, and to let his paſſions boil over upon thoſe whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious courſe of ſickneſs frequently produces ſuch an alarming apprehenſion of the leaſt increaſe of uneaſineſs, as keeps the ſoul perpetually on the watch, ſuch a reſtleſs and inceſſant ſolicitude, as no care or tenderneſs can appeaſe, and can only be pacified by the cure of the diſtemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakneſs is the captiouſneſs of old age. When the ſtrength is cruſhed, the ſenſes dulled, and the common pleaſures of life become inſipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneaſineſs to cauſes not wholly out of our power, and pleaſe ourſelves with fancying that we ſuffer by neglect, unkindneſs, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon thoſe on whom we reſolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greateſt need of tenderneſs and aſſiſtance.

But though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes claim our compaſſion, as the conſequence or concomitant of miſery, it is very often found where nothing can juſtify or excuſe its admiſſion. It is frequently one of the attendants on the proſperous, and is employed by inſolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in haraſſing ſubjection. It is the offſpring of idleneſs or pride; of idleneſs anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the leaſt obſtruction of her wiſhes. Thoſe who have long lived in ſolitude indeed naturally contract this unſocial quality, becauſe, having long had only themſelves to pleaſe, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their ſingularities therefore are only blameable when they have imprudently or moroſely withdrawn themſelves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any neceſſity, nurſed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit ſubmiſſiveneſs the condition of their favour, and ſuffering none to approach them, but thoſe who never ſpeak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himſelf up to his own fancy, and converſes with none but ſuch as he hires to lull him on the down of abſolute authority, to ſooth him with obſequiouſneſs, and regale him with flattery, ſoon grows too ſlothful for the labour of conteſt, too tender for the aſperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarſeneſs of truth; a little oppoſition offends, a little reſtraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; having been accuſtomed to ſee every thing give way to his humour, he ſoon forgets his own littleneſs, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune bequeathed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed her in a ſtate of ſuperiority to all about her. Having no ſuperfluity of underſtanding, ſhe was ſoon intoxicated by the flatteries of her maid, who informed her that ladies, ſuch as ſhe, had nothing to do but take pleaſure their own way; that ſhe wanted nothing from others, and had therefore no reaſon to value their opinion; that money was every thing; and that they who thought themſelves ill-treated, ſhould look for better uſage among their equals.

Warm with theſe generous ſentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, in which ſhe endeavoured to force reſpect by haughtineſs of mien and vehemence of language; but having neither birth, beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, ſhe ſuffered ſuch mortifications from thoſe who thought themſelves at liberty to return her inſults, as reduced her turbulence to cooler malignity, and taught her to practiſe her arts of vexation only where ſhe might hope to tyrannize without reſiſtance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-fifth year to torment all her inferiors with ſo much diligence, that ſhe has formed a principle of diſapprobation, and finds in every place ſomething to grate her mind, and diſturb her quiet.

If ſhe takes the air, ſhe is offended with the heat or cold, the glare of the ſun, or the gloom of the clouds; if ſhe makes a viſit, the room in which ſhe is to be received, is too light or too dark, or furniſhed with ſomething which ſhe cannot ſee without averſion. Her tea is never of the right ſort; the figures on the china give her diſguſt. Where there are children, ſhe hates the gabble of brats; where there are none, ſhe cannot bear a place without ſome cheerfulneſs and rattle. If many ſervants are kept in a houſe, ſhe never fails to tell how Lord Laviſh

was ruined by a numerous retinue; if few, ſhe relates the ſtory of a miſer that made his company wait on themſelves. She quarrelled with one family, becauſe ſhe had an unpleaſant view from their windows; with another, becauſe the ſquirrel leaped within two yards of her; and with a third, becauſe ſhe could not bear the noiſe of the parrot.

Of milliners and mantua-makers ſhe is the proverbial torment. She compels them to alter their work, then to unmake it, and contrive it after another faſhion; then changes her mind, and likes it better as it was at firſt; then will have a ſmall improvement. Thus ſhe proceeds till no profit can recompenſe the vexation; they at laſt leave the clothes at her houſe, and refuſe to ſerve her. Her maid, the only being that can endure her tyranny, profeſſes to take her own courſe, and hear her miſtreſs talk. Such is the conſequence of peeviſhneſs; it can be borne only when it is deſpiſed.

It ſometimes happens that too cloſe an attention to minute exactneſs, or a too rigorous habit of examining every thing by the ſtandard of perfection, vitiates the temper, rather than improves the underſtanding, and teaches the mind to diſcern faults with unhappy penetration. It is incident likewiſe to men of vigorous imagination to pleaſe themſelves too much with futurities, and to fret becauſe thoſe expectations are diſappointed which ſhould never have been formed. Knowledge and genius are often enemies to quiet, by ſuggeſting ideas of excellence, which men and the performances of men cannot attain. But let no man raſhly determine, that his unwillingneſs to be pleaſed is a proof of underſtanding, unleſs his ſuperiority appears from leſs doubtful evidence; for though peeviſhneſs may ſometimes juſtly boaſt its deſcent from learning or from wit, it is much oftener of baſe extraction, the child of vanity, and nurſling of ignorance.

No. LXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1750.

Diligitur nemo, niſi cui fortuna ſecunda eſt,
Quæ, ſimul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.

OVID.

When ſmiling fortune ſpreads her golden ray,
All crowd around to flatter and obey:
But when ſhe thunders from an angry ſky,
Our friends, our flatterers, our lovers, fly.

MISS A. W.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay ſome regard to the obſervations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whoſe opinions are the reſult, not of ſolitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of thoſe arts which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the mind, and adorn the perſon of a woman. To theſe attainments, which cuſtom and education almoſt forced upon me, I added ſome voluntary acquiſitions by the uſe of books, and the converſation of that ſpecies of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and averſion under the name of Scholars, but whom I have found a harmleſs and inoffenſive order of beings, not ſo much wiſer than ourſelves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly ſubmiſſion, than to overbear or oppreſs us with their learning or their wit.

From theſe men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, ſomething may be gained, which, embelliſhed with elegancy, and ſoftened by modeſty, will always add dignity and value to female converſation; and from my acquaintance with the bookiſh part of the world I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myſelf the general regard in every place of concourſe or pleaſure.

My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by thoſe who deſired the ſecond degree of fame, my mien was ſtudied, my dreſs was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by thoſe who copied them as ſent to themſelves; my viſits were ſolicited as honours; and multitudes boaſted of an intimacy with Meliſſa, who had only ſeen me by accident, and whoſe familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courteſy.

I ſhall make no ſcruple of confeſſing that I was pleaſed with this univerſal veneration, becauſe I always conſidered it as paid to my intrinſick qualities and inſeparable merit, and very eaſily perſuaded myſelf, that fortune had no part in my ſuperiority. When I looked upon my glaſs I ſaw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reaſon to hope their continuance; when I examined my mind, I found ſome ſtrength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was perſuaſion.

In this manner my life paſſed like a continual triumph amidſt acclamations, and envy, and courtſhip, and careſſes: to pleaſe Meliſſa was the general ambition, and every ſtratagem of artful flattery was practiſed upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce them: for they prove, at leaſt, our power, and ſhew that our favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the meanneſs of falſehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honeſt mind is not apt to ſuſpect, and no one exerts the power of diſcernment with much vigour when ſelf-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual diſtraction of my thoughts by new ſchemes of pleaſure, prevented me from liſtening to any of thoſe who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-ſeventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of unconteſted excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatneſs and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of ſorrow, or puſillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had loſt, for having always heard and thought more of my mit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not ſuddenly enter my imagination, that Meliſſa could ſink beneath her eſtabliſhed rank, while her form and her mind continued the ſame; that ſhe could ceaſe to raiſe admiration but by ceaſing to deſerve it, or feel any ſtroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loſs, and to have married, by continuing the ſame appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not ſo far ſunk in my own eſteem, as to ſubmit to the baſeneſs of fraud, or to deſire any other recommendation than ſenſe and virtue. I therefore diſmiſſed my equipage, ſold thoſe ornaments which were become unſuitable to my new condition, and appeared among thoſe with whom I uſed to converſe with leſs glitter, but with equal ſpirit.

I found myſelf received at every viſit, with ſorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and conſolation, ſo frequently repeated, that my friends plainly conſulted rather their own gratification than my relief. Some from that time refuſed my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my viſits; ſome viſited me, but after a longer interval than uſual, and every return was ſtill with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my preſent and former condition, to tell me how much it muſt trouble me to want the ſplendour which I became ſo well, to look at pleaſures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to ſink to a level with thoſe by whom I had been conſidered as moving in a higher ſphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and ſubmiſſion, which I was now no longer to expect.

Obſervations like theſe are commonly nothing better than covert inſults, which ſerve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honeſty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindneſs is intended; I will, therefore, ſo far maintain my antiquated claim to politeneſs, as to venture the eſtabliſhment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the ſufferer does not complain, and which

there are no means propoſed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which neceſſarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by abſurd and unſeaſonable compaſſion.

My endleſs train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raiſing any emotions. The greater part had indeed always profeſſed to court, as it is termed, upon the ſquare, had enquired my fortune, and offered ſettlements; theſe had undoubtedly a right to retire without cenſure, ſince they had openly treated for money, as neceſſary to their happineſs, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreaſonable, who imagine themſelves injured becauſe the men who followed them upon the ſuppoſition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are diſcovered to have leſs. I have never known any lady who did not think wealth a title to ſome ſtipulations in her favour; and ſurely what is claimed by the poſſeſſion of money is juſtly forfeited by its loſs. She that has once demanded a ſettlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when ſhe cannot ſhew pecuniary merit, why ſhould ſhe think her cheapener obliged to purchaſe?

My lovers were not all contented with ſilent deſertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and ſuperfluous inſults, and endeavoured to mortify me, by paying, in my preſence, thoſe civilities to other ladies which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never ſuffered any one to waſte his life in ſuſpenſe, who could have employed it to better purpoſe, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whoſe reſentment and reſpect were equally below my conſideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loſs of that influence which I had always exerted on the ſide of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the aſſertion of truth. I now find my opinions ſlighted, my ſentiments criticiſed, and my arguments oppoſed by thoſe that uſed to liſten to me without reply, and ſtruggle to be firſt in expreſſing their conviction.

The female diſputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reaſons by an appeal to the ſcholars that happen to be preſent, the wretches are certain to pay their court by ſacrificing me and my ſyſtem to a finer gown, and I am every hour inſulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Meliſſa was liable to error.

There are two perſons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has paſſed his life in the duties of his profeſſion, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parſon made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and inſtruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous leſt his freedom ſhould be thought rudeneſs. The ſoldier never paid me any particular addreſſes, but very rigidly obſerved all the rules of politeneſs, which he is now ſo far from relaxing, that whenever he ſerves the tea, he obſtinately carries me the firſt diſh, in defiance of the frowns and whiſpers of the table.

This, Mr. Rambler, is *to ſee the world.* It is impoſſible for thoſe that have only known affluence and proſperity, to judge rightly of themſelves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual maſquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only diſcover in what eſtimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.

No. LXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1750.

———Sil vis ubi paſſim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit, unus utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus.

HOR.

While mazy error draws mankind aſtray
From truth's ſure path, each takes his devious way;
One to the right, one to the left recedes,
Alike deluded, as each fancy leads. ELPHINSTON.

IT is eaſy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reaſons for eſteeming himſelf; and therefore cenſure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, ſeldom deprive him of his own favour. Thoſe, indeed, who can ſee only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence; but when he calls himſelf to his own tribunal, he finds every fault, if not abſolutely effaced, yet ſo much palliated by the goodneſs of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a ſurvey of the whole complication of his character, he diſcovers ſo many latent excellencies, ſo many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themſelves in act, and ſo many kind wiſhes for univerſal happineſs, that he looks on himſelf as ſuffering unjuſtly under the infamy of ſingle failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abſtracted ideas of virtue are propoſed to the mind, and no particular paſſion turns us aſide from rectitude; and ſo willing is every man to flatter himſelf, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleaſes his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himſelf zealous in the cauſe of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than as they conform to his own deſires; and counts himſelf among her warmeſt lovers, becauſe he praiſes her beauty, though every rival ſteals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourſe to the refinements of ſpeculation, but who yet live at peace with themſelves, by means which require leſs underſtanding, or leſs attention. When their hearts are burthened with the conſciouſneſs of a crime, inſtead of ſeeking for ſome remedy within themſelves, they look round upon the reſt of mankind, to find others tainted with the ſame guilt: they pleaſe themſelves with obſerving, that they have numbers on their ſide; and that, though they are hunted out from the ſociety of good men, they are not likely to be condemned to ſolitude.

It may be obſerved, perhaps without exception, that none are ſo induſtrious to detect wickedneſs, or ſo ready to impute it, as they whoſe crimes are apparent and confeſſed. They envy an unblemiſhed reputation, and what they envy they are buſy to deſtroy: they are unwilling to ſuppoſe themſelves meaner, and more corrupt than others; and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations thoſe with whom they cannot riſe to an equality. No man yet was ever wicked without ſecret diſcontent; and, according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguiſhed reaſon, he either endeavours to reform himſelf, or corrupt others; either to regain the ſtation which he has quitted, or prevail on others to intimate his defection.

It has always been conſidered as an alleviation of miſery not to ſuffer alone, even when union and ſociety can contribute nothing to reſiſtance or eſcape; ſome comfort of the ſame kind ſeems to incite wickedneſs to ſeek aſſociates; though, indeed, another reaſon may be given, for as guilt is propagated, the power of reproach is diminiſhed, and among numbers equally deteſtable, every individual may be ſheltered from ſhame, though not from conſcience.

Another lenitive by which the throbs of the breaſt are aſſuaged, is the contemplation, not of the ſame, but of different crimes. He that cannot juſtify himſelf by his reſemblance to

others, is ready to try ſome other expedient, and to enquire what will riſe to his advantage from oppoſition and diſſimilitude. He eaſily finds ſome faults in every human being, which he weighs againſt his own, and eaſily makes them preponderate while he keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleaſure, circumſtances that make them heavier or lighter. He then triumphs in his comparative purity, and ſets himſelf at eaſe, not becauſe he can refute the charges advanced againſt him, but becauſe he can cenſure his accuſers with equal juſtice; and no longer fears the arrows of reproach, when he has ſtored his magazine of malice with weapons equally ſharp and equally envenomed.

This practice, though never juſt, is yet ſpecious and artful, when the cenſure is directed againſt deviations to the contrary extreme. The man who is branded with cowardice may, with ſome appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument againſt a ſtupid contempt of life, and raſh precipitation into unneceſſary danger. Every receſſion from temerity is an approach towards cowardice; and though it be confeſſed that bravery, like other virtues, ſtands between faults on either hand, yet the place of the middle point may always be diſputed; he may, therefore, often impoſe upon careleſs underſtandings, by turning the attention wholly from himſelf, and keeping it fixed invariably on the oppoſite fault; and by ſhewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time thoſe which are incurred.

But vice has not always opportunities or addreſs for ſuch artful ſubterfuges; men often extenuate their own guilt, only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain reſt to themſelves by pointing ſome other prey to the purſuit of cenſure.

Every whiſper of infamy is induſtriouſly circulated, every hint of ſuſpicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully publiſhed, by thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that the eye and voice of the publick ſhould be employed on any rather than on themſelves.

All theſe artifices, and a thouſand others equally vain and equally deſpicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedneſs, from which none can ſet himſelf free; and by an abſurd deſire to ſeparate the cauſe from the effects, and to enjoy the profit of crimes without ſuffering the ſhame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their underſtandings are ſtubborn and uncomplying, raiſe their paſſions againſt them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not ſo much the deſire of men, ſunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themſelves; for when no particular circumſtances make them dependent on others, infamy diſturbs them little, but as it revives their remorſe, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The ſentence moſt dreadful is that of reaſon and conſcience, which they would engage on their ſide at any price but the labours of duty and the ſorrows of repentance. For this purpoſe every ſeducement and fallacy is ſought, the hopes ſtill reſt upon ſome new experiment till life is at an end; and the laſt hour ſteals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in reſiſting reaſon, and repreſſing the ſenſe of the Divine diſapprobation.

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1750.

Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
Si mallet laudare Deum, cui ſordida monſtra
Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.

PRUDENT.

A golden ſtatue ſuch a wit might claim,
Had God and virtue rais'd the noble flame;
But, ah! how lewd a ſubject has he ſung,
What vile obſcenity profanes his tongue! F. LEWIS.

AMONG thoſe whoſe hopes of diſtinction, or riches, ariſe from an opinion of their intellectual attainments, it has been, from age to age, an eſtabliſhed cuſtom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to their inſtructors, and the diſcouragement which men of genius and

ſtudy ſuffer from avarice and ignorance, from the prevalence of falſe taſte, and the encroachment of barbarity.

Men are moſt powerfully affected by thoſe evils which themſelves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of ſuch general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a juſt claim, ſome offended writer has always declaimed, in the rage of diſappointment, againſt his age or nation; nor is there one who has not fallen upon times more unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wiſh that he had been reſerved in the inſenſibility of non-exiſtence to ſome happier hour, when literary merit ſhall no longer be deſpiſed, and the gifts and careſſes of mankind ſhall recompenſe the toils of ſtudy, and add luſtre to the charms of wit.

Many of theſe clamours are undoubtedly to be conſidered only as the burſts of pride never to be ſatisfied, as the prattle of affectation mimicking diſtreſſes unfelt, or as the common-places of vanity ſolicitous for ſplendour of ſentences, and acuteneſs of remark. Yet it cannot be denied that frequent diſcontent muſt proceed from frequent hardſhips; and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deſerve the cenſure of being more averſe from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge muſt have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified with contempt, or harraſſed with perſecution.

It is not neceſſary, however, to join immediately in the outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleaſed with ignorance, or always envious of ſuperior abilities. The miſeries of the learned have been related by themſelves, and ſince they have not been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and ſufferings, we may conclude that they have not forgotten to deck their cauſe with the brighteſt ornaments, and ſtrongeſt colours. The logician collected all his ſubtilties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the maſter of rhetorick exerted againſt his adverſary all the arts by which hatred is embittered, and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cauſe, is the ſtanding and perpetual rule of diſtributive juſtice. Since therefore, in the controverſy between the learned and their enemies, we have only the pleas of one party, of the party more able to delude our underſtandings, and engage our paſſions, we muſt determine our opinion by facts, uncontеſted, and evidences on each ſide allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the ſtudents will find their cauſe promoted, or the compaſſion which they expect much increaſed. Let their conduct be impartially ſurveyed; let them be allowed no longer to direct attention at their pleaſure, by expatiating on their own deſerts; let neither the dignity of knowledge overawe the judgment, nor the graces of elegance ſeduce it. It will then, perhaps, be found, that they were not able to produce claims to kinder treatment, but provoked the calamities which they ſuffered, and ſeldom wanted friends but when they wanted virtue.

That few men, celebrated for theoretick wiſdom, live with conformity to their precepts, muſt be readily confeſſed; and we cannot wonder that the indignation of mankind riſes with great vehemence againſt thoſe who neglect the duties which they appear to know with ſo ſtrong conviction the neceſſity of performing. Yet ſince no man has power of acting equal to that of thinking, I know not whether the ſpeculatiſt may not ſometimes incur cenſures too ſevere, and by thoſe who form ideas of his life from their knowledge of his books, be conſidered as worſe than others, only becauſe he was expected to be better.

He by whoſe writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the paſſions repreſſed, may be conſidered as not unprofitable to the great republick of humanity, even though his behaviour ſhould not always exemplify his rules. His inſtructions may diffuſe their influence to regions in which it will not be inquired, whether the author be *albus an ater*—good or bad; to times when all his faults and all his follies ſhall be loſt in forgetfulneſs, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thouſands and ten thouſands that flame which burnt dimly in himſelf, through the fumes of paſſion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moraliſt may be conſidered as a taper, by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated paſſions; he extends his radiance further than his heat, and guides all that are within view, but burns only thoſe who make too near approaches.

Yet ſince good or harm muſt be received for the moſt part from thoſe to whom we are familiarly known, he whoſe vices overpower his virtues, in the compaſs to which his vices can extend, has no reaſon to complain that he meets not with affection or veneration, when thoſe with whom he paſſes his life are more corrupted by his practice than enlightened by his ideas. Admiration begins where acquaintance ceaſes; and his favourers are diſtant, but his enemies at hand.

Yet many have dared to boaſt of neglected merit, and to challenge their age for cruelty and folly, of whom it cannot be alleged that they have endeavoured to increaſe the wiſdom or virtue of their readers. They have been at once profligate in their lives, and licentious in their compoſitions; have not only forſaken the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. They have ſmoothed the road of perdition, covered with flowers the thorns of guilt, and taught temptation ſweeter notes, ſofter blandiſhments, and ſtronger allurements.

It has been apparently the ſettled purpoſe of ſome writers, whoſe powers and acquiſitions place them high in the rank of literature, to ſet faſhion on the ſide of wickedneſs; to recommend debauchery and lewdneſs, by aſſociating them with qualities moſt likely to dazzle the diſcernment and attract the affections; and to ſhew innocence and goodneſs with ſuch attendant weakneſſes as neceſſarily expoſe them to contempt and deriſion.

Such naturally found intimates among the corrupt, the thoughtleſs, and the intemperate; paſſed their lives amidſt the levities of ſportive idleneſs, or the warm profeſſions of drunken friendſhip; and fed their hopes with the promiſes of wretches, whom their precepts had taught to ſcoff at truth. But when fools had laughed away their ſprightlineſs and the languors of exceſs could no longer be relieved, they ſaw their protectors hourly drop away, and wondered and ſtormed to find themſelves abandoned. Whether their companions perſiſted in wickedneſs, or returned to virtue, they were left equally without aſſiſtance; for debauchery is ſelfiſh and negligent, and from virtue the virtuous only can expect regard.

It is ſaid by Florus of Catiline, who died in the midſt of ſlaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illuſtrious, had it been ſuffered for his country*. Of the wits who have languiſhed away life under the preſſures of poverty, or in the reſtleſſneſs of ſuſpenſe, careſſed and rejected, flattered and deſpiſed, as they were of more or leſs uſe to thoſe who ſtiled themſelves their patrons, it might be obſerved, that their miſeries would enforce compaſſion, had they been brought upon them by honeſty and religion.

The wickedneſs of a looſe or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken raviſher; not only becauſe it extends its effects wider, as a peſtilence that taints the air is more deſtructive than poiſon infuſed in a draught, but becauſe it is committed with cool deliberation. By the inſtantaneous violence of deſire, a good man may ſometimes be ſurpriſed before reflection can come to his reſcue; when the appetites have ſtrengthened their influence by habit, they are not eaſily reſiſted or ſuppreſſed; but for the frigid villainy of ſtudious lewdneſs, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What puniſhment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to ſolitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ranſacks his memory, only that he may leave the world leſs virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the riſing generation; and ſpread ſnares for the ſoul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuſes, is below the dignity of reaſon to examine. If having extinguiſhed in themſelves the diſtinction of right and wrong, they were inſenſible of the miſchief which they promoted, they deſerved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of ſocial nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons, or readers, they ſacrificed their own convictions to vanity or intereſt, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; ſince they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

Of him, to whom much is given, much ſhall be required. Thoſe whom God has favoured with ſuperior faculties, and made eminent for quickneſs of intuition, and accuracy of diſtinctions, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in ſouls leſs enlightened, may be guiltleſs. But,

ſurely, none can think without horror on that man's condition who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and uſed the light imparted from Heaven only to embelliſh folly, and ſhed luſtre upon crimes.

No. LXXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1750.

———Mors ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula.

JUV.

Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
The mighty ſoul how ſmall a body holds.

DRYDEN.

CORPORAL ſenſation is known to depend ſo much upon novelty, that cuſtom takes away from many things their power of giving pleaſure or pain. Thus a new dreſs becomes eaſy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to diſhes which at firſt diſguſted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden, we loſe, in great part, our ſenſibility of its weight, any man may be convinced by putting on for an hour the armour of our anceſtors; for he will ſcarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppreſſed, as he will find himſelf, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overturn regions, and ſtormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been bigger, and has no reaſon to imagine them ſtronger than the preſent race of men; he therefore muſt conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dreſs of war enabled them to move in it with eaſe, vigour, and agility.

Yet it ſeems to be the condition of our preſent ſtate, that pain ſhould be more fixed and permanent than pleaſure. Uneaſineſs gives way by ſlow degrees, and is long before it quits its poſſeſſion of the ſenſory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant, and eaſily diſſipated. The fragrance of the jeſſamine bower is loſt after the enjoyment of a few moments, and the Indian wanders among his native ſpices without any ſenſe of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not neceſſary to ſhew by many inſtances what all mankind confeſs, by an inceſſant call for variety, and reſtleſs purſuit of enjoyments, which they value only becauſe unpoſſeſſed.

Something ſimilar, or analogous, may be obſerved in effects produced immediately upon the mind; nothing can ſtrongly ſtrike or affect us, but what is rare or ſudden. The moſt important events, when they become familiar, are no longer conſidered with wonder or ſolicitude, and that which at firſt filled up our whole attention, and left no place for any other thought, is ſoon thruſt aſide into ſome remote repoſitory of the mind, and lies among other lumber of the memory, overlooked and neglected. Thus far the mind reſembles the body, but here the ſimilitude is at an end.

The manner in which external force acts upon the body is very little ſubject to the regulation of the will; no man can at pleaſure obtund or invigorate his ſenſes, prolong the agency of any image traced upon the eye, or any ſound infuſed into the ear. But our ideas are more ſubject to choice; we can call them before us, and command their ſtay; we can facilitate and promote their recurrence, we can either repreſs their intruſion, or haſten their retreat. It is therefore the buſineſs of wiſdom and virtue, to ſelect among numberleſs objects ſtriving for our notice, ſuch as may enable us to exalt our reaſon, extend our views, and ſecure our happineſs. But this choice is to be made with very little regard to rareneſs or frequency; for nothing is valuable merely becauſe it is either rare or common, but becauſe it is adapted to ſome uſeful purpoſe, and enables us to ſupply ſome deficiency of our nature.

Milton has judiciouſly repreſented the father of mankind, as ſeized with horror and aſtoniſhment at the ſight of death, exhibited to him on the Mount of Viſion. For, ſurely, nothing can ſo much diſturb the paſſions, or perplex the intellects of man, as the diſruption of his union

with viſible nature; a ſeparation from all that has hitherto delighted or engaged him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a ſtate not ſimply which he knows not, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know; an immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all diſtreſsful and alarming, the final ſentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we to whom the ſhortneſs of life has given frequent occaſions of contemplating mortality, can, without emotion, ſee generations of men paſs away, and are at leiſure to eſtabliſh modes of ſorrow, and adjuſt the ceremonial of death. We can look upon funeral pomp as a common ſpectacle in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amuſements, without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is, indeed, apparent from the conſtitution of the world, that there muſt be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the laſt hour, however it may become the ſolitude of a monaſtery, is inconſiſtent with many duties of common life. But ſurely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual and ſettled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention ſhould ſeldom wander ſo far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by ſight of an event, which muſt ſoon, we know not how ſoon, happen likewiſe to ourſelves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, we may ſecure the conſequence.

Every inſtance of death may juſtly awaken our fears and quicken our vigilance; but its frequency ſo much weakens its effect, that we are ſeldom alarmed unleſs ſome cloſe connection is broken, ſome ſcheme fruſtrated, or ſome hope defeated. Many therefore ſeem to paſs on from youth to decrepitude without any reflection on the end of life, becauſe they are wholly involved within themſelves, and look on others only as inhabitants of the common earth, without any expectation of receiving good, or intention of beſtowing it.

Events, of which we confeſs the importance, excite little ſenſibility, unleſs they affect us more nearly than as ſharers in the common intereſt of mankind; that deſire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is cauſed by the eternal departure even of thoſe who have paſſed their lives with publick honours, and been diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary performances. It is not poſſible to be regarded with tenderneſs, except by a few. That merit which gives greatneſs and renown, diffuſes its influence to a wide compaſs, but acts weakly on every ſingle breaſt; it is placed at a diſtance from common ſpectators, and ſhines like one of the remote ſtars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philoſopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topick to the converſation of the day. They impreſs none with any freſh conviction of the fragility of our nature, becauſe none had any particular intereſt in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that thoſe who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at laſt in the ground without the common honour of a ſtone; becauſe by thoſe excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged; and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

Cuſtom ſo far regulates the ſentiments, at leaſt of common minds, that I believe men may be generally obſerved to grow leſs tender as they advance in age. He who, when life was new, melted at the loſs of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his laſt friend was thrown, and into which himſelf is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed ſo far as to conſider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to ſubmit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to ſuffer our reaſon to lie uſeleſs. Every funeral may juſtly be conſidered as a ſummons to prepare for that ſtate into which it ſhews us that we muſt ſometime enter; and the ſummons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at leſs diſtance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to ſleep on our poſt at a ſiege; but to omit it in old age, is to ſleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in the viſions of Quevedo, which ſtigmatiſes thoſe as fools who complain that they failed of happineſs by ſudden death.

'How,' ſays he, 'can death be ſudden to a 'being who always knew that he muſt die, and 'that the time of his death was uncertain?'

Since buſineſs and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future ſtate, ſome admonition is frequently neceſſary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impreſſion than the examples of mortality which every day ſupplies? The great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we muſt die; it will therefore be uſeful to accuſtom ourſelves, whenever we ſee a funeral, to conſider how ſoon we may be added to the number of thoſe whoſe probation is paſt, and whoſe happineſs or miſery ſhall endure for ever.

No. LXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1750.

Tam ſæpe noſtrum decipi Fabullum, quid
Miraris, Aule? ſemper bonus homo tiro eſt.

MART.

You wonder I've ſo little wit,
Friend John, ſo often to be bit:
None better guard againſt a cheat
Than he who is a knave complete.

F. LEWIS.

SUSPICION, however neceſſary it may be to our ſafe paſſage through ways beſet on all ſides by fraud and malice, has been always conſidered, when it exceeds the common meaſures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of ſentences has laid down as a ſtanding maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himſelf to be perjured.*

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in compariſon with ſomething that we know: whoever, therefore, is over-run with ſuſpicion, and detects artifice and ſtratagem in every propoſal, muſt either have learned by experience or obſervation the wickedneſs of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often ſuffered or ſeen treachery; or he muſt derive his judgment from the conſciouſneſs of his own diſpoſition, and impute to others the ſame inclinations which he feels predominant in himſelf.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and obſerving the art by which negligence is ſurpriſed, timidity overborne, and credulity amuſed, requires either great latitude of converſe and long acquaintance with buſineſs, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteneſs of penetration. When therefore a young man, not diſtinguiſhed by vigour of intellect, comes into the world full of ſcruples and diffidence; makes a bargain with many proviſional limitations; heſitates in his anſwer to a common queſtion, leſt more ſhould be intended than he can immediately diſcover; has a long reach in detecting the projects of his acquaintance; conſiders every careſs as an act of hypocriſy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection from the tenderneſs of his friends, becauſe he believes no one to have any real tenderneſs but for himſelf; whatever expectations this early ſagacity may raiſe of his future eminence or riches, I can ſeldom forbear to conſider him as a wretch incapable of generoſity or benevolence, as a villain early completed beyond the need of common opportunities and gradual temptations.

Upon men of this claſs, inſtruction and admonition are generally thrown away, becauſe they conſider artifice and deceit as proofs of underſtanding; they are miſled at the ſame time by the two great ſeducers of the world, vanity and intereſt; and not only look upon thoſe who act with openneſs and confidence, as condemned by their principles to obſcurity and want, but as contemptible for narrowneſs of comprehenſion, ſhortneſs of views, and ſlowneſs of contrivance.

The world has been long amuſed with the mention of policy in publick tranſactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been conſidered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet I have not found many performances, either of

art or policy, that required ſuch ſtupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falſehood and impudence, without the aſſiſtance of any other powers. To profeſs what he does not mean, to promiſe what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with proſpects of promotion, and miſery with hope of relief; to ſooth pride with appearances of ſubmiſſion, and appeaſe enmity by blandiſhments and bribes; can ſurely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purpoſes, a face that cannot bluſh, and a heart that cannot feel.

Theſe practices are ſo mean and baſe, that he who finds in himſelf no tendency to uſe them, cannot eaſily believe that they are conſidered by others with leſs deteſtation; he therefore ſuffers himſelf to ſlumber in falſe ſecurity, and becomes a prey to thoſe who applaud their own ſubtilty, becauſe they know how to ſteal upon his ſleep, and exult in the ſucceſs which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themſelves, who was hindered from obviating their ſtratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

Suſpicion is, indeed, a temper ſo uneaſy and reſtleſs, that it is very juſtly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is ſaid, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of ſleep long continued; a pain to which the ſtate of that man bears a very exact analogy who dares never give reſt to his vigilance and circumſpection, but conſiders himſelf as ſurrounded by ſecret foes, and fears to intruſt his children, or his friend, with the ſecret that throbs in his breaſt, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expence, thoſe evils to which eaſineſs and friendſhip might have expoſed him, is ſurely to buy ſafety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman ſatiriſt, to ſave life by loſing all for which a wiſe man would live.

When in the diet of the German empire, as Camerarius relates, the princes were once diſplaying their felicity, and each boaſting the advantages of his own dominions, one who poſſeſſed a country not remarkable for the grandeur of its titles, or the fertility of its ſoil, roſe to ſpeak, and the reſt liſtened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and, if he was weary, ſleep in ſafety upon the lap of the firſt man whom he ſhould meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boaſt of palaces, paſtures, or ſtreams.

Suſpicion is not leſs an enemy to virtue than to happineſs: he that is already corrupt is naturally ſuſpicious, and he that becomes ſuſpicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourſelves have ſuffered; men who are once perſuaded that deceit will be employed againſt them, ſometimes think the ſame arts juſtified by the neceſſity of defence. Even they whoſe virtue is too well eſtabliſhed to give way to example, or be ſhaken by ſophiſtry, muſt yet feel their love of mankind diminiſhed with their eſteem, and grow leſs zealous for the happineſs of thoſe by whom they imagine their own happineſs endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which ſuſpicion has been ſtrongly impreſſed by long intercourſe with the world, inflexible and ſevere, not eaſily ſoftened by ſubmiſſion, melted by complaint, or ſubdued by ſupplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miſeries, and diſſembled virtue, in time overcomes that diſpoſition to tenderneſs and ſympathy, which is ſo powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compaſſion or aſſiſtance, are doomed to languiſh without regard, and ſuffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeſerving or ungrateful.

Hiſtorians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without cenſure thoſe ſtratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his deſtruction. A ſhip comes before a port, weather-beaten and ſhattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, ſupplying themſelves with neceſſaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to conſent, the ſtrangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall ſuddenly upon their benefactors, deſtroy thoſe that make reſiſtance, and become maſters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their ſucceſs is recorded to encourage imitation.

But ſurely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with ſome regard to the univerſal intereſt of man. Thoſe may juſtly be purſued as enemies to the community of nature, who ſuf-

fer hoſtility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and purſue their private advantage by means which, if once eſtabliſhed, muſt deſtroy kindneſs, cut off from every man all hopes of aſſiſtance from another, and fill the world with perpetual ſuſpicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be reſtored; and thoſe who have conquered by ſuch treachery may be juſtly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which conſtitutes not only the eaſe but the exiſtence of ſociety. He that ſuffers by impoſture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is neceſſary not to invite robbery by ſupineneſs, ſo it is our duty not to ſuppreſs tenderneſs by ſuſpicion. It is better to ſuffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be ſometimes cheated than not to truſt.

No. LXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1750.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam ſuſtineant onus
Silvæ laborantes——————

HOR.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below.

DRYDEN.

AS Providence has made the human ſoul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and ſtruggling for ſomething yet unenjoyed with unwearied progreſſion, the world ſeems to have been eminently adapted to this diſpoſition of the mind; it is formed to raiſe expectations by conſtant viciſſitudes, and to obviate ſatiety by perpetual change.

Whenever we turn our eyes, we find ſomething to revive our curioſity, and engage our attention. In the duſk of the morning we watch the riſing of the ſun, and ſee the day diverſify the clouds, and open new proſpects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we ſee the ſhades lengthen, and the light decline, till the ſky is reſigned to a multitude of ſhining orbs different from each other in magnitude and ſplendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their ſhades, and the fields their harveſt; the hill flatters with an extenſive view, and the valley invites with ſhelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of ſeaſons, and a perpetuity of ſpring; but I am not certain that in this ſtate of imaginary happineſs they have made ſufficient proviſion for that inſatiable demand of new gratifications, which ſeems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our ſenſe of delight is in a great meaſure comparative, and ariſes at once from the ſenſations which we feel, and thoſe which we remember: thus eaſe after torment is pleaſure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering its natural tepidity; but the joy ceaſes when we have forgot the cold, we muſt fall below eaſe again, if we deſire to riſe above it, and purchaſe new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that, however the fancy may be amuſed with the deſcription of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no ſcenes are diſplayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we ſhould ſoon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languiſh for want of other ſubjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of ſeaſons, and think ourſelves liberally recompenſed for the inconveniences of ſummer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmneſs and mildneſs of the intermediate variations.

Every ſeaſon has its particular power of ſtriking the mind. The nakedneſs and aſperity of

the wintry world always fills the beholder with penſive and profound aſtoniſhment; as the variety of the ſcene is leſſened, its grandeur is increaſed; and the mind is ſwelled at once by the mingled ideas of the preſent and the paſt, of the beauties which have vaniſhed from the eyes, and the waſte and deſolation that are now before them.

It is obſerved by Milton, that he who neglects to viſit the country in ſpring, and rejects the pleaſures that are then in their firſt bloom and fragrance, is guilty of *ſullenneſs againſt nature*. If we allot different duties to different ſeaſons, he may be charged with equal diſobedience to the voice of nature who looks on the bleak hills and leafleſs woods, without ſeriouſneſs and awe. Spring is the ſeaſon of gaiety, and winter of terror; in ſpring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence ſparkles at the ſight of happineſs and plenty: in the winter, compaſſion melts at univerſal calamity, and the tear of ſoftneſs ſtarts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in diſtreſs.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heavineſs and ſorrow; nor do I recommend them beyond the degree neceſſary to maintain in its full vigour that habitual ſympathy and tenderneſs which, in a world of ſo much miſery, is neceſſary to the ready diſcharge of our moſt important duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper ſeaſon for domeſtick merriment and gaiety. We are ſeldom invited by the votaries of pleaſure to look abroad for any other purpoſe, than that we may ſhrink back with more ſatisfaction to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempeſt, and felt the gripe of the froſt, congratulate each other with more gladneſs upon a cloſe room, an eaſy chair, a large fire, and a ſmoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and converſation. Differences, we know, are never ſo effectually laid aſleep, as by ſome common calamity: an enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the ſame fire-ſide thoſe who, by the oppoſition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual intereſt to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wiſh for the continuance of the ſocial ſeaſon, with all its bleakneſs and all its ſeverities.

To the man of ſtudy and imagination the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and ſilence produce compoſure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleaſure naturally cauſes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which thoſe whom literature enables to find amuſements for themſelves, have more than common convictions of their own happineſs. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from moſt of the diverſions which are called in to aſſiſt the flight of time, they can find new ſubjects of enquiry, and preſerve themſelves from that wearineſs which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philoſophers; it is neceſſary that the greater part of mankind ſhould be employed in the minute buſineſs of common life; minute, indeed, not if we conſider its influence upon our happineſs, but if we reſpect the abilities requiſite to conduct it. Theſe muſt neceſſarily be more dependent on accident for the means of ſpending agreeably thoſe hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on theſe I would willingly impreſs ſuch a ſenſe of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careleſs hours amuſements of more uſe and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but ſtrengthen the paſſions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profuſion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reaſonable being to ſpend any of the little time allotted us, without ſome tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our exiſtence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the ſtated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none ſhould be ſo ſpent as to exclude wiſdom or virtue, or paſs without poſſibility of qualifying us more or leſs for the better employment of thoſe which are to come.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to paſs an hour in honeſt converſation, without being able when we riſe

from it, to pleaſe ourſelves with having given or received ſome advantages; but a man may ſhuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loſs, and a confuſed remembrance of agitated paſſions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to ſpend the dreary months before them, may conſider which of their paſt amuſements fills them now with the greateſt ſatisfaction, and reſolve to repeat thoſe gratifications of which the pleaſure is moſt durable.

No. LXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1750.

Diſcite juſtitiam moniti——

VIRG.

Hear, and be juſt.

AMONG queſtions which have been diſcuſſed without any approach to deciſion, may be numbered the precedency or ſuperior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furniſhed a ſubject of diſpute to men whoſe leiſure ſent them out into the intellectual world in ſearch of employment, and who have, perhaps, been ſometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for its advancement, and diligence in its celebration.

The intricacy of this diſpute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderneſs for mankind which Providence has, I think, univerſally diſplayed, by making attainments eaſy in proportion as they are neceſſary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practiſed, is without difficulty diſcoverable, becauſe ignorance or uncertainty would immediately involve the world in confuſion and diſtreſs; but which duty ought to be moſt eſteemed, we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, ſo all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need; for upon practice, nor upon opinion, depends the happineſs of mankind; and controverſies, merely ſpeculative, are of ſmall importance in themſelves, however they may have ſometimes heated a diſputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impoſſible to peruſe the evangelical hiſtories, without obſerving how little he favoured the vanity of inquiſitiveneſs; how much more rarely he condeſcended to ſatisfy curioſity, than to relieve diſtreſs; and how much he deſired that his followers ſhould rather excel in goodneſs than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without oſtentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, ſuch as well-meaning ſimplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot miſtake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The meaſure of juſtice preſcribed to us, in our tranſactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehenſive: *Whatever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them.* A law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjuſted, as far as the private conſcience requires to be informed; a law of which every man may find the expoſition in his own breaſt, and which may always be obſerved without any other qualifications than honeſty of intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, ſome ſons of ſophiſtry have been ſubtle enough to throw miſts, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this univerſal principle, they have enquired whether a man, conſcious to himſelf of unreaſonable wiſhes, be bound to gratify them in another. But ſurely there needed no long deliberation to conclude, that the deſires, which are to be conſidered by us as the meaſure of right, muſt be ſuch as we approve, and that we ought to pay no regard to thoſe expectations in others which we condemn in ourſelves, and which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to reſiſt and ſuppreſs.

One of the moſt celebrated caſes which have been produced as requiring ſome ſkill in the direction of conſcience to adapt them to this great rule, is that of a criminal aſking mercy of his judge, who cannot but know, that if he was in

the ſtate of the ſupplicant, he ſhould deſire that pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this ſophiſm will vaniſh, if we remember that the parties are, in reality, on one ſide the criminal, and on the other the community, of which the magiſtrate is only the miniſter, and by which he is intruſted with the publick ſafety. The magiſtrate, therefore, in pardoning a man unworthy of pardon, betrays the truſt with which he is inveſted, gives away what is not his own, and, apparently, does to others what he would not that others ſhould do to him. Even the community, whoſe right is ſtill greater to arbitrary grants of mercy, is bound by thoſe laws which regard the great republick of mankind, and cannot juſtify ſuch forbearance as may promote wickedneſs, and leſſen the general confidence and ſecurity in which all have an equal intereſt, and which all are therefore bound to maintain. For this reaſon the ſtate has not a right to erect a general ſanctuary for fugitives, or give protection to ſuch as have forfeited their lives by crimes againſt the laws of common morality, equally acknowledged by all nations, becauſe no people can, without infraction of the univerſal league of ſocial beings, incite, by proſpects of impunity and ſafety, thoſe practices in another dominion which they would themſelves puniſh in their own.

One occaſion of uncertainty and heſitation, in thoſe by whom this great rule has been commented and dilated, is the confuſion of what the exacter caſuiſts are careful to diſtinguiſh; *debts of juſtice* and *debts of charity*. The immediate and primary intention of this precept is, to eſtabliſh a rule of juſtice; and I know not whether invention, or ſophiſtry, can ſtart a ſingle difficulty to retard its application, when it is thus expreſſed and explained.—*Let every man allow the claim of right in another, which he ſhould think himſelf entitled to make in the like circumſtances.*

The diſcharge of the *debts of charity*, or duties which we owe to others, not merely as required by juſtice, but as dictated by benevolence, admits in its own nature greater complication of circumſtances, and greater latitude of choice. Juſtice is indiſpenſably and univerſally neceſſary, and what is neceſſary muſt always be limited, uniform, and diſtinct. But beneficence, though in general equally enjoyed by our religion, and equally needful to the conciliation of the Divine favour, is yet, for the moſt part, with regard to its ſingle acts, elective and voluntary. We may, certainly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the diſtribution of kindneſs ſomething to our affections, and change the meaſure of our liberality according to our opinions and proſpects, our hopes and fears. This rule, therefore, is not equally determinate and abſolute with reſpect to offices of kindneſs and acts of liberality, becauſe liberality and kindneſs, abſolutely determined, would loſe their nature; for how could we be called tender, or charitable, for giving that which we are poſitively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjuſting the extent of our beneficence, no other meaſure can be taken than this precept affords us, for we can only know what others ſuffer or want, by conſidering how we ſhould be affected in the ſame ſtate; nor can we proportion our aſſiſtance by any other rule than that of doing what we ſhould then expect from others. It indeed generally happens that the giver and receiver differ in their opinions of generoſity; the ſame partiality to his own intereſt inclines one to large expectations, and the other to ſparing diſtributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will ſcarcely ſuffer a man groaning under the preſſure of diſtreſs, to judge rightly of the kindneſs of his friends, or think they have done enough till his deliverance is completed; not therefore what we might wiſh, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, ſince, though we can eaſily know how much we might claim, it is impoſſible to determine what we ſhould hope.

But in all enquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occaſional virtues, it is ſafeſt for minds not oppreſſed with ſuperſtitious fears to determine againſt their own inclinations, and ſecure themſelves from deficiency by doing more than they believe ſtrictly neceſſary. For of this every man may be certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions with his dependent, he ſhould expect more than, with the utmoſt exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himſelf to perform; and when reaſon has no ſettled rule, and our paſſions are ſtriving to miſlead us, it is ſurely the part of a wiſe man to err on the ſide of ſafety.

No. LXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1750.

Omnia caſtor emit, ſic fiet ut omnia vendat.

MART.

Who buys without diſcretion, buys to ſell.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT will not be neceſſary to ſolicit your good-will by any formal preface, when I have informed you, that I have long been known as the moſt laborious and zealous virtuoſo that the preſent age has had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been brought upon me by an unextinguiſhable ardour of curioſity, and an unſhaken perſeverance in the acquiſition of the productions of art and nature.

It was obſerved, from my entrance into the world, that I had ſomething uncommon in my diſpoſition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of ſuperior genius. I was always an enemy to trifles; the playthings which my mother beſtowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might diſcover the method of their ſtructure, and the cauſes of their motions: of all the toys with which children are delighted, I valued only my coral; and, as ſoon as I could ſpeak, aſked, like Pyrrheſc, innumerable queſtions which the maids about me could not reſolve. As I grew older I was more thoughtful and ſerious; and inſtead of amuſing myſelf with puerile diverſions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home ſtones of remarkable forms, or inſects of ſome uncommon ſpecies. I never entered an old houſe, from which I did not take away the painted glaſs, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demoliſhed the convents and monaſteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early poſſeſſed by a taſte for ſolid knowledge, I paſſed my youth with very little diſturbance from paſſions and appetites; and having no pleaſure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, faſhions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with inceſſant diligence, and had amaſſed more ſtones, moſſes, and ſhells, than are to be found in many celebrated collections, at an age in which the greateſt part of young men are ſtudying under tutors, or endeavouring to recommend themſelves to notice by their dreſs, their air, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty years old, I became, by the death of my father, poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate in land, with a very large ſum of money in the publick funds; and muſt confeſs that I did not much lament him, for he was a man of mean parts, bent rather upon growing rich than wiſe. He once fretted at the expence of only ten ſhillings, which he happened to overhear me offering for the ſting of a hornet, though it was a cold moiſt ſummer, in which very few hornets had been ſeen. He often recommended to me the ſtudy of phyſick; 'In 'which,' ſaid he, 'you may at once gratify 'your curioſity after natural hiſtory, and in-'creaſe your fortune by benefiting mankind.' I heard him, Mr. Rambler, with pity; and as there was no proſpect of elevating a mind formed to grovel, ſuffered him to pleaſe himſelf with hoping that I ſhould ſome time follow his advice. For you know that there are men with whom, when they have once ſettled a notion in their heads, it is to very little purpoſe to diſpute.

Being now left wholly to my own inclinations, I very ſoon enlarged the bounds of my curioſity, and contented myſelf no longer with ſuch rarities as required only judgment and induſtry, and when once found, might be had for nothing. I now turned my thoughts to *exoticks* and *antiques*; and became ſo well known for my generous patronage of ingenious men, that my levee was crowded with viſitants, ſome to ſee my muſeum, and others to increaſe its treaſures, by ſelling me whatever they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for that narrowneſs of conception, which contents itſelf with cultivating ſome ſingle corner of the field of ſcience; I took the whole region into my view, and wiſhed it of yet greater extent. But no man's power can be equal to his will. I was forced to proceed by ſlow degrees, and to purchaſe what chance or kindneſs happened to preſent. I did

not however proceed without ſome deſign, or imitate the indiſcretion of thoſe who begin a thouſand collections, and finiſh none. Having been always a lover of geography, I determined to collect the maps drawn in the rude and barbarous times, before any regular ſurveys, or juſt obſervations; and have, at a great expence, brought together a volume, in which, perhaps, not a ſingle country is laid down according to its true ſituation, and by which, he that deſires to know the errors of the ancient geographers may be amply informed.

But my ruling paſſion is patriotiſm: my chief care has been to procure the products of our own country; and as Alfred received the tribute of the Welch in wolves heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhauſted the papillonaceous tribe. I then directed them to the purſuit of other animals; and obtained, by this eaſy method, moſt of the grubs and inſects which land, air, or water, can ſupply. I have three ſpecies of earthworms not known to the naturaliſts, have diſcovered a new ephemera, and can ſhew four waſps that were taken torpid in their winter quarters. I have, from my own ground, the longeſt blade of graſs upon record; and once accepted, as a half year's rent for a field of wheat, an ear containing more grains than had been ſeen before upon a ſingle ſtem.

One of my tenants ſo much neglected his own intereſt, as to ſupply me, in a whole ſummer, with only two horſeflies, and thoſe of little more than the common ſize; and I was upon the brink of ſeizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white mole in his way, for which he was not only forgiven but rewarded.

Theſe, however, were petty acquiſitions, and made at ſmall expence; nor ſhould I have ventured to rank myſelf among the virtuoſi without better claims. I have ſuffered nothing worthy the regard of a wiſe man to eſcape my notice: I have ranſacked the old and the new world; and been equally attentive to paſt ages and the preſent. For the illuſtration of ancient hiſtory, I can ſhew a marble, of which the inſcription, though it is not now legible, appears, from ſome broken remains of the letters, to have been Tuſcan, and therefore probably engraved before the foundation of Rome. I have two pieces of porphyry found among the ruins of Epheſus, and three letters broken off by a learned traveller from the monuments of Perſepolis; a piece of ſtone which paved the Areopagus of Athens; and a plate, without figures or characters, which was found at Corinth, and which I therefore believe to be that metal which was once valued before gold. I have ſand gathered out of the Granicus; a fragment of Trajan's bridge over the Danube; ſome of the mortar which cemented the water-courſe of Tarquin; a horſeſhoe broken on the Flaminian way; and a turf with five daiſies dug from the field of Pharſalia.

I do not wiſh to raiſe the envy of unſucceſsful collectors, by too pompous a diſplay of my ſcientifick wealth; but cannot forbear to obſerve, that there are few regions of the globe which are not honoured with ſome memorial in my cabinets. The Perſian monarchs are ſaid to have boaſted the greatneſs of their empire, by being ſerved at their tables with drink from the Ganges and the Danube: I can ſhew one vial, of which the water was formerly an icicle on the crags of Caucaſus, and another that contains what once was ſnow on the top of Atlas; in a third is dew bruſhed from a banana in the gardens of Iſpahan; and, in another, brine that has rolled in the Pacifick ocean. I flatter myſelf that I am writing to a man who will rejoice at the honour which my labours have procured to my country; and therefore I ſhall tell you that Britain can, by my care, boaſt of a ſnail that has crawled upon the wall of China; a humming-bird which an American princeſs wore in her ear; the tooth of an elephant who carried the Queen of Siam; the ſkin of an ape that was kept in the palace of the Great Mogul; a ribbon that adorned one of the maids of a Turkiſh ſultana; and a ſcymitar once wielded by a ſoldier of Abas the Great.

In collecting antiquities of every country, I have been careful to chuſe only by intrinſick worth, and real uſefulneſs, without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of Cromwell's hair in a box turned from a piece of the royal oak; and keep, in the ſame drawers, ſand ſcraped from the coffin of King Richard, and a commiſſion ſigned by Henry the Seventh. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth, and the ſhoe of Mary of Scotland; and ſhould loſe, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a ſtirrup of King James. I have

paid the ſame price for a glove of Lewis, and a thimble of Queen Mary; for a fur cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will eaſily imagine that theſe accumulations were not made without ſome diminution of my fortune; for I was ſo well known to ſpare no coſt, that at every ſale ſome bid againſt me for hire, ſome for ſport, and ſome for malice; and if I aſked the price of any thing, it was ſufficient to double the demand. For curioſity, trafficking thus with avarice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my cloſet: here I was inclined to ſtop, and live upon my eſtate in literary leiſure; but the ſale of the Harleian collection ſhook my reſolution; I mortgaged my land, and purchaſed thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has ſeized my repoſitory; I am therefore condemned to diſperſe what the labour of an age will not reaſſemble. I ſubmit to that which cannot be oppoſed, and ſhall, in a ſhort time, declare a ſale. I have, while it is yet in my power, ſent you a pebble, picked up by Tavernier on the banks of the Ganges; for which I deſire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the publick.

QUISQUILIUS.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY, 1, 1751.

Niſi utile eſt quod facias ſtulta eſt gloria.

PHÆD.

All uſeleſs ſcience is an empty boaſt.

THE publication of the letter in my laſt paper has naturally led me to the conſideration of that thirſt after curioſities, which often draws contempt and ridicule upon itſelf, but which is perhaps no otherwiſe blameable, than as it wants thoſe circumſtantial recommendations which add luſtre even to moral excellencies, and are abſolutely neceſſary to the grace and beauty of indifferent actions.

Learning confers ſo much ſuperiority on thoſe who poſſeſs it, that they might probably have eſcaped all cenſure had they been able to agree among themſelves; but as envy and competition have divided the republick of letters into factions, they have neglected the common intereſt; each has called in foreign aid, and endeavoured to ſtrengthen his own cauſe by the frown of power, the hiſs of ignorance, and the clamour of popularity. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hoſtilities they demoliſhed thoſe outworks which veneration had raiſed for their ſecurity, and expoſed themſelves to barbarians, by whom every region of ſcience is equally laid waſte.

Between men of different ſtudies and profeſſions, may be obſerved a conſtant reciprocation of reproaches. The collector of ſhells and ſtones derides the folly of him who paſtes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleaſes himſelf with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amaſſed with care what cannot be preſerved. The hunter of inſects ſtands amazed that any man can waſte his ſhort time upon lifeleſs matter, while many tribes of animals yet want their hiſtory. Every one is inclined not only to promote his own ſtudy, but to exclude all others from regard; and having heated his imagination with ſome favourite purſuit, wonders that the reſt of mankind are not ſeized with the ſame paſſion.

There are, indeed, many ſubjects of ſtudy which ſeem but remotely allied to uſeful knowledge, and of little importance to happineſs or virtue; nor is it eaſy to forbear ſome ſallies of merriment, or expreſſions of pity, when we ſee a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with ſolicitude, in the inveſtigation of queſtions, of which, without viſible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance. Yet it is dangerous to diſcourage well-intended labours, or innocent curioſity: for he who is employed in ſearches, which by any deduction of conſequences tend to the benefit of life, is ſurely laudable, in compariſon of thoſe who ſpend their time in counteracting happineſs, and filling the world with wrong and danger, confuſion and remorſe. No man can perform ſo little as

not to have reaſon to congratulate himſelf on his merits, when he beholds the multitudes that live in total idleneſs, and have never yet endeavoured to be uſeful.

It is impoſſible to determine the limits of enquiry, or to foreſee what conſequences a new diſcovery may produce. He who ſuffers not his faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures. The man that firſt ranged the woods in ſearch of medicinal ſprings, or climbed the mountains for ſalutary plants, has undoubtedly merited the gratitude of poſterity, how much ſoever his frequent miſcarriages might excite the ſcorn of his cotemporaries. If what appears little be univerſally deſpiſed, nothing greater can be attained, for all that is great was at firſt little, and roſe to its preſent bulk by gradual acceſſions, and accumulated labours.

Thoſe who lay out time or money in aſſembling matter for contemplation, are doubtleſs entitled to ſome degree of reſpect, though in a flight of gaiety it be eaſy to ridicule their treaſure, or in a fit of ſullenneſs to deſpiſe it. A man who thinks only on the particular object before him, goes not away much illuminated by having enjoyed the privilege of handling the tooth of a ſhark, or the paw of a white bear; yet there is nothing more worthy of admiration to a philoſophical eye, than the ſtructure of animals, by which they are qualified to ſupport life in the elements or climates to which they are appropriated; and of all natural bodies it muſt be generally confeſſed, that they exhibit evidences of infinite wiſdom, bear their teſtimony to the ſupreme reaſon, and excite in the mind new raptures of gratitude, and new incentives to piety.

To collect the productions of art, and examples of mechanical ſcience or manual ability, is unqueſtionably uſeful, even when the things themſelves are of ſmall importance, becauſe it is always advantageous to know how far the human powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleneſs and timidity often deſpair without being overcome, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by ſhewing what has been already performed. It may ſometimes happen that the greateſt efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles; yet the ſame principles and expedients may be applied to more valuable purpoſes, and the movements, which put into action machines of no uſe but to raiſe the wonder of ignorance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to aſſiſt the architect, or preſerve the ſailor.

For the utenſils, arms, or dreſſes of foreign nations, which make the greateſt part of many collections, I have little regard when they are valued only becauſe they are foreign, and can ſuggeſt no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally uſeleſs; nor can it be always ſafely determined, which ſhould be rejected or retained; for they may ſometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illuſtration of hiſtory, and to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and cuſtoms of its inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, which owe their worth merely to accident, and which can convey no information, nor ſatisfy any rational deſire. Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration only for having been once the property of ſome eminent perſon, as the armour of King Henry; or, for having been uſed on ſome remarkable occaſion, as the lantern of Guy Faux. The loſs or preſervation of theſe ſeem to be a thing indifferent; nor can I perceive why the poſſeſſion of them ſhould be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this curioſity is implanted by nature: and when I find Tully confeſſing of himſelf, that he could not forbear, at Athens, to viſit the walks and houſes which the old philoſophers had frequented or inhabited, and recollect the reverence which every nation, civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground where merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare againſt the general voice of mankind, and am inclined to believe, that this regard, which we involuntarily pay to the meaneſt relique of a man great and illuſtrious, is intended as an incitement to labour, and an engagement to expect the ſame renown, if it be ſought by the ſame virtues.

The virtuoſo, therefore, cannot be ſaid to be wholly uſeleſs; but perhaps he may be ſometimes culpable for confining himſelf to buſineſs below his genios, and loſing, in petty ſpecu-

lations, thoſe hours by which, if he had ſpent them in nobler ſtudies, he might have given new light to the intellectual world. It is never without grief, that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention enliſting himſelf in this ſecondary claſs of learning; for when he has once diſcovered a method of gratifying his deſire of eminence by expence rather than by labour, and known the ſweets of a life bleſt at once with the eaſe of idleneſs and the reputation of knowledge, he will not eaſily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments and principles, arguments which require circumſpection and vigilance, and principles which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly ſhut himſelf up for ever with his ſhells and medals, like the companions of Ulyſſes, who having taſted the fruit of Lotos, would not, even by the hope of ſeeing their own country, be tempted again to the dangers of the ſea.

Ἀλλ' αὐτῳ βέλονλο μετ' ἀνδρασι Λωτοφάγοισι,
Λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι μένεμεν, νοστου τε λαθεσθαι.

——— Whoſo taſtes
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts;
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends.

POPE.

Collections of this kind are of uſe to the learned, as heaps of ſtones and piles of timber are neceſſary to the architect. But to dig the quarry, or to ſearch the field, requires not much of any quality, beyond ſtubborn perſeverance; and though genius muſt often lie unactive without this humble aſſiſtance, yet this can claim little praiſe, becauſe every man can afford it.

To mean underſtandings, it is ſufficient honour to be numbered amongſt the loweſt labourers of learning; but different abilities muſt find different taſks. To hew ſtone, would have been unworthy of Palladio; and to have rambled in ſearch of ſhells and flowers, had but ill ſuited with the capacity of Newton.

No. LXXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1751.

Cunarum fueras motor, Charideme, mearum,
Et pueri cuſtos, aſſiduuſque comes.
Jam mihi nigreſcunt tonſa ſudaria barba,——
Sed tibi non crevi: te noſter villicus horret:
Te diſpenſator, te domus ipſa pavet.
Corripis, obſervas, quereris, ſuſpiria ducis,
Et vix a ferulis abſtinet ira manum.

MART.

You rock'd my cradle, were my guide
In youth, ſtill tending at my ſide:
But now, dear ſir, my beard is grown,
Still I'm a child to you alone.
Our ſteward, butler, cook, and all,
You fright; nay, e'en the very wall:
You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
And ſcarce will lay the rod aſide.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU ſeem in all your papers to be an enemy to tyranny, and to look with impartiality upon the world: I ſhall therefore lay my caſe before you, and hope by your deciſion to be ſet free from unreaſonable reſtraints, and enabled to juſtify myſelf againſt the accuſations which ſpite and peeviſhneſs produce againſt me.

At the age of five years I loſt my mother; and my father not being qualified to ſuperin-

tend the education of a girl, committed me to the care of his ſiſter, who inſtructed me with the authority, and, not to deny her what ſhe may juſtly claim, with the affection of a parent. She had not very elevated ſentiments or extenſive views, but her principles were good, and her intentions pure; and though ſome may practiſe more virtues, ſcarce any commit fewer faults.

Under this good lady I learned all the common rules of decent behaviour, and ſtanding maxims of domeſtick prudence; and might have grown up by degrees to a country gentlewomau, without any thoughts of ranging beyond the neighbourhood, had not Flavia come down, laſt ſummer, to viſit her relations in the next village. I was taken, of courſe, to compliment the ſtranger; and was, at the firſt ſight, ſurpriſed at the unconcern with which ſhe ſaw herſelf gazed at by company whom ſhe had never known before; at the careleſſneſs with which ſhe received compliments, and the readineſs with which ſhe returned them. I found ſhe had ſomething which I perceived myſelf to want, and could not but wiſh to be like her, at once eaſy and officious, attentive and unembarraſſed. I went home, and for four days could think and talk of nothing but Miſs Flavia; though my aunt told me, that ſhe was a forward flirt, and thought herſelf wiſe before her time.

In a little time ſhe repaid my viſit, and raiſed in my heart a new confuſion of love and admiration. I ſoon ſaw her again, and ſtill found new charms in her air, converſation, and behaviour. You who have perhaps ſeen the world, may have obſerved, that formality ſoon ceaſes between young perſons. I know not how others are affected on ſuch occaſions, but I found myſelf irreſiſtibly allured to friendſhip and intimacy, by the familiar complaiſance and airy gaiety of Flavia; ſo that in a few weeks I became her favourite, and all the time was paſſed with me that ſhe could gain from ceremony and viſit.

As ſhe came often to me, ſhe neceſſarily ſpent ſome hours with my aunt, to whom ſhe paid great reſpect, by low courteſies, ſubmiſſive compliance, and ſoft acquieſcence; but as I became gradually more accuſtomed to her manners, I diſcovered that her civility was general; that there was a certain degree of deference ſhewn by her to circumſtances and appearances; that many went away flattered by her humility, whom ſhe deſpiſed in her heart; that the influence of far the greateſt part of thoſe with whom ſhe converſed ceaſed with their preſence; and that ſometimes ſhe did not remember the names of them whom, without any intentional inſincerity or falſe commendations, her habitual civility had ſent away with very high thoughts of their own importance.

It was not long before I perceived, that my aunt's opinion was not of much weight in Flavia's deliberations, and that ſhe was looked upon by her as a woman of narrow ſentiments, without knowledge of books, or obſervations on mankind. I had hitherto conſidered my aunt as entitled by her wiſdom and experience to the higheſt reverence; and could not forbear to wonder that any one ſo much younger ſhould venture to ſuſpect her of error, or ignorance: but my ſurpriſe was without uneaſineſs; and being now accuſtomed to think Flavia always in the right, I readily learned from her to truſt my own reaſon, and to believe it poſſible, that they who had lived longer might be miſtaken.

Flavia had read much, and uſed ſo often to converſe on ſubjects of learning, that ſhe put all the men in the county to flight, except the old parſon, who declared himſelf much delighted with her company, becauſe ſhe gave him opportunities to recollect the ſtudies of his younger years; and by ſome mention of ancient ſtory, had made him rub the duſt off his Homer, which had lain unregarded in his cloſet. With Homer, and a thouſand other names familiar to Flavia, I had no acquaintance; but began, by comparing her accompliſhments with my own, to repine at my education, and wiſh that I had not been ſo long confined to the company of thoſe from whom nothing but houſewifery was to be learned. I then ſet myſelf to peruſe ſuch books as Flavia recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I ſaw new worlds hourly burſting upon my mind, and was enraptured at the proſpect of diverſifying life with endleſs entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large ſcreen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work againſt winter, made very ſlow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honeſt folly exclaimed againſt my new acquaintance, who

had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books. But ſhe had now loſt her authority, for I began to find innumerable miſtakes in her opinions, and improprieties in her language; and therefore thought myſelf no longer bound to pay much regard to one who knew little beyond her needle and her dairy; and who profeſſes to think that nothing more is required of a woman, than to ſee that the houſe is clean, and that the maids go to bed and riſe at a certain hour.

She ſeemed, however, to look upon Flavia as ſeducing me, and to imagine that when her influence was withdrawn, I ſhould return to my allegiance; ſhe therefore contented herſelf with remote hints, and gentle admonitions, intermixed with ſage hiſtories of the miſcarriages of wit, and diſappointments of pride. But ſince ſhe has found, that though Flavia is departed, I ſtill perſiſt in my new ſcheme, ſhe has at length loſt her patience, ſhe ſnatches my book out of my hand, tears my paper if ſhe finds me writing, burns Flavia's letters before my face when ſhe can ſeize them, and threatens to lock me up, and to complain to my father of my perverſeneſs. 'If women,' ſhe ſays, 'would 'but know their duty and their intereſt, they 'would be careful to acquaint themſelves with 'family affairs, and many a penny might be 'ſaved; for while the miſtreſs of the houſe is 'ſcribbling and reading, ſervants are junket-'ing, and linen is wearing out.' She then takes me round the rooms, ſhews me the worked hangings, and chairs of tent-ſtitch, and aſks whether all this was done with a pen and a book.

I cannot deny, that I ſometimes laugh, and ſometimes am ſullen: but ſhe has not delicacy enough to be much moved either with my mirth or my gloom, if ſhe did not think the intereſt of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She had for ſome years marked out young Mr. Surly, an heir in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of fighting-cocks, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleaſed with the civilities which he uſed to pay me, till under Flavia's tuition I learned to talk of ſubjects which he could not underſtand. 'This,' ſhe ſays, is the conſequence of female 'ſtudy; girls grow too wiſe to be adviſed, and 'too ſtubborn to be commanded:' but ſhe is reſolved to try who ſhall govern, and will thwart my humour till ſhe breaks my ſpirit.

Theſe menaces, Mr. Rambler, ſometimes make me quite angry; for I have been ſixteen theſe ten weeks, and think myſelf exempted from the dominion of a governeſs, who has no pretenſions to more ſenſe or knowledge than myſelf. I am reſolved, ſince I am as tall and as wiſe as other women, to be no longer treated like a girl. Miſs Flavia has often told me, that ladies of my age go to aſſemblies and routes, without their mothers and their aunts; I ſhall therefore, from this time, leave aſking advice, and refuſe to give accounts. I wiſh you would ſtate the time at which young ladies may judge for themſelves, which I am ſure you cannot but think ought to begin before ſixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I ſhall have very little regard to your opinion.

My aunt often tells me of the advantages of experience, and of the deference due to ſeniority; and both ſhe, and all the antiquated part of the world, talk of the unreſerved obedience which they paid to the commands of their parents, and the undoubted confidence with which they have liſtened to their precepts; of the terrors which they felt at a frown, and the humility with which they ſupplicated forgiveneſs whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this boaſt is too general to be true, and that the young and the old were always at variance. I have, however, told my aunt, that I will mend whatever ſhe will prove to be wrong; but ſhe replies, that ſhe has reaſons of her own, and that ſhe is ſorry to live in an age when girls have the impudence to aſk for proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. Rambler, to know whether I am not as wiſe as my aunt; and whether, when ſhe preſumes to check me as a baby, I may not pluck up a ſpirit, and return her inſolence. I ſhall not proceed to extremities without your advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTILLA.

P. S. Remember I am paſt ſixteen.

No. LXXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1751.

Otia ſi tollas periere Cupidinis arcus
Contemptæque jacent, et ſine luce faces.

OVID.

At buſy hearts in vain Love's arrows fly;
Dim, ſcorn'd, and impotent, his torches lie.

MANY writers of eminence in phyſick have laid out their diligence upon the conſideration of thoſe diſtempers to which men are expoſed by particular ſtates of life; and very learned treatiſes have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the ſea, and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accuſtomed to anatomical enquiries, and medical refinements, would not find reaſons for declining as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almoſt every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and ſafer than a life of ſloth.

The neceſſity of action is not only demonſtrable from the fabrick of the body, but evident from obſervation of the univerſal practice of mankind; who for the preſervation of health in thoſe whoſe rank or wealth exempts them from the neceſſity of lucrative labour, have invented ſports and diverſions, though not of equal uſe to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to thoſe that practiſe them, and differing only from the drudgery of the huſbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful ſenſe of compulſion. The huntſman riſes early, purſues his game through all the dangers and obſtructions of the chace, ſwims rivers, and ſcales precipices, till he returns home no leſs haraſſed than the ſoldier, and has perhaps ſometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death: yet he has no motive to incite his ardour; he is neither ſubject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and diſobedience; he has neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils and his conqueſts, but toils without the hope of mural or civick garlands, and muſt content himſelf with the praiſe of his tenants and companions.

But ſuch is the conſtitution of man, that labour may be ſtyled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requiſite, if it be conſidered how much happineſs is gained, and how much miſery eſcaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Eaſe is the utmoſt that can be hoped from a ſedentary and unactive habit; eaſe, a neutral ſtate between pain and pleaſure. The dance of ſpirits, the bound of vigour, readineſs of enterprize, and defiance of fatigue, are reſerved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent expoſure fortifies his frame againſt the common accidents of cold or heat.

With eaſe, however, if it could be ſecured, many would be content; but nothing terreſtrial can be kept at a ſtand. Eaſe, if it is not riſing into pleaſure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of ſpeculation may ſuggeſt of obſerving the portion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy ſtate by ſupplies exactly equal to its waſte, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigour fails, obſtructions are generated; and that from obſtructions proceed moſt of thoſe pains which wear us away ſlowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they ſometimes ſuffer life to be long, condemn it to be uſeleſs, chain us down to the couch of miſery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exerciſe cannot ſecure us from that diſſolution to which we are decreed; but while the ſoul and body continue united, it can make the aſſociation pleaſing, and give probable hopes that they ſhall be disjoined by an eaſy ſeparation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diſeaſes are from Heaven, and chronical from ourſelves: the dart of death indeed falls from Heaven, but we poiſon it by our own miſconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguiſh is generally his folly.

It is neceſſary to that perfection of which our preſent ſtate is capable, that the mind and body ſhould both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be ſuffered to grow lax or torpid for want of uſe; that neither health be purchaſed by voluntary ſubmiſſion to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health which muſt enable it either to give pleaſure to its poſſeſſor, or aſſiſtance to others. It is too frequently the pride of ſtudents to deſpiſe thoſe amuſements and recreations which give to the reſt of mankind ſtrength of limbs and cheerfulneſs of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed ſeldom conſiſtent with ſuch ſkill in common exerciſes or ſports as is neceſſary to make them practiſed with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the neceſſity is not preſſing and immediate, when he knows that his aukwardneſs muſt make him ridiculous.

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis,
Indoctuſque Pilæ, Diſcive, Trochive quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè Coronæ.

HOR.

He that's unſkilful will not toſs a ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle, for he fears the fall;
He juſtly fears to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the ring will hiſs the baffled aſs.

CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often reſigned, almoſt by his own conſent, to languor and pain; and while in the proſecution of his ſtudies he ſuffers the wearineſs of labour, is ſubject by his courſe of life to the maladies of idleneſs.

It was, perhaps, from the obſervation of this miſchievous omiſſion in thoſe who are employed about intellectual objects, that Locke has, in his Syſtem of Education, urged the neceſſity of a trade to men of all ranks and profeſſions, that when the mind is weary with its proper taſk, it may be relaxed by a ſlighter attention to ſome mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are reſuſcitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the underſtanding may be reſtrained from that vagrance and diſſipation by which it relieves itſelf after a long intenſeneſs of thought, unleſs ſome allurement be preſented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is ſo little reaſon for expecting freqnent conformity to Locke's precept, that it is not neceſſary to enquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might not give occaſion to petty emulation, and degenerate ambition; and whether, if our divines and phyſicians were taught the lathe and the chizzel, they would not think more of their tools than their books; as Nero neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleaſed with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worſe employment might have been found for thoſe hours which a manual occupation appears to engroſs; let us compute the profit with the loſs; and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his ſtudies, conſider likewiſe, that perhaps by the ſame attractions he is ſometimes withheld from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from luſt.

I have always admired the wiſdom of thoſe by whom our female education was inſtituted; for having contrived, that every woman, of whatever condition, ſhould be taught ſome arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluſe and domeſtick leiſure may be filled up. Theſe arts are more neceſſary, as the weakneſs of their ſex and the general ſyſtem of life debar ladies from many employments which, by diverſifying the circumſtances of men, preſerve them from being cankered by the ruſt of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happineſs of the world may be the conſequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps, the moſt powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confuſion and ſlaughter that would be produced by ſo many piercing eyes and vivid underſtandings, turned looſe at once upon mankind, with no other buſineſs than to ſparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to deſtroy.

For my part, whenever chance brings within my obſervation a knot of miſſes buſy at their needles, I conſider myſelf as in the ſchool of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary ſkill in plain-work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much ſatisfaction as their governeſs, becauſe I regard them as providing a ſecurity againſt the moſt dangerous enſnarers of the ſoul, by enabling themſelves to exclude idleneſs from their ſolitary moments, and with idleneſs her attendant train of paſſions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, ſorrows,

and deſires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them that Love has no power but over thoſe whom he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when he ſees Andromache overwhelmed with terrors, ſends her for conſolation to the loom and the diſtaff.

It is certain that any wild wiſh or vain imagination never takes ſuch firm poſſeſſion of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetick principle, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however abſurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of thoſe deſires that diſturb his life and contaminate his conſcience, from ſome unhappy hour when too much leiſure expoſed him to their incurſions; for he has lived with little obſervation either on himſelf or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1751.

Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus et aure.

HOR.

By fingers, or by ear, we numbers ſcan.

ELPHINSTON.

ONE of the ancients has obſerved, that the burthen of government is encreaſed upon princes by the virtues of their immediate predeceſſors. It is, indeed, always dangerous to be placed in a ſtate of unavoidable compariſon with excellence, and the danger is ſtill greater when that excellence is conſecrated by death; when envy and intereſt ceaſe to act againſt it; and thoſe paſſions by which it was at firſt vilified and oppoſed, now ſtand in its defence, and turn their vehemence againſt honeſt emulation.

He that ſucceeds a celebrated writer, has the ſame difficulties to encounter; he ſtands under the ſhade of exalted merit, and is hindered from riſing to his natural height, by the interception of thoſe beams which ſhould invigorate and quicken him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain ſatisfaction; or perhaps to an attention already wearied, and not to be recalled to the ſame object.

One of the old poets congratulates himſelf that he has the untrodden regions of Parnaſſus before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled. But the imitator treads a beaten walk, and with all his diligence can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predeceſſor, the refuſe of contempt, or the omiſſions of negligence. The Macedonian conqueror, when he was once invited to hear a man that ſung like a nightingale, replied with contempt, that he had heard the nightingale herſelf; and the ſame treatment muſt every man expect whoſe praiſe is that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midſt of theſe diſcouraging reflections, I am about to offer to my reader ſome obſervations upon Paradiſe Loſt; and hope that, however I may fall below the illuſtrious writer who has ſo long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly uſeleſs. There are, in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be oppoſed. Falſe taſte is always buſy to miſlead thoſe that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forſaken by the ſun, will be pleaſed to ſee a fainter orb ariſe on the horizon, that may reſcue him from total darkneſs, though with weak and borrowed luſtre.

Addiſon, though he has conſidered this poem under moſt of the general topicks of criticiſm, has barely touched upon the verſification; not probably becauſe he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient criticks conſidered the diſpoſition of ſyllables, and had himſelf given hopes of ſome metrical obſervations upon the great Roman poet; but being the firſt who undertook to diſplay the beauties, and point out the defects of Milton, he had many objects at once before him, and paſſed willingly over thoſe which were moſt barren of ideas, and required labour, rather than genius.

Yet verſification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indiſpenſably neceſſary to a poet. Every other power by which the underſtanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exerciſed in proſe. But the poet has this peculiar ſuperiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other compoſition can require, he adds the faculty of joining muſick with reaſon, and of acting at once upon the ſenſes and the paſſions. I ſuppoſe there are few who do not feel themſelves touched by poetical melody; and who will not confeſs that they are more or leſs moved by the ſame thoughts, as they are conveyed by different ſounds, and more affected by the ſame words in one order than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal, but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular ſeries of proportionate ſounds cannot give delight.

In treating on the verſification of Milton I am deſirous to be generally underſtood, and ſhall therefore ſtudiouſly decline the dialect of grammarians; though, indeed, it is always difficult, and ſometimes ſcarcely poſſible, to deliver the precepts of an art, without the terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are expreſſed, and which had not been invented but becauſe the language already in uſe was inſufficient. If therefore I ſhall ſometimes ſeem obſcure, it may be imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a deſire of avoiding that offence which is always given by unuſual words.

The heroick meaſure of the Engliſh language may be properly conſidered as pure or mixed. It is pure when the accent reſts upon every ſecond ſyllable through the whole line.

Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But whó can béar th' appróach of cértain fáte?
DRYDEN.

Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His cónſtant lámp, and wáves his púrple wings,
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of hárlots, lóveleſs, jóyleſs, únendéar'd.
MILTON.

The accent may be obſerved, in the ſecond line of Dryden, and the ſecond and fourth of Milton, to repoſe upon every ſecond ſyllable.

The repetition of this ſound or percuſſion at equal times, is the moſt complete harmony of which a ſingle verſe is capable, and ſhould therefore be exactly kept in diſtiches, and generally in the laſt line of a paragraph, that the ear may reſt without any ſenſe of imperfection.

But, to preſerve the ſeries of ſounds untranſpoſed in a long compoſition, is not only very difficult, but tireſome and diſguſting; for we are ſoon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the ſame cadence. Neceſſity has therefore enforced the mixed meaſure, in which ſome variation of the accents is allowed; this, though it always injures the harmony of the line conſidered by itſelf, yet compenſates the loſs by relieving us from the continual tyranny of the ſame ſound, and makes us more ſenſible of the harmony of the pure meaſure.

Of theſe mixed numbers every poet affords us innumerable inſtances; and Milton ſeldom has two pure lines together, as will appear if any of his paragraphs be read with attention merely to the muſick.

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld; the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large; where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground;
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

In this paſſage it will be at firſt obſerved, that all the lines are not equally harmonious, and upon a nearer examination it will be found that only the fifth and ninth lines are regular, and the reſt are more or leſs licentious with reſpect to the accent. In ſome the accent is equally upon two ſyllables together, and in both ſtrong. As—

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, *both ſtood,*
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, *air, earth,* and
heav'n.

In others the accent is equally upon two ſyllables, but upon both weak.

——————a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs *infinite,* both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

In the firſt pair of ſyllables the accent may deviate from the rigour of exactneſs, without any unpleaſing diminution of harmony, as may be obſerved in the lines already cited, and more remarkably in this—

——————Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

But, excepting in the firſt pair of ſyllables, which may be conſidered as arbitrary, a poet who, not having the invention or knowledge of Milton, has more need to allure his audience by muſical cadences, ſhould ſeldom ſuffer more than one aberration from the rule in any ſingle verſe.

There are two lines in this paſſage more remarkably unharmonious:

——————This delicious place,
For us too large; *where thy* abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd *falls to* the ground.

Here the third pair of ſallables in the firſt, and fourth pair in the ſecond verſe, have their accents retrograde or inverted; the firſt ſyllable being ſtrong or acute, and the ſecond weak. The detriment which the meaſure ſuffers by this inverſion of the accents is ſometimes leſs perceptible, when the verſes are carried one into another, but is remarkably ſtriking in this place, where the vicious verſe concludes a period; and is yet more offenſive in rhyme, when we regularly attend to the flow of every ſingle line. This will appear by reading a couplet, in which Cowley, an author not ſufficiently ſtudious of harmony, has committed the ſame fault:

——————his harmleſs life
Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of peace *cover* him round.

In theſe the law of metre is very groſsly violated by mingling combinations of ſound directly oppoſite to each other, as Milton expreſſes in his ſonnet, by *committing ſhort and long,* and ſetting one part of the meaſure at variance with the reſt. The ancients, who had a language more capable of variety than ours, had two kinds of verſe, the Iambick, conſiſting of ſhort and long ſyllables alternately, from which our heroick meaſure is derived, and the Trochaick, conſiſting in a like alteration of long and ſhort. Theſe were conſidered as oppoſites, and conveyed the contrary images of ſpeed and ſlowneſs; to confound them, therefore, as in theſe lines, is to deviate from the eſtabliſhed practice. But where the ſenſes are to judge, authority is not neceſſary, the ear is ſufficient to detect diſſonance, nor ſhould I have ſought auxiliaries on ſuch an occaſion againſt any name but that of Milton.

No. LXXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1751.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator,
Nemo adeo ferus eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

HOR.

The ſlave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
The wretch of ſloth, its excellence ſhall prove;
Fierceneſs itſelf ſhall hear its rage away,
When liſt'ning calmly to th' inſtructive lay. FRANCIS.

THAT few things are ſo liberally beſtowed, or ſquandered with ſo little effect, as good advice, has been generally obſerved; and many ſage poſitions have been advanced con-

cerning the reaſons of this complaint, and the means of removing it. It is indeed an important and noble enquiry, for little would be wanting to the happineſs of life, if every man could conform to the right as ſoon as he was ſhown it.

This perverſe neglect of the moſt ſalutary precepts, and ſtubborn reſiſtance of the moſt pathetick perſuaſion, is uſually imputed to him by whom the counſel is received; and we often hear it mentioned as a ſign of hopeleſs depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themſelves to have quicker ſagacity and deeper penetration, have found out, that the inefficacy of advice is uſually the fault of the counſellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be ſucceſsfully performed: we are directed by what tokens to diſcover the favourable moment at which the heart is diſpoſed for the operation of truth and reaſon, with what addreſs to adminiſter, and with what vehicles to diſguiſe *the catharticks of the ſoul*.

But, notwithſtanding the ſpecious expedient, we find the world yet in the ſame ſtate; advice is ſtill given, but ſtill received with diſguſt; nor has it appeared that the bitterneſs of the medicine has been yet abated, or its power increaſed, by any methods of preparing it.

If we conſider the manner in which thoſe who aſſume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently uſeleſs. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have ſo much knowledge of another, as is neceſſary to make inſtruction uſeful. We are ſometimes not ourſelves conſcious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our firſt care is to hide them from the ſight of others, and often from thoſe moſt diligently, whoſe ſuperiority either of power or underſtanding may intitle them to inſpect our lives; it is therefore very probable that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, miſtakes their cauſe; and that his preſcriptions avail nothing, becauſe he knows not which of the paſſions or deſires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of ſuperiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is moſt neceſſary or moſt judicious. But for the ſame reaſon every one is eager to inſtruct his neighbours. To be wiſe or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is neceſſary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is ſo inſenſible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

——*Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim*
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
VIRG.

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
DRYDEN.

Vanity is ſo frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we, for the moſt part, ſummon our powers to oppoſe it without any very accurate enquiry whether it is right. It is ſufficient that another is growing great in his own eyes at our expence, and aſſumes authority over us without our permiſſion; for many would contentedly ſuffer the conſequences of their own miſtakes, rather than the inſolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

It is, indeed, ſeldom found that any advantages are enjoyed with that moderation which the uncertainty of all human good ſo powerfully enforces; and therefore the adviſer may juſtly ſuſpect, that he has inflamed the oppoſition which he laments by arrogance and ſupercilioufneſs. He may ſuſpect, but needs not haſtily to condemn himſelf, for he can rarely be certain that the ſofteſt language, or the moſt humble diffidence, would have eſcaped reſentment; ſince ſcarcely any degree of circumſpection can prevent or obviate the rage with which the ſlothful, the impotent, and the unſucceſsful, vent their diſcontent upon thoſe that excel them. Modeſty itſelf, if it is praiſed, will be envied; and there are minds ſo impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a ſpecies of revenge, and they return benefits, not becauſe recompence is a pleaſure, but becauſe obligation is a pain.

The number of thoſe whom the love of themſelves has thus far corrupted, is perhaps not great; but there are few ſo free from vanity, as

not to dictate to those who will hear their instructions, with a visible sense of their own beneficence; and few to whom it is not unpleasing to receive documents, however tenderly and cautiously delivered, or who are not willing to raise themselves from pupillage, by disputing the propositions of their teacher.

It was the maxim, I think, of Alphonsus of Arragon, that *dead counsellors are safest*. The grave puts an end to flattery and artifice, and the information that we receive from books is pure from interest, fear, or ambition. Dead counsellors are likewise most instructive; because they are heard with patience and with reverence. We are not unwilling to believe that man wiser than ourselves, from whose abilities we may receive advantage, without any danger of rivalry or opposition, and who affords us the light of his experience, without hurting our eyes by flashes of insolence.

By the consultation of books, whether of dead or living authors, many temptations to petulance and opposition, which occur in oral conferences, are avoided. An author cannot obtrude his advice unasked, nor can be often suspected of any malignant intention to insult his readers with his knowledge or his wit. Yet so prevalent is the habit of comparing ourselves with others, while they remain within the reach of our passions, that books are seldom read with complete impartiality, but by those from whom the writer is placed at such a distance that his life or death is indifferent.

We see that volumes may be perused, and perused with attention, to little effect; and that maxims of prudence, or principles of virtue, may be treasured in the memory without influencing the conduct. Of the numbers that pass their lives among books, very few read to be made wiser or better, apply any general reproof of vice to themselves, or try their own manners by axioms of justice. They propose either to consume those hours for which they can find no other amusement, to gain or preserve that respect which learning has always obtained; or to gratify their curiosity with knowledge, which, like treasures buried and forgotten, is of no use to others or themselves.

'The preacher,' says a French author, may 'spend an hour in explaining and enforcing a 'precept of religion, without feeling any im-'pression from his own performance, because 'he may have no further design than to fill up 'his hour.' A student may easily exhaust his life in comparing divines and moralists, without any practical regard to morality or religion; he may be learning, not to live, but to reason; he may regard only the elegance of style, justness of argument, and accuracy of method; and may enable himself to criticise with judgment, and dispute with subtilty, while the chief use of his volumes is unthought of, his mind is unaffected, and his life is unreformed.

But though truth and virtue are thus frequently defeated by pride, obstinacy, or folly, we are not allowed to desert them: for whoever can furnish arms which they hitherto have not employed, may enable them to gain some hearts which would have resisted any other method of attack. Every man of genius has some arts of fixing the attention peculiar to himself, by which, honestly exerted, he may benefit mankind; for the arguments for purity of life fail of their due influence, not because they have been considered and confuted, but because they have been passed over without consideration. To the position of Tully, that if Virtue could be seen, she must be loved, may be added, that if Truth could be heard, she must be obeyed.

No. LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1751.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque minus ſplendoris habebunt,
Aut ſine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.

HOR.

But he that hath a curious piece deſign'd,
When he begins, muſt take a cenſor's mind,
Severe and honeſt; and what words appear
Too light and trivial, or too weak to bear
The weighty ſenſe, nor worth the reader's care,
Shake off; tho' ſtubborn, they are loth to move,
And tho' we fancy, dearly tho' we love.

CREECH.

'THERE is no reputation for genius, 'ſays Quintilian, 'to be gained by writ-'ing on things which, however neceſſary, have 'little ſplendor or ſhew. The height of a build-'ing attracts the eye, but the foundations lie 'without regard. Yet ſince there is not any 'way to the top of ſcience, but from the loweſt 'parts, I ſhall think nothing unconnected with 'the art of oratory, which he that wants can-'not be an orator.'

Confirmed and animated by this illuſtrious precedent, I ſhall continue my enquiries into Milton's art of verſification. Since, however minute the employment may appear, of analyſing lines into ſyllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a ſolemn deliberation upon accents and pauſes, it is certain that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and that from the proper diſpoſition of ſingle ſounds reſults that harmony that adds force to reaſon, and gives grace to ſublimity; that ſhackles attention, and governs paſſions.

That verſe may be melodious and pleaſing, it is neceſſary, not only that the words be ſo ranged as that the accent may fall in its proper place, but that the ſyllables themſelves be ſo choſen as to flow ſmoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and conſonants, and by tempering the mute conſonants with liquids and ſemivowels. The Hebrew grammarians have obſerved, that it is impoſſible to pronounce two conſonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without ſome emiſſion of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the ſounds of the conſonants are leſs harmonically conjoined, and, by conſequence, the flow of the verſe is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by Dryden, that a line of monoſyllables is almoſt always harſh. This, with regard to our language, is evidently true, not becauſe monoſyllables cannot compoſe harmony, but becauſe our monoſyllables being of Teutonick original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with conſonants, as—

——Every lower faculty
Of ſenſe whereby they hear, ſee ſmell, touch, taſte,

The difference of harmony ariſing principally from the collocation of vowels and conſonants, will be ſufficiently conceived by attending to the following paſſages:

Immortal Amarant—there grows
And flow'rs aloft, ſhading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliſs through midſt of
Heav'n
Rolls o'er Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream;
With theſe that never fade, the ſpirits elect
Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with
beams.

The ſame compariſon that I propoſe to be made between the fourth and ſixth verſes of this paſſage, may be repeated between the laſt lines of the following quotations:

Under foot the violet,

Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone
Of coſtlieſt emblem.

Here in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſwelling herbs,
Eſpouſed Eve firſt deck'd her nuptial bed;
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean ſung.

Milton, whoſe ear had been accuſtomed, not only to the muſick of the ancient tongues, which, however vitiated by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in uſe, but to the ſoftneſs of the Italian, the moſt melliſluous of all modern poetry, ſeems fully convinced of the unfitneſs of our language for ſmooth verſification, and is therefore pleaſed with an opportunity of calling in a ſofter word to his aſſiſtance; for this reaſon, and I believe for this only, he ſometimes indulges himſelf in a long ſeries of proper names, and introduces them where they add little but muſick to his poem.

—— The richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
Guiana, whoſe great city Gerion's ſons
Call El Dorado.——

The moon—The Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening, from the top of Feſole
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands.——

He has indeed been more attentive to his ſyllables than to his accents, and does not often offend by colliſions of conſonants, or openings of vowels upon each other, at leaſt not more often than other writers who have had leſs important or complicated ſubjects to take off their care from the cadence of their lines.

The great peculiarity of Milton's verſification, compared with that of later poets, is the eliſion of one vowel before another, or the ſuppreſſion of the laſt ſyllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a vowel begins the following word. As—

Knowledge——
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
Wiſdom to folly, as nouriſhment to wind.

This licence, though now diſuſed in Engliſh poetry, was practiſed by our old writers, and is allowed in many other languages, ancient and modern; and therefore the criticks on Paradiſe Loſt have, without much deliberation, commended Milton for continuing it. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another. We have already tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, and double cloſe of the Italians, and the alexandrine of the French; and the eliſion of vowels, however graceful it may ſeem to other nations, may be very unſuitable to the genius of the Engliſh tongue.

There is reaſon to believe that we have negligently loſt part of our vowels, and that the ſilent *e* which our anceſtors added to moſt of our monoſyllables, was once vocal. By this detruncation of our ſyllables, our language is overſtocked with conſonants, and it is more neceſſary to add vowels to the beginning of words, than to cut them off from the end.

Milton therefore ſeems to have ſomewhat miſtaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedneſs and aſperity, and has left our harſh cadences yet harſher. But his eliſions are not all equally to be cenſured; in ſome ſyllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few may be ſafely imitated. The abſciſſion of a vowel is undoubtedly vicious when it is ſtrongly ſounded, and makes, with its aſſociate conſonant, a full and audible ſyllable.

——What he gives,
Spiritual, may to pureſt ſpirits be found,
No ingrateful food, and food alike theſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require.

Fruits——Heſperian fables true,
If true, here *only*, and of delicious taſte.

——Evening now approach'd
For we have *alſo* our evening and our morn.

Of gueſts he makes them ſlaves,
Inhoſpita*bly*, and kills their infant males.

And vital Vir*tue* infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs.——
God made *thee* of choice his own, and of his own
To ſerve him.

I believe every reader will agree that in all thoſe paſſages, though not equally in all, the muſick is injured, and in ſome the meaning obſcured. There are other lines in which the vowel is cut off, but it is ſo faintly pronounced in common ſpeech, that the loſs of it in poetry is ſcarcely perceived; and therefore ſuch compliance with the meaſure may be allowed.

Nature breeds
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abomina*ble*, inutter*able*; and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd——

——From the ſhore
They view'd the vaſt immenſura*ble* abyſs.
Impenetra*ble*, impal'd with circling fire.
To none communica*ble* in earth or heav'n.

Yet even theſe contractions encreaſe the roughneſs of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be ſometimes ſuffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uſes in his poems the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven ſyllables.

——Thus it ſhall befall
Him who to worth is woman over-truſt*ing*
Lets her will rule——

I alſo err'd in over-much admir*ing*.

Verſes of this kind occur almoſt in every page; but though they are not unpleaſing or diſſonant, they ought not to be admitted into heroick poetry, ſince the narrow limits of our language allow us no other diſtinction of epick and tragick meaſures, than is afforded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramaticklines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to proſe.

No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1751.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

HOR.

Wiſdom at proper times is well forgot.

LOCKE, whom there is no reaſon to ſuſpect of being a favourer of idleneſs or libertiniſm, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, muſt allow ſome of it to paſs in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to ſpend a whole life in profound ſtudy and intenſe meditation, and the moſt rigorous exacters of induſtry and ſerioufneſs have appointed hours for relaxation and amuſement.

It is certain, that, with or without our conſent, many of the few moments allotted us will ſlide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break from confinement to its ſtated taſk, into ſudden excurſions. Severe and connected attention is preſerved but for a ſhort time; and when a man ſhuts himſelf up in his cloſet, and bends his thoughts to the diſcuſſion of any abſtruſe queſtion, he will find his faculties continually ſtealing away to more pleaſing entertainments. He often perceives himſelf tranſported, he knows not how, to diſtant tracts of thought; and returns to his firſt object as from a dream, without knowing when he forſook it, or how long he has been abſtracted from it.

It has been obſerved, that the moſt ſtudious are not always the moſt learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in diſcovering that this difference of proficiency may ariſe from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the inconvenience of information. But I believe it likewiſe frequently happens, that the moſt recluſe are not the moſt vigorous proſecutors of ſtudy. Many impoſe upon the world, and many upon themſelves, by an experience of ſevere and exemplary diligence; when they, in reality, give themſelves up to the luxury of fancy, pleaſe their minds with regulating the paſt, or planning out the future; place themſelves at will in varied ſituations of happineſs, and ſlumber away their days in voluntary viſions. In the journey of life ſome are left behind, becauſe they are naturally feeble and ſlow; ſome becauſe they miſs the way; and many becauſe they leave it by choice, and inſtead of preſſing onward with a ſteady pace, de-

light themſelves with momentary deviations, turn aſide to pluck every flower, and repoſe in every ſhade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whoſe buſineſs is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with thoſe airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are reſtrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the compariſon of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this inviſible riot of the mind, this ſecret prodigality of being, is ſecure from detection, and fearleſs of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, ſhuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himſelf to his own fancy; new worlds riſe up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long ſucceſſion of delights dances round him. He is at laſt called back to life by nature, or by cuſtom, and enters peeviſh into ſociety, becauſe he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excurſions with the aſperity, though not with the knowledge, of a ſtudent, and haſtens again to the ſame felicity with the eagerneſs of a man bent upon the advancement of ſome favourite ſcience. The infatuation ſtrengthens by degrees, and, like the poiſon of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external ſymptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that theſe hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by diſgrace and diſappointment of the difference between the labour of thought, and the ſport of muſing. But this diſcovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thouſand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early ſenſe of their danger and their ſhame. But they who are convinced of the neceſſity of breaking from this habitual drowſineſs, too often relapſe in ſpite of their reſolution; for theſe ideal ſeducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is neceſſary to their influence; they invade the ſoul without warning, and have often charmed down reſiſtance before their approach is perceived or ſuſpected.

This captivity, however, it is neceſſary for every man to break, who has any deſire to be wiſe or uſeful, to paſs his life with the eſteem of others, or to look back with ſatisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he muſt find the means of flying from himſelf; he muſt, in oppoſition to the Stoick precept, teach his deſires to fix upon external things; he muſt adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of ſocial pleaſures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impoſſible to promote the cure of this mental malady, by cloſe application to ſome new ſtudy which may pour in freſh ideas, and keep curioſity in perpetual motion. But ſtudy requires ſolitude, and ſolitude is a ſtate dangerous to thoſe who are too much accuſtomed to ſink into themſelves. Active employment, or public pleaſure, is generally a neceſſary part in this intellectual regimen, without which, though ſome remiſſion may be obtained, a complete cure will ſcarcely be affected.

This is a formidable and obſtinate diſeaſe of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardeſt taſks of reaſon and of virtue. Its ſlighteſt attacks, therefore, ſhould be watchfully oppoſed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotick infection beginning to ſeize him, ſhould turn his whole attention againſt it, and check it at the firſt diſcovery by proper counteraction.

The great reſolution to be formed, when happineſs and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is, that no part of life be ſpent in a ſtate of neutrality or indifference; but that ſome pleaſure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labour; and that, whenever the neceſſary buſineſs of life grows irkſome or diſguſting, an immediate tranſition be made to diverſion and gaiety.

After the exerciſes which the health of the body requires, and which have themſelves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the moſt eligible amuſement of a rational being ſeems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiſed in free and eaſy converſation; where ſuſpicion is baniſhed by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man ſpeaks with no other reſtraint than unwillingneſs to offend, and hears with no other diſpoſition than deſire to be pleaſed.

There muſt be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature affords us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleaſure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amuſements ſhould not terminate wholly in the preſent mo-

ment, but contribute more or leſs to future advantage. He that amuſes himſelf among well choſen companions, can ſcarcely fail to receive, from the moſt careleſs and obſtreperous merriment which virtue can allow, ſome uſeful hints; nor can converſe on the moſt familiar topicks, without ſome caſual information. The looſe ſparkles of thoughtleſs wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical poſitions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which thoſe friendſhips that give happineſs or conſolation, relief or ſecurity, are generally formed. A wiſe and good man is never ſo amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroick generoſity, or philoſophical diſcoveries, may compel veneration and reſpect, but love always implies ſome kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulneſs which diſencumbers all minds from awe and ſolicitude, invites the modeſt to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This eaſy gaiety is certain to pleaſe, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our ſuperiors deſcend from their elevation, we love them for leſſening the diſtance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no laſting advantage, will always keep our affections while their ſprightlineſs and mirth contribute to our pleaſure.

Every man finds himſelf differently affected by the ſight of fortreſſes of war, and places of pleaſure; we look on the height and ſtrength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy ſatisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, becauſe nothing is impreſſed by them on the mind but joy and feſtivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are ſafe, with companions we are happy.

No. XC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1751.

In tenui labor.

VIRG.

What toil in ſlender things!

IT is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to pleaſe or inſtruct. Too much nicety of detail diſguſts the greateſt part of readers; and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extenſive comprehenſion, is to common underſtandings of little uſe. They who undertake theſe ſubjects are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience ariſes to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged ſcience, or amuſing us with empty ſound.

In criticiſing the work of Milton, there is, indeed, opportunity to interſperſe paſſages that can hardly fail to relieve the languors of attention; and ſince, in examining the variety and choice of the pauſes with which he has diverſified his numbers, it will be neceſſary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found, perhaps the remarks may be well compenſated, by the examples, and their irkſomeneſs of grammatical diſquiſitions ſomewhat alleviated.

Milton formed his ſcheme of verſification by the poets of Greece and Rome, which he propoſed to himſelf for his models, ſo far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are indeed many inconveniencies inſeparable from our heroick meaſure compared with that of Homer and Virgil; inconveniencies, which it is no reproach to Milton not to have overcome, becauſe they are in their own nature inſuperable; but againſt which he has ſtruggled with ſo much art and diligence, that he may at leaſt be ſaid to have deſerved ſucceſs.

The hexameter of the ancients may be conſidered as conſiſting of fifteen ſyllables, ſo melodiouſly diſpoſed, that as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleaſing and ſonorous lyrick meaſures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible to break them in ſuch a manner but that *invenias etiam diſjecti membra poëtæ*, ſome harmony will ſtill remain, and the due proportions of ſound will always be diſcovered. This meaſure therefore allowed great variety of

pauſes, and great liberties of connecting one verſe with another, becauſe wherever the line was interrupted, either part ſingly was muſical. But the ancients ſeem to have confined this privilege to hexameters; for in their other meaſures, though longer than the Engliſh heroick, thoſe who wrote after the refinement of verſification, venture ſo ſeldom to change their pauſes, that every variation may be ſuppoſed rather a compliance with neceſſity than the choice of judgment.

Milton was conſtrained within the narrow limits of a meaſure not very harmonious in the utmoſt perfection; the ſingle parts, therefore, into which it was to be ſometimes broken by pauſes, were in danger of loſing the very form of verſe. This has, perhaps, notwithſtanding all his care, ſometimes happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical meaſures, no part of a verſe ought to be ſo ſeparated from the reſt as not to remain ſtill more harmonious than proſe, or to ſhew, by the diſpoſition of the tones, that it is part of a verſe. This rule in the old hexameter might be eaſily obſerved, but in Engliſh will very frequently be in danger of violation; for the order and regularity of accents cannot well be perceived in a ſucceſſion of fewer than three ſyllables, which will confine the Engliſh poet to only five pauſes; it being ſuppoſed that, when he connects one line with another, he ſhould never make a full pauſe at leſs diſtance than that of three ſyllables from the beginning or end of a verſe.

That this rule ſhould be univerſally and indiſpenſably eſtabliſhed, perhaps cannot be granted; ſomething may be allowed to variety, and ſomething to the adaptation of the numbers to the ſubject; but it will be found generally neceſſary, and the ear will ſeldom fail to ſuffer by its neglect.

Thus when a ſingle ſyllable is cut off from the reſt, it muſt either be united to the line with which the ſenſe connects it, or be ſounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony; if disjoined, it muſt ſtand alone, and with regard to muſick be ſurperfluous; for there is no harmony in a ſingle ſound, becauſe it has no proportion to another.

Hypocrites auſterely talk,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure; and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.

When two ſyllables likewiſe are abſcinded from the reſt, they evidently want ſome aſſociate ſounds to make them harmonious.

——Eyes——
——more wakeful than to drouze,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*
To re-ſalute the world with ſacred light
Leucothea wak'd.

He ended, and the ſun gave ſignal high
To the bright miniſter that watch'd: he *blew*
His trumpet.

Firſt in the eaſt his glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heav'n's high road; *the gray*
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd
Shedding ſweet influence.

The ſame defect is perceived in the following line, where the pauſe is at the ſecond ſyllable from the beginning.

The race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores.

When the pauſe falls upon the third ſyllable or the ſeventh, the harmony is better preſerved; but as the third and ſeventh are weak ſyllables, the period leaves the ear unſatisfied, and in expectation of the remaining part of the verſe.

He, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,
Confounded though immor*tal*. But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs and laſting pain
Torments *him*.

God——with frequent intercourſe.
Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
The glorious train aſcend*ing*.

It may be, I think, eſtabliſhed as a rule, that a pauſe which concludes a period ſhould be made for the moſt part upon a ſtrong ſyllable, as the fourth and ſixth; but thoſe pauſes which only ſuſpend the ſenſe may be placed upon the weaker. Thus the reſt in the third line of the firſt paſſage ſatisfies the ear better than in the fourth, and the cloſe of the ſecond quotation better than of the third.

The evil ſoon
Drawn back, redounded (as a flood) on thoſe
From whom it *ſprung*; impoſſible to mix
With *bleſſedneſs*.

——What we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to *wild*.

The paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt *us*.

The reſt in the fifth place has the ſame inconvenience as in the ſeventh and third, that the ſyllable is weak.

Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fiſh with fiſh, to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each *other*: nor ſtood much in awe
Of man, but fled *him*, or with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him paſs*ing*.

The nobleſt and moſt majeſtick pauſes which our verſification admits, are upon the fourth and ſixth ſyllables; which are both ſtrongly ſounded in a pure and regular verſe, and at either of which the line is ſo divided, that both members participate of harmony.

But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light *appears*, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the boſom of dim night
A glimmering *dawn*: here nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give any credit to my own ear, is the reſt upon the ſixth ſyllable, which taking in a complete compaſs of ſound, ſuch as is ſufficient to conſtitute one of our lyrick meaſures, makes a full and ſolemn cloſe. Some paſſages which conclude at this ſtop, I could never read without ſome ſtrong emotions of delight or admiration.

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with the eternal wiſdom didſt converſe,
Wiſdom thy ſiſter; and with her didſt play
In preſence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celeſtial *ſong*.

Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy iſles. But who dwelt happy there,
He ſtaid not to *inquire*.

He blew
His trumpet, hard in *Oreb* ſince, perhaps
When God deſcended; and, perhaps, once more
To ſound at general *doom*.

If the poetry of Milton be examined, with regard to the pauſes and flow of his verſes into each other, it will appear, that he has performed all that our language would admit; and the compariſon of his numbers with thoſe who have cultivated the ſame manner of writing, will ſhow that he excelled as much in the lower as the higher parts of his art, and that his ſkill in harmony was not leſs than his invention or his learning.

No. XCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1751.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit.

HOR.

To court the great ones, and to ſooth their pride,
Seems a ſweet taſte to thoſe that never tried;
But thoſe that have, know well that danger's near. CREECH.

THE Sciences having long ſeen their votaries labouring for the benefit of mankind without reward, put up their petition to Jupiter for a more equitable diſtribution of riches and

honours. Jupiter was moved at their complaints, and touched with the approaching miſeries of men; whom the Sciences, wearied with perpetual ingratitude, were now threatening to forſake; and who would have been reduced by their departure to feed in the dens upon the maſt of trees, to hunt their prey in deſerts, and to periſh under the paws of animals ſtronger and fiercer than themſelves.

A ſynod of the celeſtials was therefore convened, in which it was reſolved, that Patronage ſhould deſcend to the aſſiſtance of the Sciences. Patronage was the daughter of Aſtrea, by a mortal father, and had been educated in the ſchool of Truth, by the goddeſſes, whom ſhe was now appointed to protect. She had from her mother that dignity of aſpect, which ſtruck terror into falſe merit; and from her miſtreſs that reſerve which made her only acceſſible to thoſe whom the Sciences brought into her preſence.

She came down, with the general acclamation of all the powers that favour learning. Hope danced before her, and Liberality ſtood at her ſide, ready to ſcatter by her direction the gifts which Fortune, who followed her, was commanded to ſupply. As ſhe advanced towards Parnaſſus, the cloud which had long hung over it, was immediately diſpelled, the ſhades, before withered with drought, ſpread their original verdure, and the flowers that had languiſhed with chilneſs brightened their colours, and invigorated their ſcents; the Muſes tuned their harps and exerted their voices; and all the concert of nature welcomed her arrival.

On Parnaſſus ſhe fixed her reſidence, in a palace raiſed by the Sciences, and adorned with whatever could delight the eye, elevate the imagination, or enlarge the underſtanding. Here ſhe diſperſed the gifts of Fortune with the impartiality of Juſtice, and the diſcernment of Truth. Her gate ſtood always open, and Hope ſat at the portal, inviting to entrance all whom the Sciences numbered in their train. The court was therefore thronged with innumerable multitudes, of whom, though many returned diſappointed, ſeldom any had confidence to complain; for Patronage was known to neglect few, but for want of the due claims to her regard. Thoſe, therefore, who had ſolicited her favour without ſucceſs, generally withdrew from publick notice; and either diverted their attention to meaner employments, or endeavoured to ſupply their deficiencies by cloſer application.

In time, however, ths number of thoſe who had miſcarried in their pretenſions grew ſo great, that they became leſs aſhamed of their repulſes; and inſtead of hiding their diſgrace in retirement, began to beſiege the gates of the palace, and obſtruct the entrance of ſuch as they thought likely to be more careſſed. The deciſions of Patronage, who was but half a goddeſs, had been ſometimes erroneous; and though ſhe always made haſte to rectify her miſtakes, a few inſtances of her fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her judgment to his own and that of his companions, who are always ready to clamour in the common cauſe, and elate each other with reciprocal applauſe.

Hope was a ſteady friend to the diſappointed, and Impudence incited them to accept a ſecond invitation, and lay their claim again before Patronage. They were again, for the moſt part, ſent back with ignominy, but found Hope not alienated, and Impudence more reſolutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at laſt to prevail by their multitudes which were always increaſing, and their perſeverance which Hope and Impudence forbad them to relax.

Patronage having been long a ſtranger to the heavenly aſſemblies, began to degenerate towards terreſtrial nature, and forget the precepts of Juſtice and Truth. Inſtead of confining her friendſhip to the Sciences, ſhe ſuffered herſelf, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with Pride, the ſon of Falſehood, by whoſe embraces ſhe had two daughters, Flattery and Caprice. Flattery was nurſed by Liberality, and Caprice by Fortune, without any aſſiſtance from the leſſons of the Sciences.

Patronage began openly to adopt the ſentiments and imitate the manners of her huſband, by whoſe opinion ſhe now directed her deciſions with very little heed to the precepts of Truth; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the Sciences loſt their influence, till none found much reaſon to boaſt of their reception, but thoſe whom Caprice or Flattery conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had ſo long waited, and ſo

often been diſmiſſed for want of recommendation from the Sciences, were delighted to ſee the power of thoſe rigorous goddeſſes tending to its extinction. Their patroneſſes now renewed their encouragements. Hope ſmiled at the approach of Caprice, and Impudence was always at hand to introduce her clients to Flattery.

Patronage had now learned to procure herſelf reverence by ceremonies and formalities, and inſtead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, ordered the antechamber to be erected called among mortals, the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this hall the entrance was eaſy to thoſe whom Impudence had conſigned to Flattery, and it was therefore crowded with a promiſcuous throng, aſſembled from every corner of the earth, preſſing forward with the utmoſt eagerneſs of deſire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of ſpeedy acceſs, under the conduct of Flattery, to the preſence of Patronage. But it generally happened that they were here left to their deſtiny, for the inner doors were committed to Caprice, who opened and ſhut them, as it ſeemed, by chance, and rejected or admitted without any ſettled rule of diſtinction. In the mean time, the miſerable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the ſport of Suſpicion, who was always whiſpering into their ear deſigns againſt them which were never formed, and of Envy, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. Infamy flew round the hall, and ſcattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was ſtained; Reputation followed her with ſlower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemiſhes with paint, which was immediately bruſhed away, or ſeparated of itſelf, and left the ſtain more viſible; nor were the ſpots of Infamy ever effaced, but with limpid water effuſed by the hand of Time from a well which ſprung up beneath the throne of Truth.

It frequently happened that Science, unwilling to loſe the ancient prerogative of recommending to Patronage, would lead her followers into the *Hall of Expectation*; but they were ſoon diſcouraged from attending, for not only Envy and Suſpicion inceſſantly tormented them, but Impudence conſidered them as intruders, and incited Infamy to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but ſeldom without ſome ſpots which they could ſcarcely waſh away, and which ſhewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The reſt continued to expect the happy moment, at which Caprice ſhould beckon them to approach; and endeavoured to propitiate her, not with Homerical harmony, the repreſentation of great actions, or the recital of noble ſentiments, but with ſoft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praiſes of Patronage and Pride, by whom they were heard at once with pleaſure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by Caprice, when they leaſt expected it, and heaped by Patronage with the gifts of Fortune, but they were from that time chained to her foot-ſtool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they ſeemed proud of their manacles, and ſeldom complained of any drudgery, however ſervile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithſtanding their obedience, ſeized on a ſudden by Caprice, diveſted of their ornaments, and thruſt back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to ſeek happineſs in the regions of liberty, continued to ſpend hours, and days, and years, courting the ſmile of Caprice by the arts of Flattery; till at length new crowds preſſed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitations of Diſeaſe, and Shame, and Poverty, and Deſpair, where they paſſed the reſt of their lives in narratives of promiſes and breaches of faith, of joys and ſorrows, of hopes and diſappointments.

The Sciences, after a thouſand indignities, retired from the palace of Patronage, and having long wandered over the world in grief and diſtreſs, were led at laſt to the cottage of Independence, the daughter of Fortitude; where they were taught by Prudence and Parſimony to ſupport themſelves in dignity and quiet.

No. XCII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1751.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perſtringis aures, jam litui ſtrepunt.

HOR.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatning murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet ſounds the charge of death.

FRANCIS.

IT has been long obſerved, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diverſified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto uſed to ſignify that which pleaſes us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can juſtify ourſelves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, ſo little ſubject to the examinations of reaſon, that Paſchal ſuppoſes it to end where demonſtration begins, and maintains, that without incongruity and abſurdity we cannot ſpeak of *geometrical beauty*.

To trace all the ſources of that various pleaſure which we aſcribe to the agency of beauty, or to diſentangle all the perceptions involved in its idea, would, perhaps, require a very great part of the life of Ariſtotle or Plato. It is, however, in many caſes, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful becauſe they have ſomething which we agree, for whatever reaſon, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accuſtomed to find it in other things of the ſame kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increaſes, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau juſtly remarks, that the books which have ſtood the teſt of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has ſuffered from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary cuſtoms, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boaſt, becauſe the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the taſk of criticiſm to eſtabliſh principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to diſtinguiſh thoſe means of pleaſing which depend upon known cauſes and rational deduction, from the nameleſs and inexplicable elegancies which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and which may well be termed the enchantreſſes of the ſoul. Criticiſm reduces thoſe regions of literature under the dominion of ſcience, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of preſcription.

There is nothing in the art of verſifying ſo much expoſed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the ſound to the ſenſe, or the repreſentation of particular images, by the flow of the verſe in which they are expreſſed. Every ſtudent has innumerable paſſages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, diſcovers ſuch reſemblances; and ſince the attention of the preſent race of poetical readers ſeems particularly turned upon this ſpecies of elegance, I ſhall endeavour to examine how much theſe conformities have been obſerved by the poets, or directed by the criticks, how far they can be eſtabliſhed upon nature and reaſon, and on what occaſions they have been practiſed by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, as *he that, of all the poets, exhibited the greateſt variety of ſounds*; 'For there 'are,' ſays he, 'innumerable paſſages, in 'which length of time, bulk of body, extre-'mity of paſſion, and ſtillneſs of repoſe; or, 'in which, on the contrary, brevity, ſpeed, 'and eagerneſs, are evidently marked out by 'the ſound of the ſyllables. Thus the anguiſh 'and ſlow pace with which the blind Polypheme 'grouped out with his hands the entrance of 'his cave, are perceived in the cadence of the 'verſes which deſcribe it.

Κύκλωψ δὲ ϛεναχων τε καὶ ὠδίνων ὐδύνησι,
Χεϛρὶ ψηλοφόων———————

Mean time the *cyclop* raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and ſearches round and round.

POPE.

The critick then proceeds to ſhew, that the efforts of Achilles ſtruggling in his armour againſt the current of a river, ſometimes reſiſting and ſometimes yielding, may be perceived in the eliſions of the ſyllables, the ſlow ſucceſſion of the feet, and the ſtrength of the conſonants.

Δεῖνον δ' αμφ' Αχιλῆα κώμενον ἵϛατο κῦμα.
Ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίϖλωνρο· ὐδὲ ϖόδεσσιν
Ἔσκε ϛηρίξαϖθαι———

So oft the ſurge, in watry mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head,
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him, ſlides the ſlimy ſoil.

POPE.

When Homer deſcribes the cruſh of men daſhed againſt a rock, he collects the moſt unpleaſing and harſh ſounds.

Σὺν δὲ δύω μάρψης ὥϛε σκὺλακας ϖοτὶ γαιη
Κόπ]' ἐκ δ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥ'ἑε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.

———————His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band,
And daſh'd like dogs againſt the ſtony floor:
The pavement ſwims with brains and mingled gore.

POPE.

And when he would place before the eyes ſomething dreadful and aſtoniſhing, he makes choice of the ſtrongeſt vowels, and the letters of moſt difficult utterance.

Τῇ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργῶ βγοσυρῶπις ἐϛιφάνηο
Δεινὸν δερκομένη. ϖερὶ δὲ Δειμος τε φόβος τε.

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield.

POPE.

Many other examples Dionyſius produces; but theſe will ſufficiently ſhew, that either he was fanciful, or we have loſt the genuine pronunciation, for I know not whether, in any one of theſe inſtances, ſuch ſimilitude can be diſcovered. It ſeems, indeed, probable, that the veneration with which Homer was read, produced many ſuppoſititious beauties; for though it is certain, that the ſound of many of his verſes very juſtly correſponds with the things expreſſed, yet when the force of his imagination, which gave him full poſſeſſion of every object, is conſidered, together with the flexibility of his language, of which the ſyllables might be often contracted or dilated at pleaſure, it will ſeem unlikely that ſuch conformity ſhould happen leſs frequently even without deſign.

It is not however to be doubted, that Virgil, who wrote amidſt the light of criticiſm, and who owed ſo much of his ſucceſs to art and labour, endeavoured, among other excellencies, to exhibit this ſimilitude; nor has he been leſs happy in this than in the other graces of verſification. This felicity of his numbers was, at the revival of learning, diſplayed with great elegance by Vida, in his Art of Poetry.

Haud ſatis eſt illis utcunque claudere verſum.—
Omnia ſed numeris vocum concordibus aptant,
Atque ſono quæcunque canunt imitantur, et apta
Verborum facie, et quæſito carminis ore,
Nam diverſa opus eſt veluti dare verſibus ora—
Hic melior motuque pedum, et pernicibus alit,
Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit:
Ille autem membris, ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Ecce aliquis ſubit egregio pulcherrimus ore,
Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus afflat honorem.
Contra alius rudis, informes oſtenditet artus,
Hirſutumque ſupercilium, ac caudam ſinuoſam,
Ingratus viſu ſonitu illa tabilis ipſo.——
Ergo ubi jam nautæ ſpumas ſalis ære ruentes
Incubuere mari, videas ſpumare reductis
Convulſum remis, roſtriſque ſtridentibus æquor.
Tunc longe ſale ſaxa ſonant, tunc et freta ventis
Incipiunt agitata tumeſcere: littore fluctus
Illidunt rauco, atque refracta remurmurat unda
Ad ſcopulos, cumulo inſequitur præruptus aquæ mons
Cum vero ex alto ſpeculatus cærula Nereus
Leniit in morem ſtagni, placidæque paludis,
Labitum uncta vadis abies, natat uncta carina.
Verba etiam res exiguas anguſta ſequuntur,
Ingenteſque juvant ingentia: cuncta gigantem
Vaſta decent, vultus immanes, pectora lata,
Et magni membrorum artus, magna oſſa lacertique,
Atque adeo, ſiquid geritur molimine magno,

Adde moram, et pariter tecum quoque verba laborem
Segnia: ſeu quando vi multa gleba coactis
Æternum frangenda bidentibus, æquore ſeu cum
Cornua velatarum obvertimus antennarum.
At mora ſi fuerit damno, properate jubebo.
Si ſe forte cava extulerit mala vipera terra,
Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor;
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.
Ipſe etiam verſus ruat, in præcepſque feratur,
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano nox,
Aut cum perculſus graviter procumbit humi bos,
Cumque etiam requies rebus datur, ipſa quoque ultro
Carmina pauliſper curſu ceſſare videbis
In medio interrupta: quiêrunt cum freta ponti,
Poſtquam auræ poſuere, quieſcere protinus ipſum
Cernere erit, mediiſque incœptis ſiſtere verſum.
Quid dicam, ſenior cum telum imbelle ſine ictu
Invalidus jacit, et defectis viribus æger?
Num quoque tum verſus ſegni pariter pede languet:
Sanguis hebet, frigent effætæ in corpore vires.
Fortem autem juvenem deceat prorumpere in arces,
Evertiſſe domos, præfractaque quadrupedantum
Pectora pectoribus perrumpere, ſternere turres
Ingentis, totoque, ferum dare funera campo.

'Tis not enough his verſes to complete,
In meaſure, number, or determin'd feet.
To all, proportion'd terms he muſt diſpenſe,
And make the ſound a picture of the ſenſe;
The correſpondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien the ſame.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This ſwiftly flies, and ſmoothly ſkims away:
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face,
And Venus breathes on ev'ry limb a grace;
That, of rude form, his uncouth members ſhows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monſtrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vaſt, curls up behind;
At once the image and the lines appear,
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.
Lo! when the ſailors ſteer the pond'rous ſhips,
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around,
Beneath the lab'ring oars the waves reſound;
The prows wide echoing thro' the dark profound.
To the loud call each diſtant rock replies;
Toſt by the ſtorm the tow'ring ſurges riſe;
While the horſe ocean beats the ſounding ſhore,
Daſh'd from the ſtrand, the flying waters roar.
Flaſh at the ſhock, and gath'ring in a heap,
The liquid mountains riſe, and over-hang the deep.
But when blue Neptune from his car ſurveys,
And calms at one regard the raging ſeas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep ſubſides,
And the pitch'd veſſel o'er the ſurface glides.
When things are ſmall, the terms ſhould ſtill be ſo;
For low words pleaſe us, when the theme is low.
But when ſome giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vaſt in ev'ry limb,
Stalks tow'ring on; the ſwelling words muſt riſe
In juſt proportion to the monſter's ſize.
If ſome large weight his huge arms ſtrive to ſhove,
The verſe too labours; the throng'd words ſcarce move.
When each ſtiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough
Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines muſt flow.
Nor leſs, when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their ſhrouds, and hoiſt the wideſtretch'd ſails.
But if the poem ſuffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away;
And when the viper iſſues from the brake,
Be quick; with ſtones, and brands, and fire, attack
His riſing creſt, and drive the ſerpent back.
When night deſcends, or ſtunn'd by num'rous ſtrokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vaſt ox;
The line too ſinks with correſpondent ſound,
Flat with the ſteer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves ſubſide, and tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh the roarings of the ſea to peace;
So oft we ſee the interrrupted ſtrain
Stopp'd in the midſt—and with the ſilent main
Pauſe for a ſpace—at laſt it glides again.
When Priam ſtrains his aged arms, to throw
His unavailing jav'line at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve unſtrung)
Then with the theme complies the artful ſong;
Like him, the ſolitary numbers flow,
Weak, trembling, melancholy, ſtiff, and ſlow.
Not ſo young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his courſe.
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,

Burſts her ſtrong gates, and ſhakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courſer to the ſpeed,
In full career to charge the warlike ſteed:
He piles the field with mountains of the ſlain;
He pours, he ſtorms, he thunders thro' the plain.
PITT.

From the Italian gardens Pope ſeems to have tranſplanted this flower, the growth of happier climates, into a ſoil leſs adapted to its nature, and leſs favourable to its increaſe.

Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

From theſe lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the moſt diligent endeavours after this imagery of ſound. The verſe intended to repreſent the whiſper of the vernal breeze, muſt be confeſſed not much to excel in ſoftneſs or volubility; and the ſmooth ſtream runs with a perpetual claſh of jarring conſonants. The noiſe and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, diſtinctly imaged, for it requires very little ſkill to make our language rough; but in thoſe lines, which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heavineſs, obſtruction, or delay. The ſwiftneſs of Camilla is rather contraſted than exemplified; why the verſe ſhould be lengthened to expreſs ſpeed, will not eaſily be diſcovered. In the dactyls uſed for that purpoſe by the ancients, two ſhort ſyllables were pronounced with ſuch rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of paſſing through a long ſpace in a ſhort time. But the alexandrine, by its pauſe in the midſt, is a tardy and ſtately meaſure; and the world *unbending*, one of the moſt ſluggiſh and ſlow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.

Theſe rules and theſe examples have taught our preſent criticks to enquire very ſtudiouſly and minutely into ſounds and cadences. It is, therefore, uſeful to examine with what ſkill they have proceeded; what diſcoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be eſtabliſhed which may guide us hereafter in ſuch reſearches.

No. XCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1751.

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos
Quorum flaminia tegitur cinis atque latina.
JUV.

More ſafely truth to urge her claim preſumes,
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

THERE are few books on which more time is ſpent by young ſtudents, than on treatiſes which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which oftner deceive the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progreſs of his ſtudies and the encreaſe of his knowledge oblige him to reſign.

Baillet has introduced his collection of the deciſions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which miſlead the critick, and raiſe the paſſions in rebellion againſt the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been obſerved to be often ſuch as cannot in the preſent ſtate of human knowledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out into demonſtrations; they are therefore wholly ſubject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable ſentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a falſe principle or of ſtubborn partiality.

To convince any man againſt his will is hard, but to pleaſe him againſt his will is juſtly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of human abilities. Intereſt and paſſion will hold out long againſt the cloſeſt ſiege of diagrams and ſyllogiſms, but they are abſolutely impregnable

to imagery and ſentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the moſt powerful ſtrains of Virgil or Homer, though they may give way in time to the batteries of Euclid or Archimedes.

In truſting therefore to the ſentence of a critick, we are in danger not only from that vanity which exalts writers too often to the dignity of teaching what they are yet to learn, from that negligence which ſometimes ſteals upon the moſt vigilant caution, and that fallibility to which the condition of nature has ſubjected every human underſtanding; but from a thouſand extrinſick and accidental cauſes, from every thing which can excite kindneſs or malevolence, veneration or contempt.

Many of thoſe who have determined with great boldneſs upon the various degrees of literary merit, may be juſtly ſuſpected of having paſſed ſentence, as Seneca remarks of Claudius,

Una tantum parte audita,
Sæpe et nulla,

without much knowledge of the cauſe before them: for it will not eaſily be imagined of Langbane, Borrichius, or Rapin, that they had very accurately peruſed all the books which they praiſe or cenſure; or that, even if nature and learning had qualified them for judges, they could read for ever with the attention neceſſary to juſt criticiſm. Such performances, however, are not wholly without their uſe; for they are commonly juſt echoes to the voice of fame, and tranſmit the general ſuffrage of mankind when they have no particular motives to ſuppreſs it.

Criticks, like the reſt of mankind, are very frequently miſled by intereſt. The bigotry with which editors regard the authors whom they illuſtrate or correct, has been generally remarked. Dryden was known to have written moſt of his critical diſſertations only to recommend the work upon which he then happened to be employed; and Addiſon is ſuſpected to have denied the expediency of poetical juſtice, becauſe his own Cato was condemned to periſh in a good cauſe.

There are prejudices which authors, not otherwiſe weak or corrupt, have indulged without ſcruple; and perhaps ſome of them are ſo complicated with our natural affections, that they cannot eaſily be diſentangled from the heart. Scarce any can hear with impartiality a compariſon between the writers of his own and another country; and though it cannot, I think, be charged equally on all nations, that they are blinded with this literary patriotiſm, yet, there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondneſs of affinity, and eſteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, ſeldom much reſpect due to comparative criticiſm, when the competitors are of different countries, unleſs the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The Italians could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the French ſeem generally perſuaded, that there are no wits or reaſoners equal to their own. I can ſcarcely conceive, that if Scaliger had not conſidered himſelf as allied to Virgil, by being born in the ſame country, he would have found his works ſo much ſuperior to thoſe of Homer, or have thought the controverſy worthy of ſo much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any diſhonour to be ſometimes miſguided. Criticiſm has ſo often given occaſion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that ſome have thought it neceſſary to recommend the virtue of candour without reſtriction, and to preclude all future liberty of cenſure. Writers poſſeſſed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to criticks the proper diffidence of themſelves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that theſe profeſſed enemies of arrogance and ſeverity have much more benevolence or modeſty than the reſt of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts any other intention than to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſoftneſs and delicacy. Some are modeſt becauſe they are timorous, and ſome are laviſh of praiſe becauſe they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed ſome tenderneſs due to living writers, when they attack none of thoſe truths which are of importance to the happineſs of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dulneſs. I ſhould think it cruelty to cruſh an

inſect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmleſs ſtupidity, or deſtroy the jeſt which makes its author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderneſs univerſally neceſſary; for he that writes may be conſidered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; ſince he quits the common rank of life, ſteps forward beyond the liſts, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praiſe, and no man can juſtly aſpire to honour but at the hazard of diſgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and conſiders how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himſelf not much inclined to diſturb; there can be no exemptions pleaded to ſecure them from criticiſm, who can no longer ſuffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon theſe authors the critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exerciſe the ſtricteſt ſeverity, ſince he endangers only his own fame, and, like Æneas when he drew his ſword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay ſome regard to eſtabliſhed reputation; but he can by that ſhew of reverence conſult only his own ſecurity, for all other motives are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous, becauſe the influence of his example is more extenſive; and the intereſt of learning requires that they ſhould be diſcovered and ſtigmatized, before they have the ſanction of antiquity conferred upon them, and become precedents of indiſputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by Addiſon, as one of the characteriſticks of a true critick, that he points out beauties rather than faults. But it is rather natural to a man of learning and genius, to apply himſelf chiefly to the ſtudy of writers who have more beauties than faults to be diſplayed: for the duty of criticiſm is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by partial repreſentations, but to hold out the light of reaſon, whatever it may diſcover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever ſhe ſhall dictate.

No. XCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1751.

——Bonus atque fidus
Judex—per obſtantes catervas
Explicuit ſua victor arma.

HOR.

Perpetual magiſtrate is he
Who keeps ſtrict juſtice full in ſight;
Who bids the crowd at awful diſtance gaze,
And virtue's arms victoriouſly diſplays.

FRANCIS.

THE reſemblance of poetick numbers to the ſubject which they mention or deſcribe, may be conſidered as general or particular; as conſiſting in the flow and ſtructure of a whole paſſage taken together, or as compriſed in the ſound of ſome emphatical and deſcriptive words, or in the cadence and harmony of ſingle verſes.

The general reſemblance of the ſound to the ſenſe is to be found in every language which admits of poetry, in every author whoſe force of fancy enables him to impreſs images ſtrongly on his own mind, and whoſe choice and variety of language readily ſupplies him with juſt repreſen ations. To ſuch a writer it is natural to change his meaſure with his ſubject, even without any effort of the underſtanding, or intervention of the judgment. To revolve jollity and mirth neceſſarily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and ſprightly notes, as it fires his eye with vivacity; and reflection on gloomy ſituations and diſaſtrous events, will ſadden his numbers, as it will cloud his countenance. But in ſuch paſſages there is only the ſimilitude of pleaſure to pleaſure, and of grief to grief, without any immediate application to particular images. The

ſame flow of joyous verſification will celebrate the jollity of marriage, and the exultation of triumph; and the ſame languor of melody will ſuit the complaints of an abſent lover, as of a conquered king.

It is ſcarcely to be doubted, that on many occaſions we make the muſick which we imagine ourſelves to hear; that we modulate the poem by our own diſpoſition, and aſcribe to the numbers the effects of the ſenſe. We may obſerve in life, that it is not eaſy to deliver a pleaſant meſſage in an unpleaſing manner, and that we readily aſſociate beauty and deformity with thoſe whom for any reaſon we love or hate. Yet it would be too daring to declare that all the celebrated adaptations of harmony are chimerical; that Homer had no extraordinary attention to the melody of his verſe when he deſcribed a nuptial feſtivity—

Νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων, δαιδῶν ὑπολαμπὸμεναόων,
Ηγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ, πονὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει;

Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound.
POPE.

that Vida was merely fanciful, when he ſuppoſed Virgil endeavouring to repreſent by uncommon ſweetneſs of numbers the adventitious beauty of Æneas;

Os, humeroſque Deo ſimilis: namque ipſe decoram
Cæſariem nato genutrix, limenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open ſight,
Auguſt in viſage, and ſerenely bright.
His mother goddeſs, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples ſhine;
And giv'n his rolling eyes a ſparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.
DRYDEN.

or that Milton did not intend to exemplify the harmony which he mentions:

Fountains! and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs! warbling tune his praiſe.

That Milton underſtood the force of ſounds well adjuſted, and knew the compaſs and variety of the ancient meaſures, cannot be doubted, ſince he was both a muſician and a critick; but he ſeems to have conſidered theſe conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition; for it will not be found that he has always aſſigned the ſame caſt of numbers to the ſame objects. He has given in two paſſages very minute deſcriptions of angelick beauty; but though the images are nearly the ſame, the numbers will be found upon compariſon very different.

And now a ſtripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to ev'ry limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold.

Some of the lines of this deſcription are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correſpondent with that ſymmetrical elegance and eaſy grace which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compenſated by the repreſentation of Raphael, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A ſeraph wing'd: ſix wings he wore to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in heav'n: the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.—

The adumbration of particular and diſtinct images by an exact and perceptible reſemblance of ſound, is ſometimes ſtudied, and ſometimes caſual. Every language has many words formed in imitation of the noiſes which they ſignify.

Such are *Stridor*, *Balo*, and *Beatus*, in Latin; and, in Engliſh, to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *hiſs*, to *jarr*. Words of this kind give to a verſe the proper ſimilitude of ſound, without much labour of the writer, and ſuch happineſs is therefore rather to be attributed to fortune than ſkill; yet they are ſometimes combined with great propriety, and undeniably contribute to enforce the impreſſion of the idea. We hear the paſſing arrow in this line of Virgil—

Et fugit *horrendum ſtridens* elapſa ſagitta;

Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing.
POPE.

and the creaking of hell-gates, in the deſcription by Milton—

Open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder.

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have obſerved, ſeem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. Dionyſius himſelf tells us, that the ſound of Homer's verſes ſometimes exhibit the idea of corporeal bulk: is not this a diſcovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who after long enquiry into the nature of the ſcarlet colour, found that it repreſented nothing ſo much as the clangour of a trumpet? The repreſentative power of poetick harmony conſiſts of ſound and meaſure; of the force of the ſyllables ſingly conſidered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can reſemble nothing but ſound, and time can meaſure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have ſtruck out other ſimilitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot diſcover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of theſe lines has been celebrated by writers whoſe opinion the world has reaſon to regard—

Vertitur interea cœlum, et ruit oceano nox.—

Meantime the rapid heav'ns rowl'd down the light,
And on the ſhaded ocean ruſh'd the night.
DRYDEN.

Sternitur, exanimiſque tremens procumbit humi bos.—

Down drops the beaſt, nor needs a ſecond wound;
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the ground.
DRYDEN.

Parturiunt montes, naſcitur ridiculus mus.—

The mountains labour, and a mouſe is born.
ROSCOMMON.

If all theſe obſervations are juſt, there muſt be ſome remarkable conformity between the ſudden ſucceſſion of night to day, the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouſe from a mountain; ſince we are told of all theſe images, that they are very ſtrongly impreſſed by the ſame form and termination of the verſe.

We may, however, without giving way to enthuſiaſm, admit that ſome beauties of this kind may be produced. A ſudden ſtop at an unuſual ſyllable may image the ceſſation of action, or the pauſe of diſcourſe; and Milton has very happily imitated the repetitions of an echo:

I fled, and cried out *death*:
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded *death*.

The meaſure or time in pronouncing may be varied ſo as very ſtrongly to repreſent, not only the modes of external motion, but the quick or ſlow ſucceſſion of ideas, and conſequently the paſſions of the mind. This, at leaſt, was the power of the ſpondaick and dactylick harmony; but our language can reach no eminent diverſities of ſound. We can indeed ſometimes, by encumbering and retarding the line, ſhew the difficulty of a progreſs made by ſtrong efforts and with frequent interruptions, or make a ſlow and heavy motion. Thus Milton has imaged the toil of Satan ſtruggling through chaos—

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on: with difficulty and labour he—

thus he has deſcribed the leviathans or whales—

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait.

But he has at other times neglected ſuch repreſentations, as may be obſerved in the volubility

and levity of theſe lines, which expreſs an action tardy and reluctant—

Deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſu'd us through the deep,
With what confuſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then.

In another place, he deſcribes the gentle glide of ebbing waters in a line remarkably rough and halting:

Tripping ebb; that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'rds the deep who now had ſtopp'd
His ſluices.

It is not indeed to be expected, that the ſound ſhould always aſſiſt the meaning, but it ought never to counteract it: and therefore Milton has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heavens, and to the heavens when he addreſſed the earth.

Thoſe who are determined to find in Milton an aſſemblage of all the excellencies which have ennobold all other poets, will perhaps be offended that I do not celebrate his verſification in higher terms; for there are readers who diſcover that in this paſſage—

So ſtretch'd out huge in length the arch fiend lay,

a *long* form is deſcribed in a *long* line; but the truth is, that length of body is only mentioned in a *ſlow* line, to which it has only the reſemblance of time to ſpace, of an hour to a maypole.

The ſame turn of ingenuity might perform wonders upon the deſcription of the ark:

Then from the mountains hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, breadth, and height.

In theſe lines the poet apparently deſigns to fix the attention upon bulk; but this is effected by the enumeration, not by the meaſure; for what analogy can there be between modulations of ſound, and corporeal dimenſions?

Milton, indeed, ſeems only to have regarded this ſpecies of embelliſhment ſo far, as not to reject it when it came unſought; which would often happen to a mind ſo vigorous, employed upon a ſubject ſo various and extenſive. He had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work to perform; a ſingle ſentiment of moral or religious truth, a ſingle image of life or nature, would have been cheaply loſt for a thouſand echoes of the cadence to the ſenſe; and he who had undertaken to *vindicate the ways of God to man*, might have been accuſed of neglecting his cauſe, had he laviſhed much of his attention upon ſyllables and ſounds.

No. XCV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY, 12, 1751.

Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
Inſanientis dum ſapientiæ
Conſultus erro; nunc retrorſum
Vela dare, atque iterare curſus
Cogor relictos.

HOR.

A fugitive from heav'n and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep ſcienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philoſophy; but now
Hoiſt ſail, and back my voyage plow
To that bleſt harbour, which I left before. FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are many diſeaſes both of the body and mind, which it is far eaſier to prevent than to cure; and therefore I hope you will think me employed in an office not uſeleſs either to learning or virtue, if I deſcribe the ſymptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at firſt it ſeizes only the paſſions, will, if not ſpeedily remedied, infect the reaſon, and, from blaſting

the bloſſoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the houſe of diſcord. My parents were of unſuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions; and therefore employed the ſpirit and acuteneſs which nature had very liberally beſtowed upon both, in hourly diſputes, and inceſſant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; ſo that from the firſt exertions of reaſon I was bred a diſputant, trained up in all the arts of domeſtick ſophiſtry, initiated in a thouſand low ſtratagems, nimble ſhifts, and ſly concealments; verſed in all the turns of altercation, and acquainted with the whole diſcipline of *fending* and *proving*.

It was neceſſarily my care to preſerve the kindneſs of both the controvertiſts; and therefore I had very early formed the habit of ſuſpending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occaſion required to either ſide, and of holding myſelf undetermined between them till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the ſkill of diſputation; and, as we naturally love the arts in which we believe ourſelves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie uſeleſs, nor ſuffer my dexterity to be loſt for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my ſchool-fellows, and was never to be convinced or repreſſed by any other arguments than blows, by which my antagoniſts commonly determined the controverſy, as I was, like the Roman orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the univerſity I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the ſtudy of logick. I impreſſed upon my memory a thouſand axioms, and ten thouſand diſtinctions, practiſed every form of ſyllogiſm, paſſed all my days in the ſchools of diſputation, and ſlept every night with Smiglecius on my pillow.

You will not doubt but ſuch a genius was ſoon raiſed to eminence by ſuch application: I was celebrated in my third year for the moſt artful opponent that the univerſity could boaſt, and became the terror and envy of all the candidates for philoſophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchaſed but at the price of all my time and all my ſtudies. I never ſpoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a poſition univerſally acknowledged to be falſe, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of falſe repreſentation, and ſtrengthened with all the art of fallacious ſubtilty.

My father, who had no other wiſh than to ſee his ſon richer than himſelf, eaſily concluded that I ſhould diſtinguiſh myſelf among the profeſſors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my firſt degree, diſpatched me to the Temple with a paternal admonition, that I ſhould never ſuffer myſelf to feel ſhame, for nothing but modeſty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I had not yet loſt my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive ſuch dictates without horror; but, however, was pleaſed with his determination of my courſe of life, becauſe he placed me in the way that leads ſooneſt from the preſcribed walks of diſcipline and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and ſoon began to diſtinguiſh myſelf by ſophiſms and paradoxes. I declared war againſt all received opinions and eſtabliſhed rules, and levelled my batteries particularly againſt thoſe univerſal principles which had ſtood unſhaken in all the viciſſitudes of literature, and are conſidered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of ſcience.

I applied myſelf chiefly to thoſe parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity; and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and ſpace, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the ſyſtem of Newton or Deſcartes, and favoured occaſionally the hypotheſis of Ptolomy, or that of Copernicus. I ſometimes exalted vegetables to ſenſe, and ſometimes degraded animals to mechaniſm.

Nor was I leſs inclined to weaken the credit of hiſtory, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I could harangue with great copiouſneſs upon the advantages of abſolute monarchy, the ſecrecy of its counſels, and the expedition of its meaſures; and often celebrated the bleſſings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion of debates.

Among the aſſertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth

upon the original charter of univerſal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary ſubmiſſion to thoſe whom nature has levelled with ourſelves.

I knew the defects of every ſcheme of government, and the inconveniencies of every law. I ſometimes ſhewed how much the condition of mankind would be improved, by breaking the world into petty ſovereignties, and ſometimes diſplayed the felicity and peace which univerſal monarchy would diffuſe over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule to judge of hiſtory only by abſtracted probability; and therefore I made no ſcruple of bidding defiance to teſtimony. I have more than once queſtioned the exiſtence of Alexander the Great; and having demonſtrated the folly of erecting edifices, like the pyramids of Egypt, I frequently hinted my ſuſpicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my ſcepticiſm to hiſtorical controverſies, and philoſophical diſquiſitions; but having now violated my reaſon, and accuſtomed myſelf to enquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falſehood till my ideas were confuſed, my judgment embarraſſed, and my intellects deſtroyed. The habit of conſidering every propoſition as alike uncertain, left me no teſt by which any tenet could be tried; every opinion preſented both ſides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important enquiries. It was at laſt the ſport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, and efface the diſtinctions of good and evil, till I had deadened the ſenſe of conviction, and abandoned my heart to the fluctuations of uncertainty, without anchor and without compaſs, without ſatisfaction of curioſity, or peace of conſcience, without principles of reaſon, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repreſſing the firſt perceptions of truth, of ſpreading for diverſion the ſnares of ſophiſtry, and engaging reaſon againſt its own determinations.

The diſproportions of abſurdity grow leſs and leſs viſible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a miſtreſs; and falſehood, by long uſe, is aſſimilated to a mind, as poiſon to the body.

I had ſoon the mortification of ſeeing my converſation courted only by the ignorant or wicked, by either boys who were enchanted by novelty, or wretches, who having long diſobeyed virtue and reaſon, were now deſirous of my aſſiſtance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I ſhuddered at my own corruption, and that pride by which I had been ſeduced contributed to reclaim me. I was weary of continual irreſolution, and a perpetual equipoiſe of the mind; and aſhamed of being the favourite of thoſe who were ſcorned and ſhunned by the reſt of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptation to diſpute, preſcribed a new regimen to my underſtanding, and reſolved, inſtead of rejecting all eſtabliſhed opinions which I could not prove, to tolerate though not adopt all which I could not confute. I forbore to heat my imagination with needleſs controverſies, to diſcuſs queſtions confeſſedly uncertain, and refrained ſteadily from gratifying my vanity by the ſupport of falſehood.

By this method I am at length recovered from my argumental delirium, and find myſelf in the ſtate of one awakened from the confuſion and tumult of a feverish dream. I rejoice in the new poſſeſſion of evidence and reality, and ſtep on from truth to truth with confidence and quiet.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERTINAX.

No. XCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1751.

Quod ſi Platonis muſa perſonat verum,
Quod quiſque diſcit, immemor recordatur.

BOETIUS.

Truth in platonick ornaments bedeck'd,
Inforc'd we love, unheeding recollect.

IT is reported of the Perſians, by an ancient writer, that the ſum of their education conſiſted in teaching youth *to ride, to ſhoot with the bow, and to ſpeak truth.*

The bow and the horſe were eaſily maſtered; but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preſervatives a Perſian mind was ſecured againſt the temptations to falſehood.

There are, indeed, in the preſent corruption of mankind, many incitements to forſake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of impoſing on the ignorance or credulity of others, ſo frequently occur; ſo many immediate evils are to be avoided, and ſo many preſent gratifications obtained, by craft and deluſion, that very few of thoſe who are much entangled in life have ſpirit and conſtancy ſufficient to ſupport them in the ſteady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to ſpeak truth, it is neceſſary that all likewiſe ſhould learn to hear it; for no ſpecies of falſehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by intereſt, and the friend by tenderneſs: thoſe who are neither ſervile nor timorous, are yet deſirous to beſtow pleaſure; and while unjuſt demands of praiſe continue to be made, there will always be ſome whom hope, fear, or kindneſs, will diſpoſe to pay them.

The guilt of falſehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conſcience can ſcarcely charge with ſtooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themſelves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own ſake; it is generally unpleaſing becauſe contrary to our wiſhes and oppoſite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our intereſt, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and ſoon forget what we have no inclination to impreſs upon our memories.

For this reaſon many arts of inſtruction have been invented, by which the reluctance againſt truth may be overcome; and as phyſick is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thouſand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleaſure to eſcape deſtruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falſehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wiſdom; Falſehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to ſeize the dominion of the new creation; and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celeſtials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the conteſt.

Truth ſeemed conſcious of ſuperior power and juſter claim, and therefore came on towering and majeſtick, unaſſiſted and alone; Reaſon indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower rather than companion. Her march was ſlow and ſtately, but her motion was perpetually progreſſive; and when once ſhe had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falſehood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very ſucceſsful in the arts of mimickry. She was ſurrounded, animated, and ſupported, by innumerable legions of appetites and paſſions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were ſudden, irregular, and violent; for ſhe had no ſteadineſs nor conſtancy. She often gained conqueſts by haſty incurſions, which ſhe never hoped to keep by her own ſtrength, but maintained by the help of the paſſions, whom ſhe generally found reſolute and faithful.

It ſometimes happened that the antagoniſts met in full oppoſition. In theſe encounters, Falſehood always inveſted her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambuſhes about her. In her left-hand ſhe bore the ſhield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophiſtry rattled on her ſhoulder. All the paſſions attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obſtinacy ſupported her behind. Thus guarded and aſſiſted, ſhe ſometimes advanced againſt Truth, and ſometimes waited the attack; but always endeavoured to ſkirmiſh at a diſtance, perpetually ſhifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for ſhe certainly found that her ſtrength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aſpect though not the thunder of her father; and when the long continuance of the conteſt brought them near to one another, Falſehood let the arms of Sophiſtry fall from her graſp, and, holding up the ſhield of Impudence with both her hands, ſheltered herſelf amongſt the Paſſions.

Truth, though ſhe was often wounded, always recovered in a ſhort time; but it was com-

mon for the ſlighteſt hurt, received by Falſehood, to ſpread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burſt open again when it ſeemed to have been cured.

Falſehood, in a ſhort time, found by experience that her ſuperiority conſiſted only in the celerity of her courſe, and the changes of her poſture. She therefore ordered Suſpicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to croſs the way of Truth, who, as ſhe never varied her point, but moved conſtantly upon the ſame line, was eaſily eſcaped by the oblique and deſultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which Falſehood always practiſed, when the enemy began to raiſe terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falſehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever ſhe carried her victories ſhe left the Paſſions in full authority behind her; who were ſo well pleaſed with command, that they held out with great obſtinacy when Truth came to ſeize their poſts, and never failed to retard her progreſs, though they could not always ſtop it; they yielded at laſt with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and ſullen ſubmiſſion; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceaſed to awe them by their immediate preſence.

Truth, who, when ſhe firſt deſcended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by univerſal acclamation, cheriſhed with kindneſs, heard with obedience, and invited to ſpread her influence from province to province, now found that, wherever ſhe came, ſhe muſt force her paſſage. Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart preoccupied by Paſſion. She indeed advanced, but ſhe advanced ſlowly; and often loſt the conqueſts which ſhe left behind her, by ſudden inſurrections of the appetites, that ſhook off their allegiance, and ranged themſelves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the ſtruggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet ſhe was provoked to ſee herſelf thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom ſhe looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but ſuch as ſhe owed to inconſtancy, weakneſs, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of diſappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to reeſtabliſh her in the ſkies, and leave mankind to the diſorder and miſery which they deſerved, by ſubmitting willingly to the uſurpation of Falſehood.

Jupiter compaſſionated the world too much to grant her requeſt, yet was willing to eaſe her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to conſult the Muſes by what methods ſhe might obtain an eaſier reception, and reign without the toil of inceſſant war. It was then diſcovered, that ſhe obſtructed her own progreſs by the ſeverity of her aſpect, and the ſolemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceaſed to fear her, ſince by giving themſelves up to Falſehood they ſeldom made any ſacrifice of their eaſe or pleaſure, becauſe ſhe took the ſhape that was moſt engaging, and always ſuffered herſelf to be dreſſed and painted by deſire. The Muſes wove, in the loom of Pallas, a looſe and changeable robe, like that in which Falſehood captivated her admirers; with this they inveſted Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more ſucceſs; for when ſhe demanded entrance of the Paſſions, they often miſtook her for Falſehood, and delivered up their charge: but when ſhe had once taken poſſeſſion, ſhe was ſoon diſrobed by Reaſon, and ſhone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and reſiſtleſs dignity.

No. XCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1751.

Fæcunda culpæ ſecula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos,
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

HOR.

Fruitful of crimes, this age firſt ſtain'd
Their hapleſs offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed; from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd roſe
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations ſpread. FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paſſions to move at the command of virtue.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the Spectator was firſt publiſhed in ſingle papers, it gave me ſo much pleaſure, that it is one of the favourite amuſements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of thoſe times, as deſcribed in that uſeful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wiſh that you would oftner take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human ſpecies, that if your precepts and obſervations be carried down to poſterity, the Spectators may ſhew to the riſing generation what were the faſhionable follies of their grandmothers, the Rambler of their mothers, and that from both they may draw inſtruction and warning.

When I read thoſe Spectators which took notice of the miſbehaviour of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I uſed to pronounce ſuch forward young women Seekers, in order to diſtinguiſh them by a mark of infamy from thoſe who had patience and decency to ſtay till they were ſought.

But I have lived to ſee ſuch a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it diſgraceful enough, if they would deſerve no worſe; ſince now they are too generally given up to negligence of domeſtick buſineſs, to idle amuſements, and to wicked rackets, without any ſettled view at all but of ſquandering time.

In the time of the Spectator, excepting ſometimes an appearance in the ring, ſometimes at a good and choſen play, ſometimes on a viſit at the houſe of a grave relation, the young ladies contented themſelves to be found employed in domeſtick duties; for then routes, drums, balls, aſſemblies, and ſuch like markets for women, were not known.

Modeſty and diffidence, gentleneſs and meekneſs, were looked upon as the appropriate virtues and characteriſtic graces of the ſex. And if a forward ſpirit puſhed itſelf into notice, it was expoſed in print as it deſerved.

The churches were almoſt the only places where ſingle women were to be ſeen by ſtrangers. Men went thither expecting to ſee them, and perhaps too much for that only purpoſe.

But ſome good often reſulted, however improper might be their motives. Both ſexes were in the way of their duty. The man muſt be abandoned indeed, who loves not goodneſs in another; nor were the young fellows of that age ſo wholly loſt to a ſenſe of right, as pride and conceit has ſince made them affect to be. When therefore they ſaw a fair-one, whoſe decent behaviour and cheerful piety ſhewed her earneſt in her firſt duties, they had the leſs doubt, judging politically only, that ſhe would have a conſcientious regard to her ſecond.

With what ardour have I ſeen watched for, the riſing of a kneeling beauty; and what additional charms has devotion given to her recommunicated features?

The men were often the better for what they heard. Even a Saul was once found propheſying among the prophets whom he had ſet out to

deſtroy. To a man thus put into good-humour by a pleaſing object, religion itſelf looked more amiable. The Men Seekers of the Spectator's time loved the holy place for the object's ſake, and loved the object for her ſuitable behaviour in it.

Reverence mingled with their love; and they thought that a young lady of ſuch good principles muſt be addreſſed only by the man who at leaſt made a ſhew of good principles, whether his heart was yet quite right or not.

Nor did the young lady's behaviour, at any time of the ſervice, leſſen this reverence. Her eyes were her own, her ears the preacher's. Women are always moſt obſerved when they ſeem themſelves leaſt to obſerve, or to lay out for obſervation. The eye of a reſpectful lover loves rather to receive confidence from the withdrawn eye of the fair-one, than to find itſelf obliged to retreat.

When a young gentleman's affection was thus laudably engaged, he purſued its natural dictates; keeping then was a rare, at leaſt a ſecret and ſcandalous vice, and a wife was the ſummit of his wiſhes. Rejection was now dreaded, and pre-engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to think muſt be admired by all the world. His fears, his uncertainties, increaſed his love.

Every enquiry he made into the lady's domeſtick excellence, which, when a wife is to be choſen, will ſurely not be neglected, confirmed him in his choice. He opens his heart to a common friend, and honeſtly diſcovers the ſtate of his fortune. His friend appeals to thoſe of the young lady, whoſe parents, if they approve his propoſals, diſcloſe them to their daughter.

She perhaps is not an abſolute ſtranger to the paſſion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his aſſiduities, his conſtant attendance at a church, whither, till of late, he uſed ſeldom to come, and a thouſand little obſervances that he paid her, had very probably firſt forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young lady ſhould be in love, and the love of the young gentleman undeclared, is an heterodoxy which prudence, and even policy, muſt not allow. But thus applied to, ſhe is all reſignation to her parents. Charming reſignation, which inclination oppoſes not.

Her relations applaud her for her duty; friends meet; points are adjuſted; delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious ſpace, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herſelf cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modeſtly reſerved; he is not confident. He declares his paſſion; the conſcioufneſs of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his ſincerity; and ſhe owns herſelf obliged to him for his good opinion. The enquiries of her friends into his character have taught her that his good opinion deſerves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future viſits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he preſſes for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquieſcence with her duty, and a modeſt acknowledgment of eſteem for him.

He applies to her parents, therefore, for a near day; and thinks himſelf under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this proſpect of future happineſs, the marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both ſides, brought acquainted in the courſe of the courtſhip, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the ſiſters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occaſionally quit it but they find the pleaſure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their abſence from it.

Oh, Mr. Rambler! forgive the talkativeneſs of an old man. When I courted and married my Lætitia, then a blooming beauty, every thing paſſed juſt ſo! But how is the caſe now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engroſſed by places of open reſort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being conſtantly frequented, make home irkſome. Breakfaſting-places, dining-places, routes, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, maſquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately publick ſales of the

goods of broken houſe-keepers, which the general diſſoluteneſs of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another ſeaſonable relief to theſe modern time-killers.

In the ſummer there are in every country-town aſſemblies; Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough! What expence of dreſs and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for ſuch emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the loweſt people have places of ſix-penny reſort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus ſervants are now induced to fraud and diſhoneſty, to ſupport extravagance, and ſupply their loſſes.

As to the ladies who frequent thoſe publick places, they are not aſhamed to ſhew their faces wherever men dare go, nor bluſh to try who ſhall ſtare moſt impudently, or who ſhall laugh loudeſt on the publick walks.

The men who would make good huſbands, if they viſit thoſe places, are frighted at wedlock, and reſolve to live ſingle, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be ſpectators of all that paſſes, and, if they pleaſe, more than ſpectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thouſand pounds in the laſt age, with a domeſtick wife, would go farther than ten thouſand in this. Yet ſettlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man eſpecially, ſink a fortune into uſeleſſneſs; and pin-money is ſtipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and deſtroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know not where to find wives, muſt not the ſex be left to the foplings, the coxcombs, the libertines of the age, whom they help to make ſuch? And need even theſe wretches marry to enjoy the converſation of thoſe who render their company ſo cheap?

And what, after all, is the benefit which the gay coquette obtains by her flutters? As ſhe is approachable by every man, without requiring, I will not ſay incenſe or adoration, but even common complaiſance, every fop treats her as upon the level, looks upon her light airs as invitations, and is on the watch to take the advantage: ſhe has companions, indeed, but no lovers; for love is reſpectful, and timorous; and where among all her followers will ſhe find a huſband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconſiderate, the contempt as well as the danger to which they are expoſed. At one time or other, women, not utterly thoughtleſs, will be convinced of the juſtice of your cenſure, and the charity of your inſtruction.

But ſhould your expoſtulations and reproofs have no effect upon thoſe who are far gone in faſhionable folly, they may be retailed from their mouths to their nieces, (marriage will not often have intitled theſe to daughters) when they, the meteors of a day, find themſelves elbowed off the ſtage of vanity by other flatterers; for the moſt admired women cannot have many Tunbridge, many Bath ſeaſons to blaze in; ſince even fine faces, often ſeen, are leſs regarded than new faces, the proper puniſhment of ſhowy girls, for rendering themſelves ſo impolitickly cheap.

I am, Sir,
Your ſincere admirer, &c.

No. XCVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1751.

Quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas
Cæſaris ad menſas, nec vilis Gabba tuliſſet.
JUV.

Which not Sarmentus brook'd at Cæſar's board,
Nor grov'ling Gabba from his haughty lord. ELPHINSTON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

YOU have often endeavoured to impreſs upon your readers an obſervation of more truth than novelty, that life paſſes, for the moſt part, in petty tranſactions; that our hours glide away in trifling amuſements and ſlight gratifications; and that there very ſeldom emerges any occaſion that can call forth great virtue or great abilities.

It very commonly happens that ſpeculation has no influence on conduct. Juſt concluſions, and cogent arguments, formed by laborious ſtudy, and diligent enquiry, are often repoſited in the treaſuries of memory, as gold in the miſer's cheſt, uſeleſs alike to others and himſelf. As ſome are not richer for the extent of their poſſeſſions, others are not wiſer for the multitude of their ideas.

You have truly deſcribed the ſtate of human beings, but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated your precepts to your deſcription; whether you have not generally conſidered your readers as influenced by the tragick paſſions, and ſuſceptible of pain or pleaſure only from powerful agents, and from great events.

To an author who writes not for the improvement of a ſingle art, or the eſtabliſhment of a controverted doctrine, but equally intends the advantage, and equally courts the peruſal of all the claſſes of mankind, nothing can juſtly ſeem unworthy of regard, by which the pleaſure of converſation may be increaſed, and the daily ſatisfactions of familiar life ſecured from interruption and diſguſt.

For this reaſon you would not have injured your reputation, if you had ſometimes deſcended to the minuter duties of ſocial beings, and enforced the obſervance of thoſe little civilities and ceremonious delicacies, which, inconſiderable as they may appear to the man of ſcience, and difficult as they may prove to be detailed with dignity, yet contribute to the regulation of the world, by facilitating the intercourſe between one man and another, and of which the French have ſufficiently teſtified their eſteem, by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Sçavoir vivre—the art of living*.

Politeneſs is one of thoſe advantages which we never eſtimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loſs. Its influence upon the manners is conſtant and uniform, ſo that, like an equal motion, it eſcapes perception, The circumſtances of every action are ſo adjuſted to each other, that we do not ſee where any error could have been committed, and rather acquieſce in its propriety, than admire its exactneſs.

But as ſickneſs ſhews us the value of eaſe, a little familiarity with thoſe who were never taught to endeavour the gratification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will ſoon evince the neceſſity of eſtabliſhed modes and formalities to the happineſs and quiet of common life.

Wiſdom and virtue are by no means ſufficient, without the ſupplemental laws of good-breeding, to ſecure freedom from denenerating to rudeneſs, or ſelf-eſteem from ſwelling into inſolence; a thouſand incivilities may be committed, and a thouſand offices neglected, without any remorſe or conſcience, or reproach from reaſon.

The true effect of genuine politeneſs ſeems to be rather eaſe than pleaſure. The power of delighting muſt be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very ſmall number to raviſh and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindneſs of mankind, though he ſhould have no claim to higher diſtinctions.

The univerſal axiom in which all complaiſance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in civiliſed nations, is, *That no man ſhould give any preference to himſelf*. A rule ſo comprehenſive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not eaſy for the mind to image an incivility, without ſuppoſing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place, ſome particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and converſation: ſuch are the forms of ſalutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjuſtments of place and precedence. Theſe, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be ſufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly obſerved, for the tumour of inſolence, or petulance of comtempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, leſs real and rational complaiſance, than among thoſe who have paſſed their time in paying and receiving viſits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in ſtudying the exact meaſures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of faſhionable courteſy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many ſtept they muſt attend him towards the gate, and what interval ſhould paſs before his viſit is

returned; but ſeldom extend their care beyond the exterior and uneſſential parts of civility, nor refuſe their own vanity any gratification, however extenſive, to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for ſplendour and expence; a man that, having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the firſt claſs of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readineſs in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, eaſily confer.

But Trypherus, without any ſettled purpoſes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great ſatisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving diſguſt to thoſe whom chance or expectation ſubject to his vanity.

To a man whoſe fortune confines him to a ſmall houſe, he declaims upon the pleaſure of ſpacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was leſs, he ſhould never wake without thinking of a priſon.

To Eucretas, a man of birth equal to himſelf, but of much leſs eſtate, he ſhewed his ſervices of plate, and remarked that ſuch things were, indeed, nothing better than coſtly trifles, but that no man muſt pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for his part, if his eſtate was ſmaller, he ſhould not think of enjoying but encreaſing it, and would enquire out a trade for his eldeſt ſon.

He has, in imitation of ſome more acute obſerver than himſelf, collected a great many ſhifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among the ladies of ſmall fortune, never fails to talk of frippery and ſlight ſilks, and the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been inſulted a thouſand times with a catalogue of his pictures, his jewels, and his rarities, which, though he knows the humble neatneſs of my habitation, he ſeldom fails to conclude by a declaration, that wherever he ſees a houſe meanly furniſhed, he deſpiſes the owner's taſte, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. Rambler, is the practice of Trypherus, by which he is become the terror of all who are leſs wealthy than himſelf, and has raiſed innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally culpable with Trypherus, it is ſcarcely poſſible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own pride by forcing others into a compariſon with himſelf, when he knows the advantage is on his ſide, without conſidering, that unneceſſarily to obtrude unpleaſing ideas, is a ſpecies of oppreſſion; and that it is little more criminal to deprive another of ſome real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulneſs of its abſence which is the next happineſs to actual poſſeſſion.

I am, &c.

EUTROPIUS.

No. XCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1751.

Scilicet ingeniis aliqua eſt concordia junctis,
Et ſervat ſtudii foedera quiſque ſui,
Ruſticus agricolam, miles fera bella gerentem,
Rectorem dubiæ navita puppis amat.

OVID.

Congenial paſſions ſouls together bind,
And ev'ry calling mingles with its kind;
Soldier unites with ſoldier, ſwain with ſwain,
The mariner with him that roves the main.

F. LEWIS.

IT has been ordained by Providence, for the conſervation of order in the immenſe variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the ſeveral claſſes of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature ſhould be drawn by ſome ſecret attraction to thoſe of his own kind; and that not only the gentle and domeſtick animals which naturally unite into compa-

nies, or cohabit by pairs, ſhould continue faithful to their ſpecies; but even thoſe ravenous and ferocious ſavages, which Ariſtotle obſerves never to be gregarious, ſhould range mountains and deſerts in ſearch of one another, rather than pollute the world with a monſtrous birth.

As the perpetuity and diſtinction of the lower tribes of the creation require that they ſhould be determined to proper mates by ſome uniform motive of choice, or ſome cogent principle of inſtinct; it is neceſſary likewiſe, that man, whoſe wider capacity demands more gratifications, and who feels in himſelf innumerable wants, which a life of ſolitude cannot ſupply, and innumerable powers to which it cannot give employment, ſhould be led to ſuitable companions by particular influence; and among many beings of the ſame nature with himſelf, he may ſelect ſome for intimacy and tenderneſs, and improve the condition of his exiſtence, by ſuperadding friendſhip to humanity, and the love of individuals to that of the ſpecies.

Other animals are ſo formed, that they ſeem to contribute very little to the happineſs of each other, and know neither joy, nor grief, nor love, nor hatred, but as they are urged by ſome deſire immediately ſubſervient either to the ſupport of their own lives, or to the continuation of their race; they therefore ſeldom appear to regard any of the minuter diſcriminations which diſtinguiſh creatures of the ſame kind from one another.

But if man were to feel no incentives to kindneſs, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, Babylon or London, with all their multitudes, would have to him the deſolation of a wilderneſs; his affections, not compreſſed into a narrower compaſs, would vaniſh like elemental fire, in boundleſs evaporation; he would languiſh in perpetual inſenſibility; and thongh he might, perhaps, in the firſt vigour of youth, amuſe himſelf with the freſh enjoyments of life, yet, when curioſity ſhould ceaſe, and alacrity ſubſide, he would abandon himſelf to the fluctuations of chance, without expecting help againſt any calamity, or feeling any wiſh for the happineſs of others.

To love all men is our duty, ſo far as it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readineſs of occaſional kindneſs; but to love all equally is impoſſible, at leaſt impoſſible without the extinction of thoſe paſſions which now produce all our pains and all our pleaſures; without the diſuſe, if not the abolition, of ſome of our faculties, and the ſuppreſſion of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The neceſſities of our condition require a thouſand offices of tenderneſs, which mere regard for the ſpecies will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the ſolicitude of friendſhip will diſcover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity, were it only ſurveyed by the eye of general benevolence, equally attentive to every miſery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, neceſſarily broken into ſmaller independent ſocieties; theſe form diſtinct intereſts, which are too frequently oppoſed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falſely think it virtue to promote, however deſtructive to the happineſs of the reſt of the world.

Such unions are again ſeparated into ſubordinate claſſes and combinations, and ſocial life is perpetually branched out into minuter ſubdiviſions, till it terminates in the laſt ramifications of private friendſhip.

That friendſhip may at once be fond and laſting, it has been already obſerved in theſe papers, that a conformity of inclinations is neceſſary. No man can have much kindneſs for him by whom he does not believe himſelf eſteemed, and nothing ſo evidently proves eſteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always ſtrongeſt which ariſes from participation of the ſame pleaſures, ſince we are naturally moſt willing to revive in our minds the memory of perſons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpoſe, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himſelf with ſuch as he cannot accompany in their amuſements and diverſions. Men have been known to riſe to favour and to fortune, only by being ſkilful in the ſports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring with his taſte for ſome particular ſpecies of curioſities, by reliſhing the ſame wine, or applauding the ſame cookery.

Even thoſe whom wiſdom or virtue have placed above regard to ſuch petty recommendations, muſt nevertheleſs be gained by ſimilitude of manners. The higheſt and nobleſt enjoy-

ment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of ſentiments, muſt always preſuppoſe a diſpoſition to the ſame inquiry, and delight in the ſame diſcoveries.

With what ſatisfaction could the politician lay his ſchemes for the reformation of laws, or his compariſons of different forms of government, before the chemiſt, who has never accuſtomed his thoughts to any other object than ſalt and ſulphur? or how could the aſtronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldneſs of a grammarian, who would loſe ſight of Jupiter and all his ſatellites, for a happy etymology of an obſcure word, or a better explication of a controverted line?

Every man loves merit of the ſame kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only beſt underſtands the worth of thoſe qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the uſefulneſs of the art which he practiſes with ſucceſs, but always feels a reflected pleaſure from the praiſes which, though given to another, belong equally to himſelf.

There is indeed no need of reſearch and refinement to diſcover that men muſt generally ſelect their companions from their own ſtate of life, ſince there are not many minds furniſhed for great variety of converſatiou, or adapted to multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The ſailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick, and the courtier, have all a caſt of talk peculiar to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upon the ſame events, have been engaged in affairs of the ſame ſort, and make uſe of alluſions and illuſtrations which themſelves only can underſtand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profeſſion, and to know only the language of a ſingle rank of mortals, is indeed ſufficiently deſpicable. But as limits muſt be always ſet to the excurſions of the human mind, there will be ſome ſtudy which every man more zealouſly proſecutes, ſome darling ſubject on which he is principally pleaſed to converſe; and he that can moſt inform or beſt underſtand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly to be avoided; nor it is culpable, unleſs ſuffered ſo far to predominate as to produce averſion from every other kind of excellence, and to ſhade the luſtre of diſſimilar virtues. Thoſe, therefore, whom the lot of life has conjoined, ſhould endeavour conſtantly to approach towards the inclination of each other, invigorate every motion of concurrent deſire, and fan every ſpark of kindred curioſity.

It has been juſtly obſerved, that diſcord generally operates in little things; it is inflamed to its utmoſt vehemence by contrariety of taſte, oftner than of principles; and might therefore commonly be avoided by innocent conformity, which, if it was not at firſt the motive, ought always to be the conſequence of indiſſoluble union.

No. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1751.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

PERSIUS.

Horace, with ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raiſe a bluſh where ſecret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes, when he ſmil'd.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS very many well-diſpoſed perſons, by the unavoidable neceſſity of their affairs, are ſo unfortunate as to be totally buried in the country, where they labour under the moſt deplorable ignorance of what is tranſacting among the polite part of mankind, I cannot help thinking that, as a publick writer, you ſhould take the caſe of theſe truly compaſſionable objects under your conſideration.

Theſe unhappy languiſhers in obſcurity ſhould be furniſhed with ſuch accounts of the employments of people of the world, as may engage them in their ſeveral remote corners to a laudable imitation; or, at leaſt, ſo far inform and prepare them, that if by any joyful change of ſituation they ſhould be ſuddenly tranſported into the gay ſcene, they may not gape, and wonder, and ſtare, and be utterly at a loſs how to behave and make a proper appearance in it.

It is inconceivable how much the welfare of all the country towns in the kingdom might be promoted, if you would uſe your charitable endeavours to raiſe in them a noble emulation of the manners and cuſtoms of higher life.

For this purpoſe you ſhould give a very clear and ample deſcription of the whole ſet of polite acquirements; a complete hiſtory of forms, faſhions, frolicks, of routes, drums, hurricanes, balls, aſſemblies, ridottos, maſquerades, auctions, plays, operas, puppet-ſhows, and bear-gardens; of all thoſe delights which profitably engage the attention of the moſt ſublime characters, and by which they have brought to ſuch amazing perfection the whole art and myſtery of paſſing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy aſſiſtance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleaſed to call uſeful and neceſſary.

In giving due inſtructions through what ſteps to attain this ſummit of human excellence, you may add ſuch irreſiſtible arguments in its favour, as muſt convince numbers, who in other inſtances do not ſeem to want natural underſtanding, of the unaccountable error of ſuppoſing they were ſent into the world for any other purpoſe but to flutter, ſport, and ſhine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an everlaſting round of diverſion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the moſt important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, ſo much as the world is improved, that there ſhould in theſe days be perſons ſo ignorant and ſtupid as to think it neceſſary to miſpend their time, and trouble their heads, about any thing elſe than purſuing the preſent fancy; for what elſe is worth living for?

It is time enough ſurely to think of conſequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almoſt wholly from the writings of authors who lived a vaſt many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of thoſe accompliſhments which now characteriſe people of diſtinction, have been for ſome time ſinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their moſt zealous admirers, for ſome partiſans of his own ſort every writer will have, can pretend to ſay they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diverſions, the ce-

remonial of viſits, the extatick delight of unfriendly intimacies and unmeaning civilities, they are abſolutely ſilent. Blunt truth, and downright honeſty, plain clothes, ſtaying at home, hard work, few words, and thoſe unenlivened with cenſure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleaſures of life. Little oaths, polite diſſimulation, tea-table ſcandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they ſeem to have had no notion of; and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing-room, and how frighted they would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotiſm that diſdains authority, and tramples on laws for ſport, was abſolutely the averſion of theſe tame wretches.

Indeed, one cannot diſcover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wiſe and good; acquirements infinitely below the conſideration of perſons of taſte and ſpirit, who know how to ſpend their time to ſo much better purpoſe.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extenſive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays, a practice of ſuch infinite uſe, that we may modeſtly expect to ſee it prevail univerſally in all parts of this kingdom.

To perſons of faſhion, the advantage is obvious; becauſe, as for ſome ſtrange reaſon or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor maſquerade, nor bottled conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable aſſiſtance of whiſt or bragg, the genteel part of mankind muſt, one day in ſeven, neceſſarily ſuffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the perſons of high rank the only gainers by ſo ſalutary a cuſtom, which extends its good influence, in ſome degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than it is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever ſo mean, to deny them thoſe enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if ſervants were taught to go to church on this day, ſpend ſome part of it in reading or receiving inſtructions in a family way, and the reſt in mere friendly converſation, the poor wretches would infallibly take it into their heads, that they were obliged to be ſober, modeſt, diligent, and faithful, to their maſters and miſtreſſes.

Now ſurely no one of common prudence or humanity would wiſh their domeſticks infected with ſuch ſtrange and primitive notions, or laid under ſuch unmerciful reſtraints: all which may, in a great meaſure, be prevented by the prevalence of the good-humoured faſhion that I would have you recommend. For when the lower kind of people ſee their betters, with a truly laudable ſpirit, inſulting and flying in the face of thoſe rude, ill-bred dictators, piety and the laws, they are thereby excited and admoniſhed as far as actions can admoniſh and excite, and taught that they too have an equal right of ſetting them at defiance in ſuch inſtances as their particular neceſſities and inclinations may require; and thus is the liberty of the whole human ſpecies mightily improved and enlarged.

In ſhort, Mr. Rambler, by a faithful repreſentation of the numberleſs benefits of a modiſh life, you will have done your part in promoting what every body ſeems to confeſs the true purpoſe of human exiſtence, perpetual diſſipation.

By encouraging people to employ their whole attention on trifles, and make amuſement their ſole ſtudy, you will teach them how to avoid many very uneaſy reflections.

All the ſoft feelings of humanity, the ſympathies of friendſhip, and natural temptations to the care of a family, and ſolicitude about the good or ill of others, with the whole train of domeſtick and ſocial affections, which create ſuch daily anxieties and embarraſſments, will be happily ſtifled and ſuppreſſed in a round of perpetual delights; and all ſerious thoughts, but particularly that of *hereafter*, be baniſhed out of the world; a moſt perplexing apprehenſion, but luckily a moſt groundleſs one too, as it is ſo very clear a caſe, that nobody ever dies.

I am, &c.

CHARIESSA.

No. CI. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1751.

Mella jubes Hyblea tibi vel Hymettia naſci,
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corſica ponis api.

MART.

Alas! dear ſir, you try in vain,
Impoſſibilities to gain;
No bee from Corſica's rank juice,
Hyblæan honey can produce.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

HAVING by ſeveral years of continual ſtudy treaſured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained by frequent exerciſe the power of applying them with propriety, and combining them with readineſs, I reſolved to quit the univerſity, where I conſidered myſelf as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the crowd of publick life. I was naturally attracted by the company of thoſe who were of the ſame age with myſelf; and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burleſque. Thus, in a ſhort time, I had heated my imagination to ſuch a ſtate of activity and ebullition, that upon every occaſion it fumed away in burſts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a ſudden the idol of the coffee-houſe, was in one winter ſolicited to accept the preſidentſhip of five clubs, was dragged by violence to every new play, and quoted in every controverſy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place ſurrounded by a multitude of humble auditors, who retailed in other places of reſort my maxims and my jeſts, and was boaſted as their intimate and companion by many who had no other pretenſions to my acquaintance, than that they had drank chocolate in the ſame room.

You will not wonder, Mr. Rambler, that I mention my ſucceſs with ſome appearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of ſuperiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of converſation, by extemporaneous ſprightlineſs of fancy, copiouſneſs of language, and fertility of ſentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greater part of the praiſe is unknown and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, ſpreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleaſure or advantage from the diffuſion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal ſovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himſelf, and enjoys all the pleaſure which he beſtows; he finds his power confeſſed by every one that approaches him, ſees friendſhip kindling with rapture, and attention ſwelling into praiſe.

The deſire which every man feels of importance and eſteem, is ſo much gratified by finding an aſſembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladneſs and huſhed with expectation, that the recollection of ſuch diſtinctions can ſcarcely fail to be pleaſing whenſoever it is innocent. And my conſcience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; ſince I always employed my influence on the ſide of virtue, and never ſacrificed my underſtanding or my religion to the pleaſure of applauſe.

There were many whom either the deſire of enjoying my pleaſantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was careſſed in a particular manner by Democharès, a gentleman of a large eſtate, and a liberal diſpoſition. My fortune being by no means exuberant, inclined me to be pleaſed with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table; and, as he believed my acquaintance neceſſary to the character of elegance which he was deſirous of eſtabliſhing, I lived in all the luxury of affluence, without expence or dependence, and paſſed my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleaſure, with men brought together by ſimilitude of accompliſhments, or deſire of improvement.

But all power has its ſphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. Demochares being called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he ſhould increaſe his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whoſe abilities were ſo generally allowed. The report preſently ſpread through half the country that Demochares was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated Hilarius, by whom ſuch merriment would be excited as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpoſe for which I was invited; and as men do not look diligently out for poſſible miſcarriages, was pleaſed to find myſelf courted upon principles of intereſt, and conſidered as capable of reconciling factions, compoſing feuds, and uniting a whole province in ſocial happineſs.

After a few days ſpent in adjuſting his domeſtick regulations, Demochares invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my preſence was expected to heighten the pleaſure of the feaſt. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raiſed in my favour, and repreſented the ſatisfaction with which he ſhould ſee me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and ſhould remark the various effects that my fire would have upon ſuch diverſity of matter.

This declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with ſolicitude. I felt an ambition of ſhining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarraſſed with an unuſual fear of diſgrace. I paſſed the night in planning out to myſelf the converſation of the coming day; recollected all my topicks of raillery, propoſed proper ſubjects to ridicule, prepared ſmart replies to a thouſand queſtions, accommodated anſwers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illuſtrations.

The morning broke at laſt in the midſt of theſe buſy meditations. I roſe with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat; and, notwithſtanding all my efforts, found my ſpirits ſunk under the weight of expectation. The company ſoon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to Hilarius. What conception the inhabitants of this region had formed of a wit, I cannot yet diſcover; but obſerved that they all ſeemed, after the regular exchange of compliments, to turn away diſappointed; and that while we waited for dinner; they caſt their eyes firſt upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical aſſembly waiting for a ſhew.

From the uneaſineſs of this ſituation I was relieved by the dinner; and as every attention was taken up by the buſineſs of the hour, I ſunk quietly to a level with the reſt of the company. But no ſooner were the diſhes removed, than inſtead of cheerful confidence and familiar prattle, an univerſal ſilence again ſhewed their expectation of ſome unuſual performance. My friend endeavoured to rouſe them by healths and queſtions, but they anſwered him with great brevity, and immediately relapſed into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of ſome opportunity to divert them, but could find no paſs opened for a ſingle ſally; and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither applauſe nor oppoſition, I was content to mingle with the maſs, to put round the glaſs in ſilence, and ſolace myſelf with my own contemplations.

My friend looked round him; the gueſts ſtared at one another; and if now and then a few ſyllables were uttered with timidity and heſitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleaſing, and diſpoſition to be pleaſed. Thus paſſed the hours to which ſo much happineſs was decreed; the hours which had, by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to Hilarius.

At laſt the night came on, and the neceſſity of parting freed us from the perſecutions of each other. I heard them, as they walked along the court, murmuring at the loſs of the day, and enquiring whether any man would pay a ſecond viſit to a houſe haunted by a wit.

Demochares, whoſe benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the ſecondary honour which he was to gain by my ſprightlineſs and elegance, and the affection with which he ſhould be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety, was not able to conceal his vexation and reſentment, nor would eaſily be convinced, that I had not ſacrificed his intereſt to ſullenneſs and caprice, and ſtudi-

ouſly endeavoured to diſguſt his gueſts, and ſuppreſſed my powers of delighting, in obſtinate and premeditated ſilence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; ſome being of opinion, that my friend is deluded by an impoſtor, who, though he has found ſome art of gaining his favour, is afraid to ſpeak before men of more penetration; and others concluding, that I think only London the proper theatre of my abilities, and diſdain to exert my genius for the praiſe of ruſticks.

I believe, Mr. Rambler, that it has ſometimes happened to others who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the ſame cenſures upon the like occaſions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any miſrepreſentations of ſuch failures, by remarking, that invention is not wholly at the command of its poſſeſſor; that the power of pleaſing is very often obſtructed by the deſire; that all expectation leſſens ſurprize, yet ſome ſurprize is neceſſary to gaiety; and that thoſe who deſire to partake of the pleaſure of wit muſt contribute to its production, ſince the mind ſtagnates without external ventilation, and that effervescence of the fancy which flaſhes into tranſport can be raiſed only by the infuſion of diſſimilar ideas.

No. CII. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1751.

Ipſa quoque aſſiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non ſecus ac flumen: neque enim conſiſtere flumen,
Nec levis hora poteſt; ſed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora ſic fugiunt pariter, pariterque ſequuntur.

OVID.

With conſtant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide!
For none can ſtem by art, or ſtop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave purſu'd arrives on ſhore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we deſcry;
So minutes follow, and ſo minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

'LIFE,' ſays Seneca, 'is a voyage, in 'the progreſs of which we are perpetu-'ally changing our ſcenes: we firſt leave child-'hood behind us, then youth, then the years 'of ripened manhood, then the better and more 'pleaſing part of old age.' The peruſal of this paſſage having incited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and on a ſudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence, of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chooſe among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a

ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked. Before me, and on each ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicuous eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtreams of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of life was the *gulph of* Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades, where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon, indeed,

was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feeble, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power —'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thy-'ſelf art ſinking. Whence is this thoughtleſs 'tranquillity, when thou and they are equally 'endangered?' I looked; and, ſeeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked.

No. CIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1751.

Scire volunt ſecreta domus, atque inde timeri.

JUV.

They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they know.

DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteriſticks of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new proſpects, and produces new incitements to further progreſs. All the attainments poſſible in our preſent ſtate are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conqueſt ſerves no purpoſe but that of kindling ambition; diſcovery has no effect but of raiſing expectation; the gratification of one deſire encourages another; and after all our labours, ſtudies, and enquiries, we are continually at the ſame diſtance from the completion of our ſchemes, have ſtill ſome wiſh importunate to be

ſatisfied, and ſome faculty reſtleſs and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The deſire of knowledge, though often animated by extrinſick and adventitious motives, ſeems on many occaſions to operate without ſubordination to any other principle; we are eager to ſee and hear, without intention of referring our obſervations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a proſpect of the plain; we run to the ſtrand in a ſtorm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profeſs neither architecture nor fortification; we croſs ſeas only to view nature in nakedneſs, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a deſert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing poliſhed, every thing great and every thing little; we do not ſee a thicket but with ſome temptation to enter it, nor remark an inſect flying before us but with an inclination to purſue it.

This paſſion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. Lucan therefore introduces Cæſar ſpeaking with dignity ſuitable to the grandeur of his deſigns, and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-prieſt of Egypt, that he has no deſire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a ſight of thoſe fountains which had been ſo long concealed. And Homer, when he would furniſh the Sirens with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wiſdom, might yield without diſgrace, makes them declare that none ever departed from them but with increaſe of knowledge.

There is, indeed, ſcarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to ſome uſe, or which may not, at leaſt, gratify pride with occaſional ſuperiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind, will find that, upon the firſt appearance of an object, or the firſt ſtart of a queſtion, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate diſcuſſion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his deſires take wing by inſtantaneous impulſe, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by ſubſequent conſiderations. The gratification of curioſity rather frees us from uneaſineſs than confers pleaſure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by inſtruction. Curioſity is the thirſt of the ſoul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taſte every thing with joy, however otherwiſe inſipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earlieſt ſearchers after knowledge muſt have propoſed knowledge only as the reward; and that ſcience, though perhaps the nurſling of intereſt, was the daughter of curioſity: for who can believe that they who firſt watched the courſe of the ſtars foreſaw the uſe of their diſcoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the menſuration of time? They were delighted with the ſplendor of the nocturnal ſkies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to underſtand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear ſatisfied with their intellectual poſſeſſions, and ſeem to live without deſire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world paſſes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is ſometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant paſſion: a lover finds no inclination to travel any path but that which leads to the habitation of his miſtreſs; a trader can ſpare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a ſtorm. It is frequently the conſequence of a total immerſion in ſenſuality: corporeal pleaſures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happineſs is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quieſcent ſtate, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and, though ſhe may ſometimes be diſturbed by the obtruſion of new ideas, ſhrinks back again to ignorance and reſt.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual taſk of procuring the ſupports of life denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of ſuch as live without the ardour of enquiry is very ſmall, though many content themſelves with cheap amuſements, and waſte their lives in reſearches of no importance.

There is no ſnare more dangerous to buſy and excurſive minds than the cobwebs of petty inquiſitiveneſs, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute ſtudies; and detain them in a middle ſtate between the tediouſneſs

of total inactivity and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with eaſe and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The neceſſity of doing ſomething, and the fear of undertaking much, ſinks the hiſtorian to a genealogiſt, the philoſopher to a journaliſt of the weather, and the mathematician to a conſtructer of dials.

It is happy when thoſe who cannot content themſelves to be idle, nor reſolve to be induſtrious, are at leaſt employed without injury to others; but it ſeldom happens that we can contain ourſelves long in a neutral ſtate, or forbear to ſink into vice, when we are no longer ſoaring towards virtue.

Nugaculus was diſtinguiſhed in his earlier years by an uncommon livelineſs of imagination, quickneſs of ſagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himſelf with particular inquiſitiveneſs to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of intereſt and ambition, and the various cauſes of miſcarriage and ſucceſs both in publick and private affairs.

Though his friends did not diſcover to what purpoſe all theſe obſervations were collected, or how Nugaculus would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an inceſſant attention to changes of countenance, burſts of inconſideration, ſallies of paſſion, and all the other caſualties by which he uſed to trace a character, yet they could not deny the ſtudy of human nature to be worthy of a wiſe man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his diſcoveries, and liſtened with ſubmiſſive modeſty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakneſs of reſolves, and the inſtability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling paſſion.

Such was the firſt incitement of Nugaculus to a cloſe inſpection into the conduct of mankind. He had no intereſt in view, and therefore no deſign of ſupplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expoſe them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himſelf, but has paſſed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every riſing character, and lived upon a ſmall eſtate without any thought of encreaſing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general maſter of ſecret hiſtory, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and ſtratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's eſtate, the terms upon which every ſpendthrift raiſes his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure ſtipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childleſs acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every houſe, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his ſteward; he can tell where the manor-houſe is falling, though large ſums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are felling woods without the conſent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thouſand acts of treachery. He ſees no man's ſervant without draining him of his truſt; he enters no family without flattering the children into diſcoveries; he is a perpetual ſpy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows, by long experience, at whatever diſtance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his induſtry has not hitherto been very miſchievous to others, or dangerous to himſelf; but ſince he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by diſcovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymiſts, and purchaſe one ſecret with another; he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is conſidered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happineſs in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at firſt, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declenſion of minuteneſs, betrayed Nugaculus, not only to a fooliſh, but vicious waſte of a life which might have been honourably paſſed in publick ſervices, or domeſtick virtues. He has loſt his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engroſs, but do not improve it.

No. CIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751.

——Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit——

JUVENAL.

None e'er rejects hyperbolies of praiſe.

THE apparent inſufficiency of every individual to his own happineſs or ſafety, compels us to ſeek from one another aſſiſtance and ſupport. The neceſſity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extenſive deſign, the variety of powers diſſeminated in the ſpecies, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different perſons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in ſociety and friendſhip.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a ſtate of equality, without diſtinction of rank, or peculiarity of poſſeſſions, it is reaſonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his ſtrength, or his ſkill, to the ſupply of natural wants; there was then little room for peeviſh diſlike, or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather eſteem than tenderneſs; and kindneſs was only purchaſed by benefits. But when, by force of policy, by wiſdom, or by fortune, property and ſuperiority were introduced and eſtabliſhed, ſo that many were condemned to labour for the ſupport of a few, then they whoſe poſſeſſions ſwelled above their wants naturally laid out their ſuperfluities upon pleaſure; and thoſe who could not gain friendſhip by neceſſary offices, endeavoured to promote their intereſt by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to ſupply.

The deſires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unſatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himſelf excelled by his rivals, will, by other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleaſing* among the moſt uſeful ſtudies, and moſt valuable acquiſitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its uſefulneſs, and will always flouriſh moſt where it is moſt rewarded; for this reaſon we find it practiſed with great aſſiduity under abſolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who ſoon become ſo much accuſtomed to compliance and officiouſneſs, as not only to find, in the moſt delicate addreſs, that novelty which is neceſſary to procure attention.

It is diſcovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleaſed with a companion, who does not encreaſe, in ſome reſpect, his fondneſs of himſelf; and, therefore, he that wiſhes rather to be led forward to proſperity by the gentle hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, muſt conſider with more care how to diſplay his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleaſing dreams, and chaſe away diſguſt and wearineſs by a perpetual ſucceſſion of delightful images.

This may, indeed, ſometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really poſſeſſed, or upon proſpects which reaſon ſpreads before hope; for whoever can deſerve or require to be courted, has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts which he may review with ſatisfaction, and of which, when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will ſeldom be diſpleaſed.

But thoſe who have once degraded their underſtanding to an application only to the paſſions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other ſources than induſtry and virtue, ſeldom retain dignity and magnanimity ſufficient to defend them againſt the conſtant recurrence of temptation to falſehood. He that is too deſirous to be loved, will ſoon learn to flatter, and

when he has exhauſted all the variations of honeſt praiſe, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topicks of panegyrick, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himſelf.

The drudgeries of dependance would, indeed, be aggravated by hopeleſſneſs of ſucceſs, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will abſolutely confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deſerves, will ſoon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compaſs of muſick. The greateſt human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourſelves better than we are, and are generally deſirous that others ſhould think us ſtill better than we think ourſelves. To praiſe us for actions or diſpoſitions which deſerve praiſe, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretenſions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be diſputable, and which we are deſirous to ſtrengthen by a new ſuffrage; we have always hopes which we ſuſpect to be fallacious, and of which we eagerly ſnatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the firſt approaches under the conduct of truth, and to ſecure credit to future encomiums by ſuch praiſe as may be ratified by the conſcience; but the mind once habituated to the luſciouſneſs of eulogy, becomes, in a ſhort time, nice and faſtidious, and, like a vitiated palate, is inceſſantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is ſcarcely credible to what degree diſcernment may be dazzled by the miſt of pride, and wiſdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may deſcend by ſucceſſive gradations of ſervility, and how ſwiftly it may fall down the precipice of falſehood. No man can, indeed, obſerve, without indignation, on what names, both of ancient and modern times, the utmoſt exuberance of praiſe has been laviſhed, and by what hands it has been beſtowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppreſſor, the moſt hateful of the hateful, the moſt profligate of the profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchaſe, or that wickedneſs and folly have not found correſpondent flatterers through all their ſubordinations, except when they have been aſſociated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyriſt.

As there is no character ſo deformed as to fright away from it the proſtitutes of praiſe, there is no degree of encomiaſtick veneration which pride has refuſed. The emperors of Rome ſuffered themſelves to be worſhipped in their lives with altars and ſacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praiſe and worſhip of the Supreme Being have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered thoſe that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of juſtice, as diſturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who muſt be reſigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we muſt confeſs to have deſerted the cauſe of virtue for pay: they have committed, againſt ful. conviction, the crime of obliterating the diſtinctions between good and evil; and inſtead of oppoſing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progreſs, and celebrated her conqueſts. But there is a lower claſs of ſycophants, whoſe underſtanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is ſurrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance reconciles to all his vices, and all his abſurdities; and who eaſily perſuaded themſelves to eſteem him, by whoſe regard they conſider themſelves as diſtinguiſhed and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themſelves within the ſphere of greatneſs. Stupidity is ſoon blinded by the ſplendor of wealth, and cowardice is eaſily fettered in the ſhackles of dependance. To ſolicit patronage is, at leaſt in the event, to ſet virtue to ſale. None can be pleaſed without praiſe, and few can be praiſed without falſehood; few can be aſſiduous without ſervility, and none can be ſervile without corruption,

No. CV. TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1751.

——Animorum
Impulſu, et coeca magnaque cupidine ducit.

JUV.

Vain man runs headlong, to caprice reſign'd;
Impell'd by paſſion, and with folly blind.

I Was lately conſidering, among other objects of ſpeculation, the new attempt of an *univerſal regiſter*, an office in which every man may lodge an account of his ſuperfluities and wants, of whatever he deſires to purchaſe or to ſell. My imagination ſoon preſented to me the latitude to which this deſign may be extended by integrity and induſtry, and the advantages which may be juſtly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once its reputation ſhall be ſo eſtabliſhed, that neither reproach nor fraud ſhall be feared from it; when an application to it ſhall not be cenſured as the laſt reſource of deſperation, nor its informations ſuſpected as the fortuitous ſuggeſtions of men obliged not to appear ignorant. A place where every exuberance may be diſcharged, and every deficiency ſupplied, where every lawful paſſion may find its gratifications, and every honeſt curioſity receive ſatisfaction; where the ſtock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together; and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleaſure, and accommodation; muſt equally deſerve the attention of the merchant and philoſopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of buſineſs, and him who only lives to amuſe himſelf with the various employments and purſuits of others. Nor will it be an uninſtructing ſchool to the greateſt maſters of method and diſpatch, if ſuch multiplicity can be preſerved from embarraſſment, and ſuch tumult from inaccuracy.

While I was concerting this ſplendid project, and filling my thoughts with its regulation, its conveniencies, its variety, and its conſequences, I ſunk gradually into ſlumber; but the ſame images, though leſs diſtinct, ſtill continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myſelf at the gate of an immenſe edifice, where innumerable multitudes were paſſing without confuſion; every face on which I fixed my eyes ſeemed ſettled in the contemplation of ſome important purpoſe, and every foot was haſtened by eagerneſs and expectation. I followed the crowd without knowing whither I ſhould be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleaſing ſtate of an idler, where all other beings were buſy, giving place every moment to thoſe who had more importance in their looks. Aſhamed to ſtand ignorant, and afraid to aſk queſtions, at laſt I ſaw a lady ſweeping by me, whom, by the quickneſs of her eyes, the agility of her ſteps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long-loved protectreſs, Curioſity. 'Great goddeſs,' ſaid I, 'may thy votary be permitted to implore thy favour? If thou haſt been my directreſs from the firſt dawn of reaſon, if I have followed thee through the maze of life with invariable fidelity, if I have turned to every new call, and quitted at thy nod one purſuit for another, if I have never ſtopped at the invitations of fortune, nor forgot thy authority in the bowers of pleaſure, inform me now whither chance has conducted me.'

'Thou art now,' replied the ſmiling power, 'in the preſence of Juſtice, and of Truth, whom the father of gods and men has ſent down to regiſter the demands and pretenſions of mankind, that the world may at laſt be reduced to order, and that none may complain hereafter of being doomed to taſks for which they are unqualified, or poſſeſſing faculties for which they cannot find employment, or virtues that languiſh unobſerved for want of opportunities to exert them, of being encumbered with ſuperfluities which they would willingly reſign, or of waſting away in deſires which ought to be ſatisfied. Juſtice is now to examine every man's wiſhes, and Truth is to record them; let us approach, and obſerve the progreſs of this great tranſaction.'

She then moved forward; and Truth, who

knew her among the moſt faithful of her followers, beckoned her to advance, till we were placed near the ſeat of Juſtice. The firſt who required the aſſiſtance of the office came forward with a ſlow pace, and tumour of dignity, and, ſhaking a weighty purſe in his hand, demanded to be regiſtered by Truth, as the Mæcenas of the preſent age, the chief encourager of literary merit, to whom men of learning and wit might apply in any exigence or diſtreſs with certainty of ſuccour. Juſtice very mildly enquired, whether he had calculated the expence of ſuch a declaration? whether he had been informed what number of petitioners would ſwarm about him? whether he could diſtinguiſh idleneſs and negligence from calamity, oſtentation from knowledge, or vivacity from wit? To theſe queſtions he ſeemed not well provided with a reply, but repeated his deſire to be recorded as a patron. Juſtice then offered to regiſter his propoſal on theſe conditions; that he ſhould never ſuffer himſelf to be flattered; that he ſhould never delay an audience when he had nothing to do; and that he ſhould never encourage followers without intending to reward them. Theſe terms were too hard to be accepted; 'For 'what,' ſaid he, 'is the end of patronage, 'but the pleaſure of reading dedications, hold-'ing multitudes in ſuſpence, and enjoying 'their hopes, their fears, and their anxiety; 'flattering them to aſſiduity, and at laſt diſ-'miſſing them for impatience?' Juſtice heard his confeſſion, and ordered his name to be poſted upon the gate among cheats, and robbers, and publick nuiſances, which all were by that notice warned to avoid.

Another required to be made known as the diſcoverer of a new art of education, by which languages and ſciences might be taught to all capacities, and all inclinations, without fear of puniſhment, pain of confinement, loſs of any part of the gay mien of ignorance, or any obſtruction of the neceſſary progreſs in dreſs, dancing, or cards.

Juſtice and Truth did not trouble this great adept with many enquiries; but finding his addreſs awkward, and his ſpeech barbarous, ordered him to be regiſtered as a tall fellow who wanted employment, and might ſerve in any poſt where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A man of a very great and philoſophick aſpect required notice to be given of his intention to ſet out, a certain day, on a ſubmarine voyage, and of his willingneſs to take in paſſengers for no more than double the price at which they might ſail above water. His deſire was granted, and he retired to a convenient ſtand, in expectation of filling his ſhip, and growing rich in a ſhort time by the ſecrecy, ſafety, and expedition of the paſſage.

Another deſired to advertiſe the curious, that he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical inſtrument, by which thoſe who laid out their induſtry on memorials of the changes of the wind might obſerve the direction of the weathercocks on the hitherſide of the lunar world.

Another wiſhed to be known as the author of an invention by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a ſingle fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation, without any inconvenience, till the water ſhould ſubſide. Juſtice conſidered theſe projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore ſcarcely condeſcended to examine them; but Truth refuſed to admit them into the regiſter.

Twenty different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an univerſal medicine, by which all diſeaſes might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of Neſtor. But Juſtice informed them, that one univerſal medicine was ſufficient, and ſhe would delay the notification till ſhe ſaw who could longeſt preſerve his own life.

A thouſand other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked, among this mighty multitude, that, of intellectual advantages, many had great exuberance, and few confeſſed any want; of every art there were a hundred profeſſors for a ſingle pupil; but of other attainments, ſuch as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thouſands and ten thouſands that thought themſelves intitled to a larger dividend.

It often happened, that old miſers, and women, married at the cloſe of life, advertiſed their want of children; nor was it uncommon for thoſe who had a numerous offspring, to give

notice of a ſon or daughter to be ſpared; but though appearances promiſed well on both ſides, the bargain ſeldom ſucceeded; for they ſoon loſt their inclination to adopted children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote ſome ſcheme of publick charity: a thouſand propoſals were immediately made, among which they heſitated till death precluded the deciſion.

As I ſtood looking on this ſcene of confuſion, Truth condeſcended to aſk me, what was my buſineſs at her office? I was ſtruck with the unexpected queſtion, and awaked by my efforts to anſwer it.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

No. CVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1751.

Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.

CIC.

Time obliterates the fictions of opinion, and confirms the decisions of nature.

IT is neceſſary to the ſucceſs of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumſtances or characters, and enter the heart on that ſide where the paſſions ſtand ready to receive it. A lady ſeldom liſtens with attention to any praiſe but that of her beauty; a merchant always expects to hear of his influence at the bank, his importance on the exchange, the height of his credit, and the extent of his traffick: and the author will ſcarcely be pleaſed without lamentations of the neglect of learning, the conſpiracies againſt genius, and the ſlow progreſs of merit, or ſome praiſes of the magnanimity of thoſe who encounter poverty and contempt in the cauſe of knowledge, and truſt for the reward of their labours to the judgment and gratitude of poſterity.

An aſſurance of unfading laurels, and immortal reputation, is the ſettled reciprocation of civility between amicable writers. To raiſe *monuments more durable than braſs, and more conſpicuous than pyramids*, has been long the common boaſt of literature; but among the innumerable architects that erect columns to themſelves, far the greater part, either for want of durable materials, or of art to diſpoſe them, ſee their edifices periſh as they are towering to completion; and thoſe few that for a while attract the eye of mankind, are generally weak in the foundation, and ſoon ſink by the ſaps of time.

No place affords a more ſtriking conviction of the vanity of human hopes, than a publick library; for who can ſee the wall crowded on every ſide by mighty volumes, the works of laborious meditation and accurate enquiry, now ſcarcely known but by the catalogue, and preſerved only to increaſe the pomp of learning, without conſidering how many hours have been waſted in vain endeavours, how often imagination has anticipated the praiſes of futurity, how many ſtatues have riſen to the eye of vanity, how many ideal converts have elevated zeal, how often wit has exulted in the eternal infamy of his antagoniſts, and dogmatiſm has delighted in the gradual advances of his authority, the immutability of his decrees, and the perpetuity of his power.

———*Non unquam dedit*
Documenta fors majora, quàm fragili loco
Starent ſuperbi.

Inſulting chance ne'er call'd with louder voice,
On ſwelling mortals to be proud no more.

Of the innumerable authors whoſe performances are thus treaſured up in magnificent obſcurity, moſt are forgotten, becauſe they never deſerved to be remembered, and owed the honours which they once obtained, not to judgment, or to genius, to labour or to art, but to the prejudice of faction, the ſtratagem of intrigue, or the ſervility of adulation.

Nothing is more common than to find men whoſe works are now totally neglected, mentioned with praiſes by their contemporaries, as the oracles of their age, and the legiſlators of ſcience. Curioſity is naturally excited, their volumes after long enquiry are found, but ſel-

dom reward the labour of the ſearch. Every period of time has produced theſe bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up a while by the breath of faſhion, and then break at once, and are annihilated. The learned often bewail the loſs of ancient writers whoſe characters have ſurvived their works; but perhaps, if we could now retrieve them, we ſhould find them only the Granvilles, Montagues, Stepneys, and Sheffields of their time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could be raiſed to notice.

It cannot, however, be denied, that many have ſunk in oblivion, whom it were unjuſt to number with this deſpicable claſs. Various kinds of literary fame ſeem deſtined to various meaſures of duration. Some ſpread into exuberance with a very ſpeedy growth, but ſoon wither and decay; ſome riſe more ſlowly, but laſt long. Parnaſſus has its flowers of tranſient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

Among thoſe whoſe reputation is exhauſted in a ſhort time by its own luxuriance, are the writers who take advantage of preſent incidents or characters which ſtrongly intereſt the paſſions, and engage univerſal attention. It is not difficult to obtain readers when we diſcuſs a queſtion which every one is deſirous to underſtand, which is debated in every aſſembly, and has divided the nation into parties; or when we diſplay the faults or virtues of him whoſe publick conduct has made almoſt every man his enemy or his friend. To the quick circulation of ſuch productions all the motives of intereſt and vanity concur; the diſputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his paſſion, and every man is deſirous to inform himſelf concerning affairs ſo vehemently agitated and variouſly repreſented.

It is ſcarcely to be imagined, through how many ſubordinations of intereſt the ardour of party is diffuſed; and what multitudes fancy themſelves affected by every ſatire or panegyrick on a man of eminence. Whoever has, at any time, taken occaſion to mention him with praiſe or blame, whoever happens to love or hate any of his adherents, as he wiſhes to confirm his opinion, and to ſtrengthen his party, will diligently peruſe every paper from which he can hope for ſentiments like his own. An object, however ſmall in itſelf, if placed near to the eye, will engroſs all the rays of light; and a tranſaction, however trivial, ſwells into importance when it preſſes immediately on our attention. He that ſhall peruſe the poetical pamphlets of any paſt reign, will wonder why they were ſo eagerly read, or ſo loudly praiſed. Many of the performances which had power to inflame factions, and fill a kingdom with confuſion, have now very little effect upon a frigid critick; and the time is coming, when the compoſitions of later hirelings ſhall lie equally deſpiſed. In proportion as thoſe who write on temporary ſubjects are exalted above their merit at firſt, they are afterwards depreſſed below it; nor can the brighteſt elegance of diction, or moſt artful ſubtilty of reaſoning, hope for much eſteem from thoſe whoſe regard is no longer quickened by curioſity or pride.

It is, indeed, the fate of controvertiſts, even when they contend for philoſophical or theological truth, to be ſoon laid aſide and ſlighted. Either the queſtion is decided, and there is no more place for doubt and oppoſition; or mankind deſpair of underſtanding it, and grow weary of diſturbance, content themſelves with quiet ignorance, and refuſe to be haraſſed with labours which they have no hopes of recompenſing with knowledge.

The authors of new diſcoveries may ſurely expect to be reckoned among thoſe whoſe writings are ſecure of veneration: yet it often happens that the general reception of a doctrine obſcures the books in which it was delivered. When any tenet is generally received and adopted as an incontrovertible principle, we ſeldom look back to the arguments upon which it was firſt eſtabliſhed, or can bear that tediouſneſs of deduction, and multiplicity of evidence, by which its author was forced to reconcile it to prejudice, and fortify it in the weakneſs of novelty againſt obſtinacy and envy.

It is well known how much of our philoſophy is derived from Boyle's diſcovery of the qualities of the air; yet of thoſe who now adopt or enlarge his theory, very few have read the detail of his experiments. His name is, indeed, reverenced; but his works are neglected; we are contented to know, that he conquered his opponents, without enquiring what cavils were produced againſt him, or by what proofs they were confuted.

Some writers apply themſelves to ſtudies

boundleſs and inexhauſtible, as experiments and natural philoſophy. Theſe are always loſt in ſucceſſive compilations as new advances are made, and former obſervations become more familiar. Others ſpend their lives in remarks on language, or explanations of antiquities, and only afford materials for lexicographers and commentators, who are themſelves overwhelmed by ſubſequent collectors, that equally deſtroy the memory of their predeceſſors by amplification, tranſpoſition, or contraction. Every new ſyſtem of nature gives birth to a ſwarm of expoſitors, whoſe buſineſs is to explain and illuſtrate it, and who can hope to exiſt no longer than the founder of their ſect preſerves his reputation.

There are, indeed, few kinds of compoſition from which an author, however learned or ingenious, can hope a long continuance of fame. He who has carefully ſtudied human nature, and can well deſcribe it, may with moſt reaſon flatter his ambition. Bacon, among all his pretenſions to the regard of poſterity, ſeems to have pleaſed himſelf chiefly with his Eſſays, *which come home to men's buſineſs and boſoms*, and of which therefore he declares his expectation, that they *will live as long as books laſt*. It may, however, ſatisfy an honeſt and benevolent mind to have been uſeful, though leſs conſpicuous; nor will he that extends his hope to higher rewards be ſo much anxious to obtain praiſe, as to diſcharge the duty which providence aſſigns him.

No. CVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1751.

Alternis igitur contendere verſibus ambo
Coepere: alternos muſæ meminiſſe volebant.

VIRG.

On themes alternate now the ſwains recite;
The muſes in alternate themes delight.

ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the various cenſures, which the unavoidable compariſon of my performances with thoſe of my predeceſſors has produced, there is none more general than that of uniformity. Many of my readers remark the want of thoſe changes of colours, which formerly fed the attention with unexhauſted novelty, and of that intermixture of ſubjects, or alteration of manner, by which other writers relieved wearineſs, and awakened expectation.

I have, indeed, hitherto avoided the practice of uniting gay and ſolemn ſubjects in the ſame paper, becauſe it ſeems abſurd for an author to counteract himſelf, to preſs at once with equal force upon both parts of the intellectual balance, or give medicines, which, like the double poiſon of Dryden, deſtroy the force of one another. I have endeavoured ſometimes to divert, and ſometimes to elevate; but have imagined it an uſeleſs attempt to diſturb merriment by ſolemnity, or interrupt ſerioufneſs by drollery. Yet I ſhall this day publiſh two letters of very different tendency, which I hope, like tragi-comedy, may chance to pleaſe even when they are not critically approved.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH, as my mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the table, I have great pleaſure in liſtening to the converſation of learned men, eſpecially when they diſcourſe of things which I do not underſtand; and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many diſputes about the *alteration of the ſtile*, which, they ſay, is to be made by act of parliament.

One day when my mamma was gone out of the room, I aſked a very great ſcholar what the ſtile way? He told me, he was afraid I ſhould hardly underſtand him when he informed me, that it was the ſtated and eſtabliſhed method of computing time. It was not, indeed, likely that I ſhould underſtand him; for I never yet knew time computed in my life, nor can imagine why we ſhould be at ſo much trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me whether we are to count the time paſt, or the time to come; but I have conſidered them both by myſelf, and think it as fooliſh to count time

that is gone, as money that is ſpent; and as for the time which is to come, it only ſeems farther off by counting; and therefore when any pleaſure is promiſed me, I always think of the time as little as I can.

I have ſince liſtened very attentively to every one that talked upon this ſubject, of whom the greater part ſeem not to underſtand it better than myſelf; for though they often hint how much the nation has been miſtaken, and rejoice that we are at laſt growing wiſer than our anceſtors, I have never been able to diſcover from them, that any body has died ſooner or been married later for counting time wrong; and therefore I began to fancy that there was a great buſtle with little conſequence.

At laſt, two friends of my papa, Mr. Cycle, and Mr. Starlight, being, it ſeems, both of high learning, and able to make an almanack, began to talk about the new ſtile. Sweet Mr. Starlight—I am ſure I ſhall love his name as long as I live; for he told Cycle roundly, with a fierce look, that we ſhould never be right without a *year of confuſion*. Dear Mr. Rambler, did you ever hear any thing ſo charming? a whole year of confuſion! When there has been a rout at mamma's, I have thought one night of confuſion worth a thouſand nights of reſt; and if I can but ſee a year of confuſion, a whole year of cards in one room, and dancings in another, here a feaſt, and there a maſquerade, and plays, and coaches, and hurries, and meſſages, and milliners, and raps at the door, and viſits, and frolicks, and new faſhions, I ſhall not care what they do with the reſt of the time, nor whether they count it by old ſtile or the new; for I am reſolved to break looſe from the nurſery in the tumult, and play my part among the reſt; and it will be ſtrange if I cannot get a huſband and a chariot in the year of confuſion.

Cycle, who is neither ſo young nor ſo handſome as Starlight, very gravely maintained, that all the perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven days in the reckoning; and indeed, if it ſhould come only to this, I think the new ſtile is a delightful thing: for my mamma ſays I ſhall go to court when I am ſixteen, and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven days together, the months of reſtraint will ſoon be at an end. It is ſtrange, that with all the plots that have been laid againſt time, they could never kill it by act of parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any vote or intereſt, get them but for once to deſtroy eleven months, and then I ſhall be as old as ſome married ladies. But this is deſired only if you think they will not comply with Mr. Starlight's ſcheme; for nothing ſurely could pleaſe me like a year of confuſion, when I ſhall no longer be fixed this hour to my pen and the next to the needle, or wait at home for the dancing-maſter one day, and the next for the muſic-maſter, but run from ball to ball, and from drum to drum; and ſpend all my time without taſks, and without account, and go out without telling whither, and come home without regard to preſcribed hours, or family-rules.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

PROPERANTIA.

MR. RAMBLER,

I Was ſeized this morning with an unuſual penſiveneſs, and finding that books only ſerved to heighten it, took a ramble into the fields, in hopes of relief and invigoration from the keenneſs of the air and brightneſs of the ſun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my eyes were ſtruck with the hoſpital for the reception of deſerted infants, which I ſurveyed with pleaſure, till by a natural train of ſentiment, I began to reflect on the fate of the mothers. For to what ſhelter can they fly? Only to the arms of their betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick muſt be the tranſition from deluded virtue to ſhameleſs guilt, and from ſhameleſs guilt to hopeleſs wretchedneſs!

The anguiſh that I felt, left me no reſt till I had, by your means, addreſſed myſelf to the publick on behalf of thoſe forlorn creatures, the women of the town; whoſe miſery here might ſatisfy the moſt rigorous cenſor, and whoſe participation of our common nature might ſurely induce us to endeavour, at leaſt, their preſervation from eternal puniſhment.

Theſe were all once, if not virtuous, at leaſt innocent; and might ſtill have continued blameleſs and eaſy, but for the arts and inſinuations of thoſe whoſe rank, fortune, or education,

furniſhed them with means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the libertine reflect a moment on the ſituation of that woman, who, being forſaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the neceſſity of turning proſtitute for bread, and judge of the enormity of his guilt by the evils which it produces.

It cannot be doubted but that numbers follow this dreadful courſe of life with ſhame, horror, and regret; but where can they hope for refuge? 'The world is not their friend, nor 'the world's law.' Their ſighs, and tears, and groans, are criminal in the eye of their tyrants, the bully and the bawd, who fatten on their miſery, and threaten them with want or a gaol, if they ſhew the leaſt deſign of eſcaping from their bondage.

'To wipe all tears from off all faces,' is a taſk too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is often within the moſt limited power: yet the opportunities which every day affords of relieving the moſt wretched of human beings are over-looked and neglected, with equal diſregard of policy and goodneſs.

There are places, indeed, ſet apart, to which theſe unhappy creatures may reſort, when the diſeaſes of incontinence ſeize upon them; but 'if they obtain a cure, to what are they reduced? Either to return with the ſmall remains of beauty to their former guilt, or periſh in the ſtreets with nakedneſs and hunger.

How frequently have the gay and thoughtleſs, in their evening frolicks, ſeen a band of theſe miſerable females, covered with rags, ſhivering with cold, and pining with hunger; and, without either pitying their calamities, or reflecting upon the cruelty of thoſe who perhaps firſt ſeduced them by careſſes of fondneſs, or magnificence of promiſes, go on to reduce others to the ſame wretchedneſs by the ſame means?

To ſtop the increaſe of this deplorable multitude, is undoubtedly the firſt and moſt preſſing conſideration. To prevent evil is the great end of government, the end for which vigilance and ſeverity are properly employed. But ſurely thoſe whom paſſion or intereſt have already depraved, have ſome claim to compaſſion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themſelves. Nor will they long groan in their preſent afflictions, if none were to refuſe them relief, but thoſe that owe their exemption from the ſame diſtreſs only to their wiſdom and their virtue.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

No. CVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1750.

Sapere aude,
Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopp'd him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.

COWLEY.

AN ancient poet, unreaſonably diſcontented at the preſent ſtate of things, which his ſyſtem of opinions obliged him to repreſent in its worſt form, has obſerved of the earth, 'that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the reſt, ſome is encumbered with naked mountains, and ſome loſt under barren ſands; ſome ſcorched with unintermitted heat, and ſome petrified with perpetual froſt; ſo that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the paſture of cattle, and the accommodation of man.'

The ſame obſervation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our preſent ſtate. When we have deducted all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irreſiſtibly engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all that paſſes in regulating

the ſuperficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are loſt in a rotation of petty cares, in a conſtant recurrence of the ſame employments; many of our proviſions for eaſe or happineſs are always exhauſted by the preſent day; and a great part of our exiſtence ſerves no other purpoſe, than that of enabling us to enjoy the reſt.

Of the few moments which are left in our diſpoſal, it may reaſonably be expected, that we ſhould be ſo frugal as to let none of them ſlip from us without ſome equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however ſtraitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to conſume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental diſtraction, would yet afford us a large ſpace vacant to the exerciſe of reaſon and virtue; that we want not time but diligence, for great performances; and that we ſquander much of our allowance, even while we think it ſparing and inſufficient.

This natural and neceſſary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us inſenſible of the negligence with which we ſuffer them to ſlide away. We never conſider ourſelves as poſſeſſed at once of time ſufficient for any great deſign, and therefore indulge ourſelves in fortuitous amuſements. We think it unneceſſary to take an account of a few ſupernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were expoſed to a thouſand chances of diſturbance and interruption.

It is obſervable, that either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjuſt great things by diviſion, and little things by accumulation. Of extenſive ſurfaces we can only take a ſurvey, as the parts ſucceed one another: and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united unto maſſes. Thus we break the vaſt periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we muſt agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parſimonious anceſtors have informed us that the fatal waſte of fortune is by ſmall expences, by the profuſion of ſums too little ſingly to alarm our caution, and which we never ſuffer ourſelves to conſider together. Of the ſame kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with ſatisfaction upon paſt years, muſt learn to know the preſent value of ſingle minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall uſeleſs to the ground.

It is uſual for thoſe who are adviſed to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themſelves as required to change the general courſe of their conduct, to diſmiſs buſineſs, and exclude pleaſure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that ſhould ſteadily and reſolutely aſſign to any ſcience or language thoſe interſtitial vacancies which intervene in the moſt crowded variety of diverſion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and diſcover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perſeverance, than from violent efforts and ſudden deſires; efforts which are ſoon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and deſires which, if they are indulged too often, will ſhake off the authority of reaſon, and range capriciouſly from one object to another.

The diſpoſition to defer every important deſign to a time of leiſure, and a ſtate of ſettled uniformity, proceeds generally from a falſe eſtimate of the human powers. If we except thoſe gigantick and ſtupendous intelligences who are ſaid to graſp a ſyſtem by intuition, and bound forward from one ſeries of concluſions to another, without regular ſteps through intermediate propoſitions, the moſt ſucceſsful ſtudents make their advances in knowledge by ſhort flights, between each of which the mind may lie at reſt. For every ſingle act of progreſſion a ſhort time is ſufficient; and it is only neceſſary, that whenever that time is afforded, it will be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to ſevere and laborious meditation; and when a ſucceſsful attack on knowledge has been made, the ſtudent recreates himſelf with the contemplation of his conqueſt, and forbears another incurſion, till

the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curioſity calls upon him for freſh gratifications. Whether the time of intermiſſion is ſpent in company, or in ſolitude, in neceſſary buſineſs, or in voluntary levities, the underſtanding is equally abſtracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations leſs pleaſing, it returns again to ſtudy with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleaſures, and ſurfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not ſuffer himſelf to be diſcouraged by fancied impoſſibilities, may ſometimes find his abilities invigorated by the neceſſity of exerting them in ſhort intervals, as the force of a current is increaſed by the contraction of its channel.

From ſome cauſe like this, it has probably proceeded, that among thoſe who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have riſen to eminence in oppoſition to all the obſtacles which external circumſtances could place in their way, amidſt the tumult of buſineſs, the diſtreſſes of poverty, or the diſſipations of a wandering and unſettled ſtate. A great part of the life of Eraſmus was one continual peregrination; ill ſupplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means by unſhaken conſtancy, and a vigilant improvement of thoſe hours, which, in the midſt of the moſt reſtleſs activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the ſame condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and ſolicitation, and ſo much verſed in common life, that he has tranſmitted to us the moſt perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world, ſuch application to books, that he will ſtand for ever in the firſt rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he ſufficiently diſcovers, by informing us, that the *Praiſe of Folly*, one of his moſt celebrated performances, was compoſed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit inſidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*—leſt the hours which he was obliged to ſpend on horſeback ſhould be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, that *time was his eſtate*; an eſtate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhew rather than for uſe.

No. CIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1751.

Gratum eſt, quod patriæ civem, populoque dediſti,
Si facis ut patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agis;
Utilis et bellorum pacis rebus agendis.
Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, et quibus hunc tu
Moribus inſtituas.

JUV.

Grateful the gift! a member to the ſtate,
If you that member uſeful ſhall create;
Train'd both to war, and when the war ſhall ceaſe,
As fond, as fit t'improve the arts of peace.
For much it boots which way you train your boy,
The hopeful object of your future joy.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you ſeem to have taken a view ſufficiently extenſive of the miſeries of life, and have employed much of your ſpeculation on mournful ſubjects, you have not yet exhauſted the whole ſtock of human infelicity. There is ſtill a ſpecies of wretchedneſs which eſcapes your obſervation, though it might ſupply you with many ſage remarks, and ſalutary cautions.

I cannot but imagine the ſtart of attention awakened by this welcome hint; and at this

inſtant ſee the Rambler ſnuffing his candle, rubbing his ſpectacles, ſtirring his fire, locking out interruption, and ſettling himſelf in his eaſy-chair, that he may enjoy a new calamity without diſturbance. For, whether it be that continued ſickneſs or misfortune has acquainted you only with the bitterneſs of being; or that you imagine none but yourſelf able to diſcover what I ſuppoſe has been ſeen and felt by all the inhabitants of the world; whether you intend your writings as antidotal to the levity and merriment with which your rivals endeavour to attract the favour of the publick; or fancy that you have ſome particular powers of dolorous declamation, and *warble out your groans* with uncommon elegance or energy; it is certain, that whatever be your ſubject, melancholy for the moſt part burſts in upon your ſpeculation, your gaiety is quickly overcaſt, and though your readers may be flattered with hopes of pleaſantry, they are ſeldom diſmiſſed but with heavy hearts.

That I may therefore gratify you with an imitation of your own ſyllables of ſadneſs, I will inform you that I was condemned by ſome diſaſtrous influence to be an only ſon, born to the apparent proſpect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at the time of life when ſatiety of common diverſions allows the mind to indulge paternal affection with greater intenſeneſs. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feaſts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were ſent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents diſcovered in my firſt cries ſuch tokens of future virtue and underſtanding, that they declared themſelves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happineſs and the increaſe of their eſtate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouſes, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time called in as auxiliaries againſt the intruſion of thought.

When there is ſuch a parity between two perſons aſſociated for life, the dejection which the huſband, if he be not completely ſtupid, muſt always ſuffer for want of ſuperiority, ſinks him to ſubmiſſiveneſs. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father ſtill retained ſome authority in the ſtables, and now and then, after a ſupernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glaſs or china diſh to prove his ſovereignty, the whole courſe of the year was regulated by her direction, the ſervants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or diſmiſſed at her diſcretion.

She therefore thought herſelf entitled to the ſuperintendance of her ſon's education, and when my father, at the inſtigation of the parſon, faintly propoſed that I ſhould be ſent to ſchool, very poſitively told him, that ſhe would not ſuffer ſo fine a child to be ruined; that ſhe never knew any boys at a grammar-ſchool that could come into a room without bluſhing, or ſit at the table without ſome awkward uneaſineſs; that they were always putting themſelves into danger by boiſterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, ſhe would rather follow me to the grave, than ſee me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and ſneak about with dirty ſhoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his propoſal than to appear wiſe and manly, ſoon acquieſced, ſince I was not to live by my learning; for indeed he had known very few ſtudents that had not ſome ſtiffneſs in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domeſtick tutor ſhould be procured, and hired an honeſt gentleman of mean converſation and narrow ſentiments, but whom, having paſſed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a ſcholar. He thought himſelf ſufficiently exalted by being placed at the ſame table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmoſt flexibility of ſubmiſſion to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, leſt I ſhould mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally bruſhed my coat before he diſmiſſed me into the parlour.

He had no occaſion to complain of too burdenſome an employment; for my mother very

judiciouſly conſidered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and ſuffered me not to paſs any more time in his apartment than my leſſon required. When I was ſummoned to my taſk, ſhe enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was ſeldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admoniſhed not to lean on my chair, croſs my legs, or ſwing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very ſeriouſly deliberated upon his total diſmiſſion, becauſe I began, ſhe ſaid, to learn his manner of ſticking on my hat, and had his bend in my ſhoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I eſcaped all theſe depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myſelf of every appearance of childiſh diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickneſs of my replies; and many a ſcholar five years older than myſelf have I daſhed into confuſion by the ſteadineſs of my countenance, ſilenced by my readineſs of repartees, and tortured with envy by the addreſs with which I picked up a fan, preſented a ſnuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely ſkilled in all the niceties of dreſs, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of ſilks, and diſtinguiſh the product of a French loom, but dart my eyes through a numerous company, and obſerve every deviation from the reigning mode. I was univerſally ſkilful in all the changes of expenſive finery; but as every one, they ſay, has ſomething to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Bruſſels lace.

The next year ſaw me advanced to the truſt and power of adjuſting the ceremonial of an aſſembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every ſtranger applied for introduction. My heart now diſdained the inſtructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with a ſmall annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myſelf.

In a ſhort time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher claſſes of life, ſoon obtained admiſſion to the moſt ſplendid aſſemblies and moſt crowded card-tables. Here I found myſelf univerſally careſſed and applauded: the ladies praiſed the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the ſoftneſs of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themſelves to my notice; and invited by a thouſand oblique ſolicitations my attendance to the playhouſe, and my ſalutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmoſt extent of my conception; I paſſed every morning in dreſs, every afternoon in viſits, and every night in ſome ſelect aſſemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were ſuffered to moleſt us.

After a few years, however, theſe delights became familiar, and I had leiſure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of ſatiety, or recreate wearineſs, by varied amuſement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the ſphere of my pleaſures, and to try what ſatisfaction might be found in the ſociety of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived, that every man whoſe name I had heard mentioned with reſpect, received me with a kind of tenderneſs nearly bordering on compaſſion; and that thoſe whoſe reputation was not well eſtabliſhed, thought it neceſſary to juſtify their underſtandings, by treating me with contempt. One of theſe witlings elevated his creſt, by aſking me in a full coffee-houſe the price of patches; and another whiſpered that he wondered why Miſs Friſk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her ſquirrel.

When I found myſelf thus hunted from all maſculine converſation by thoſe who were themſelves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and reſolved to dedicate my life to their ſervice and their pleaſure. But I find that I have now loſt my charms. Of thoſe with whom I entered the gay world, ſome are married, ſome have retired, and ſome have ſo much changed their opinion, that they ſcarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addreſſes, ſuffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myſelf welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either uſe or dignity to life, are content to paſs their hours between their bed and their cards, without eſteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reaſon to complain; for ſurely the females ought to pay ſome regard to the age of him

whoſe youth was paſſed in endeavours to pleaſe them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to puniſh it in the man. Yet I find, that though they laviſh their firſt fondneſs upon pertneſs and gaiety, they ſoon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungrateſully abandon their adorers to dream out their laſt years in ſtupidity and contempt.

I am, &c.

FLORENTULUS.

No. CX. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1751.

At nobis vitæ dominum quærentibus unum
Lux iter eſt, et clara dies, et gratia ſimplex.
Spem ſequimur, gradimurque fide, fruimurque futuris,
Ad quæ non veniunt præſentis gaudia vitæ,
Nec currunt pariter capta, et capienda voluptas.

PRUDENTIUS.

We thro' this mæze of life one lord obey,
Whoſe light and grace unerring, lead the way.
By hope and faith ſecure of future bliſs,
Gladly the joys of preſent life we miſs:
For baffled mortals ſtill attempt in vain,
Preſent and future bliſs at once to gain.

F. LEWIS.

THAT to pleaſe the Lord and Father of the univerſe, is the ſupreme intereſt of created and dependent beings, as it is eaſily proved, has been univerſally confeſſed; and ſince all rational agents are conſcious of having neglected or violated the duties preſcribed to them, the fear of being rejected, or puniſhed by God, has always burdened the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, therefore conſtitutes a large part of every religion.

The various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and intereſt tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may ſometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at leaſt ſhew the general conſent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be eſtabliſhed as the firſt and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his exiſtence is the origin of philoſophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no proſpect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the leaſt deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a creator, whom he muſt conſider as a governor too pure to be pleaſed, and too ſevere to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wiſe, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, eſcape, nor reſiſt.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A conſtant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terreſtrial diligence; and therefore the progreſs of life could only have been the natural deſcent of negligent deſpair from crime to crime, had not the univerſal perſuaſion of forgiveneſs to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation, recalled thoſe to the paths of virtue whom their paſſions had ſolicited aſide; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perſeverance, thoſe whom difficulty had diſcouraged, or negligence ſurpriſed.

In times and regions ſo diſjoined from each other that there can ſcarcely be imagined any communication of ſentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal auſterities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeaſing his juſtice by a ſpeedy and cheerful ſubmiſſion to a leſs penalty when a greater is incurred.

Incorporated minds will always feel ſome inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual obſervances. Ideas not repreſented by ſenſible objects are fleeting, variable, and evaneſcent.

We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by ſome certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once eſtabliſh the neceſſary proportion between crimes and ſufferings, might ſecurely reſt upon his performance of the expiation; but while ſafety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid leſt he ſhould decide too ſoon in his own favour, leſt he ſhould not have felt the pangs of true contrition; leſt he ſhould miſtake ſatiety for deteſtation, or imagine that his paſſions are ſubdued when they are only ſleeping.

From this natural and reaſonable diffidence aroſe, in humble and timorous piety, a diſpoſition to confound penance with repentance, to repoſe on human determinations, and to receive from ſome judicial ſentence the ſtated and regular aſſignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without reſource; we ſeek in the knowledge of others a ſuccour for our own ignorance; and are ready to truſt any that will undertake to direct us when we have not confidence in ourſelves.

This deſire to aſcertain by ſome outward marks the ſtate of the ſoul, and this willingneſs to calm the conſcience by ſome ſettled method, have produced, as they are diverſified in their effects by various tempers and principles, moſt of the diſquiſitions and rules, the doubts and ſolutions, that have embarraſſed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable ſcruples concerning the neceſſary meaſures of ſorrow, and adequate degrees of ſelf-abhorrence; and theſe rules, corrupted by fraud, or debaſed by credulity, have, by the common reſiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all ſubſidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole diſcipline of regulated piety.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiſed, is, if it be explained without ſuperſtition, eaſily underſtood. *Repentance is the relinquiſhment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too cloſely connected with it, to be eaſily ſeparated; for they not only mark its ſincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obſtinacy, by which his ſafety or happineſs in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorſe. He who is fully convinced that he ſuffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miſcarriage to its firſt cauſe, to image to himſelf a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary reſolutions againſt the like fault, even when he knows that he ſhall never again have the power of committing it. Danger conſidered as imminent, naturally produces ſuch trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of ſafety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment ſeized with uſeleſs anxieties; adding one ſecurity to another, trembling with ſudden doubts, and diſtracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whoſe crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without diſturbance, or can at will baniſh the reflection; if he who conſiders himſelf as ſuſpended over the abyſs of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which muſt ſoon part by its own weakneſs, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can caſt his eyes round him without ſhuddering with horror, or panting with ſecurity; what can he judge of himſelf but that he is not yet awakened by ſufficient conviction, ſince every loſs is more lamented than the loſs of the Divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Retirement from the cares and pleaſures of the world has been often recommended as uſual to repentance. This at leaſt is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occaſions: and ſurely the retroſpect of life, the diſentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumſtances, and diffuſed in various relations, the diſcovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of luſts and appetites deeply rooted and widely ſpread, may be allowed to demand ſome receſſion from ſport and noiſe, and buſineſs and folly. Some ſuſpenſion of common affairs, ſome pauſe of temporal pain and pleaſure, is doubtleſs neceſſary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the on-

ly plan in which miſcarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only queſtion in which miſtake cannot be rectified.

Auſterities and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and rouſed, by which the attractions of pleaſure are interrupted, and the chains of ſenſuality are broken. It is obſerved by one of the fathers, that *he who reſtrains himſelf in the uſe of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden.* Abſtinence, if nothing more, is at leaſt a cautious retreat from the utmoſt verge of permiſſion, and confers that ſecurity which cannot be reaſonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of deſtruction; or delights to approach the pleaſures which he knows it fatal to partake. Auſterity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diſeaſes of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we ſhould readily have recourſe, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

The completion and ſum of repentance is a change of life. That ſorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our eſcape, that auſterity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But ſorrow and terror muſt naturally precede reformation; for what other cauſe can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himſelf alarmed by his conſcience, anxious for the attainment of a better ſtate, and afflicted by the memory of his paſt faults, may juſtly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of ſtrengthening his conviction, to impreſs upon his mind ſuch a ſenſe of the Divine preſence, as may overpower the blandiſhments of ſecular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holineſs to another, till death ſhall ſet him free from doubt and conteſt, miſery and temptation.

What better can we do than proſtrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

No. CXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1751.

Φρονεῖν γὰρ ὃι ταχεῖς, ὐκ ἀσφαλεῖς.

SOPHOC.

Diſaſter always waits on early Wit.

IT has been obſerved, by long experience, that late ſprings produce the greateſt plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the moſt part liberally recompenſed by the exuberance and fecundity of the enſuing ſeaſons; the bloſſoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the ſun is high, eſcape thoſe chilling blaſts, and nocturnal froſts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the firſt ſmiles of vernal beauty, deſtroy the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the gem, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I am afraid there is little hope of perſuading the young and ſprightly part of my readers, upon whom the ſpring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great proceſs of nature, the difference between diligence and hurry, between ſpeed and precipitation; and proſecute their deſigns with calmneſs, to watch the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprize and hope; having yet no occaſion of comparing our force with any oppoſing power, we naturally form preſumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obſtruction and impediment will give way before us. The firſt repulſes rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it ſuſpects its own weakneſs, or ſubmits to ſap the difficulties which it expected to ſubdue by ſtorm. Before diſappointments have enforced the dictates of philoſophy, we believe it in our power to ſhorten the interval between the firſt cauſe and the laſt effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding induſtry, and fancy that, by increaſing the fire, we can at pleaſure accelerate the projection.

At our entrance into the world, when health

and vigour gives us fair promiſes of time ſufficient for the regular maturation of our ſchemes, and a long enjoyment of our acquiſitions, we are eager to ſeize the preſent moment; we pluck every gratification within our reach, without ſuffering it to ripen into perfection, and crowd all the varieties of delight into a narrow compaſs; but age ſeldom fails to change our conduct; we grow negligent of time in proportion as we have leſs remaining, and ſuffer the laſt part of life to ſteal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or ſlow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of ſome fortuitous occurrence, or drowſy equilibrations of undetermined counſel. Whether it be that the aged, having taſted the pleaſures of man's condition, and found them deluſive, become leſs anxious for their attainment; or that frequent miſcarriages have depreſſed them to deſpair, and frozen them to inactivity; or that death ſhocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themſelves of their decay, or to diſcover to their own heart, that the time of trifling is paſt.

A perpetual conflict with natural deſires ſeems to be the lot of our preſent ſtate. In youth we require ſomething of the tardineſs and frigidity of age; and in age we muſt labour to recall the fire and impetuoſity of youth; in youth we muſt learn to expect, and in age to enjoy.

The torment of expectation is, indeed, not eaſily to be borne at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flaſhes on the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every freſh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new deſire. Yet ſince the fear of miſſing what we ſeek muſt always be proportionable to the happineſs expected from poſſeſſing it, the paſſions, even in this tempeſtuous ſtate, might be ſomewhat moderated by frequent inculcation of the miſchief of temerity, and the hazard of loſing that which we endeavour to ſeize before our time.

He that too early aſpires to honours, muſt reſolve to encounter not only the oppoſition of intereſt, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures, and uncertain projects; and he that haſtens too ſpeedily to reputation, often raiſes his character by artifices and fallacies, decks himſelf in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may ſhake off, or competition pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been extended by ſome, even to the gifts of nature; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickneſs of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing before the uſual time, preſage a ſhort life. Even thoſe who are leſs inclined to form general concluſions, from inſtances which by their own nature muſt be rare, have yet been inclined to prognoſticate no ſuitable progreſs from the firſt ſallies of rapid wits; but have obſerved, that after a ſhort effort they either loiter or faint, and ſuffer themſelves to be ſurpaſſed by the even and regular perſeverance of ſlower underſtandings.

It frequently happens, that applauſe abates diligence. Whoſoever finds himſelf to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to ſpare the labour of unneceſſary performances, and ſit down to enjoy at eaſe his ſuperfluities of honour. He whom ſucceſs has made confident of his abilities, quickly claims the privilege of negligence, and looks contemptuouſly on the gradual advances of a rival, whom he imagines himſelf able to leave behind whenever he ſhall again ſummon his force to the conteſt. But long intervals of pleaſure diſſipate attention, and weaken conſtancy; nor is it eaſy for him that has ſunk from diligence into ſloth, to rouſe out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curioſity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of ſtudy.

Even that friendſhip which intends the reward of genius, too often tends to obſtruct it. The pleaſure of being careſſed, diſtinguiſhed, and admired, eaſily ſeduces the ſtudent from literary ſolitude. He is ready to follow the call which ſummons him to hear his own praiſe, and which, perhaps, at once flatters his appetite with certainty of pleaſures, and his ambition with hopes of patronage; pleaſures which he conceives inexhauſtible, and hopes which he has not yet learned to diſtruſt.

Theſe evils, indeed, are by no means to be imputed to nature, or conſidered as inſeparable from an early diſplay of uncommon abilities. They may be certainly eſcaped by prudence and reſolution, and muſt therefore be recounted rather as conſolations to thoſe who are leſs libe-

rally endowed, than as diſcouragements to ſuch as are born with uncommon qualities. Beauty is well known to draw after it the perſecutions of impertinence, to incite the artifices of envy, and to raiſe the flames of unlawful love; yet among the ladies whom prudence or modeſty have made moſt eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniencies of an amiable form? or would have purchaſed ſafety by the loſs of charms?

Neither grace of perſon, nor vigour of underſtanding, are to be regarded otherwiſe than as bleſſings, as means of happineſs indulged by the Supreme Benefactor; but the advantages of either may be loſt by too much eagerneſs to obtain them. A thouſand beauties in their firſt bloſſom, by an imprudent expoſure to the open world, have ſuddenly withered at the blaſt of infamy; and men who might have ſubjected new regions to the empire of learning, have been lured by the praiſe of their firſt productions from academical retirement, and waſted their days in vice and dependence. The virgin who too ſoon aſpires to celebrity and conqueſt, periſhes by childiſh vanity, ignorant credulity, or guiltleſs indiſcretion. The genius who catches at laurels and preferment before his time, mocks the hopes that he had excited, and loſes thoſe years which might have been moſt uſefully employed, the years of youth, of ſpirit, and vivacity.

It is one of the innumerable abſurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction, than in that part of life when we need it moſt; we are in haſte to meet enemies whom we have not ſtrength to overcome, and to undertake taſks which we cannot perform: and as he that once miſcarries does not eaſily perſuade mankind to favour another attempt, an ineffectual ſtruggle for fame is often followed by perpetual obſcurity.

No. CXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1751.

In mea veſanas habui diſpendia vires,
Et valui poenas fortis in ipſe meas.

OVID.

Of ſtrength pernicious to myſelf I boaſt;
The pow'rs I have were giv'n me to my coſt.

F. LEWIS.

WE are taught by Celſus, that health is beſt preſerved by avoiding ſettled habits of life, and deviating ſometimes into ſlight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exerciſe, interrupting the ſucceſſions of reſt and labour, and mingling hardſhips with indulgence. The body, long accuſtomed to ſtated quantities and uniform periods, is diſordered by the ſmalleſt irregularity; and ſince we cannot adjuſt every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit ſometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with neceſſary affairs, or ſtrong inclinations. He that too long obſerves nice punctualities, condemns himſelf to voluntary imbecility, and will not long eſcape the miſeries of diſeaſe.

The ſame laxity of regimen is equally neceſſary to intellectual health, and to a perpetual ſuſceptibility of occaſional pleaſure. Long confinement to the ſame company which perhaps ſimilitude of taſte brought firſt together, quickly contracts his faculties, and makes a thouſand things offenſive that are in themſelves indifferent; a man accuſtomed to hear only the echo of his own ſentiments, ſoon bars all the common avenues of delight, and has no part in the general gratifications of mankind.

In things which are not immediately ſubject to religious or moral conſideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right. Senſibility may, by an inceſſant attention to elegance and propriety, be quickened to a tenderneſs inconſiſtent with the condition of humanity, irritable, by the ſmalleſt aſperity, and vulnerable by the gentleſt touch. He that pleaſes himſelf too much with minute exactneſs, and ſubmits to endure nothing in accommoda-

tions, attendance, or addreſs, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the crowd of life, be harraſſed with innumerable diſtreſſes, from which thoſe who have not in the ſame manner increaſed their ſenſations find no diſturbance. His exotick ſoftneſs will ſhrink at the coarſeneſs of vulgar felicity, like a plant tranſplanted to northern nurſeries, from the dews and ſun-ſhine of the tropical regions.

There will always be a wide interval between practical and ideal excellence; and, therefore, if we allow not ourſelves to be ſatisfied while we can perceive any error or defect, we muſt refer our hopes of eaſe to ſome other period of exiſtence. It is well known that, expoſed to a microſcope, the ſmootheſt poliſh of the moſt ſolid bodies diſcovers cavities and prominences; and that the ſofteſt bloom of roſeate virginity repels the eye with excreſcences and diſcolorations. The perceptions as well as the ſenſes may be improved to our own diſquiet, and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of diſlike, raiſe in time an artificial faſtidiouſneſs, which ſhall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, ſhew us the naked ſkeleton of every delight, and preſent us only with the pains of pleaſure, and the deformities of beauty.

Peeviſhneſs, indeed, would perhaps very little diſturb the peace of mankind, were it always the conſequence of ſuperfluous delicacy; for it is the privilege only of deep reflection, or lively fancy, to deſtroy happineſs by art and refinement. But by continual indulgence of a particular humour, or by long enjoyment of undiſputed ſuperiority, the dull and thoughtleſs may likewiſe acquire the power of tormenting themſelves and others, and become ſufficiently ridiculous or hateful to thoſe who are within ſight of their conduct, or reach of their influence.

They that have grown old in a ſingle ſtate are generally found to be moroſe, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and maxims; ſoon offended by contradiction or negligence; and impatient of any aſſociation, but with thoſe that will watch their nod, and ſubmit themſelves to unlimited authority. Such is the effect of having lived without the neceſſity of conſulting any inclination but their own.

The iraſcibility of this claſs of tyrants is generally exerted upon petty provocations, ſuch as are incident to underſtandings not far extended beyond the inſtincts of animal life; but unhappily, he that fixes his attention on things always before him, will never have long ceſſations of anger. There are many veterans of luxury, upon whom every noon brings a paroxyſm of violence, fury, and execration; they never ſit down to their dinner without finding the meat ſo injudiciouſly bought, or ſo unſkilfully dreſſed, ſuch blunders in the ſeaſoning, or ſuch improprieties in the ſauce, as can ſcarcely be expiated without blood; and, in the tranſports of reſentment, make very little diſtinctions between guilt and innocence, but let fly their menaces, or growl out their diſcontent, upon all whom fortune expoſes to the ſtorm.

It is not eaſy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peeviſh man. In every other ſtate of inferiority the certainty of pleaſing is perpetually increaſed by a fuller knowledge of our duty; and kindneſs and confidence are ſtrengthened by every new act of truſt, and proof of fidelity. But peeviſhneſs ſacrifices to a momentary offence the obſequiouſneſs or uſefulneſs of half a life, and as more is performed, increaſes her exactions.

Chryſalus gained a fortune by trade, and retired into the country; and, having a brother burdened by the number of his children, adopted one of his ſons. The boy was diſmiſſed with many prudent admonitions; informed of his father's inability to maintain him in his native rank; cautioned againſt all oppoſition to the opinions or precepts of his uncle; and animated to perſeverance by the hopes of ſupporting the honour of the family, and overtopping the elder brother. He had a natural ductility of mind, without much warmth of affection, or elevation of ſentiment: and therefore readily complied with every variety of caprice; patiently endured contradictory reproofs; heard falſe accuſations without pain, and opprobrious reproaches without reply; laughed obſtreperouſly at the nineteenth repetition of a joke; aſked queſtions about the univerſal decay of trade; admired the ſtrength of thoſe heads by which the price of ſtocks is changed and adjuſted; and behaved with ſuch prudence and circumſpection, that after ſix years the will was made, and Juvenculus was declared heir. But unhappily, a month afterwards, retiring at night from his uncle's chamber, he left the door open

behind him: the old man tore his will, and being then perceptibly declining, for want of time to deliberate, left his money to a trading company.

When female minds are imbittered by age or ſolitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a rigorous and ſpiteful ſuperintendence of domeſtick trifles. Eriphile has employed her eloquence for twenty years upon the degeneracy of ſervants, the naſtineſs of her houſe, the ruin of her furniture, the difficulty of preſerving tapeſtry from the moths, and the careleſſneſs of the ſluts whom ſhe employs in bruſhing it. It is her buſineſs every morning to viſit all the rooms, in hopes of finding a chair without its cover, a window ſhut or open contrary to her orders, a ſpot on the hearth, or a feather on the floor, that the reſt of the day may be juſtifiably ſpent in taunts of contempt, and vociferations of anger. She lives for no other purpoſe but to preſerve the neatneſs of a houſe and gardens, and feels neither inclination to pleaſure, nor aſpiration after virtue, while ſhe is engroſſed by the great employment of keeping gravel from graſs, and wainſcot from duſt. Of three amiable nieces ſhe has declared herſelf an irreconcileable enemy to one, becauſe ſhe broke off a tulip with her hoop; to another, becauſe ſhe ſpilt her coffee on a Turkey carpet; and to the third, becauſe ſhe let a wet dog run into the parlour. She has broken off her intercourſe of viſits, becauſe company makes a houſe dirty; and reſolves to confine herſelf more to her own affairs, and to live no longer in mire by fooliſh lenity.

Peeviſhneſs is generally the vice of narrow minds; and, except when it is the effect of anguiſh and diſeaſe, by which the reſolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lighteſt addition to its miſeries, proceeds from an unreaſonable perſuaſion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy againſt it it, to conſider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of ſuffering perturbation and uneaſineſs from cauſes unworthy of our notice.

He that reſigns his peace to little caſualties, and ſuffers the courſe of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himſelf to the direction of the wind, and loſes all that conſtancy and equanimity which conſtitute the chief praiſe of a wiſe man.

The province of prudence lies between the greateſt things and the leaſt; ſome ſurpaſs our power by their magnitude, and ſome eſcape our notice by their number and their frequency. But the indiſpenſable buſineſs of life will afford ſufficient exerciſe to every underſtanding; and ſuch is the limitation of the human powers, that by attention to trifles we muſt let things of importance paſs unobſerved: when we examine a mite with a glaſs, we ſee nothing but a mite.

That it is every man's intereſt to be pleaſed, will need little proof: that it is his intereſt to pleaſe others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not leſs neceſſary to happineſs than to virtue, that he rid his mind of paſſions which make him uneaſy to himſelf, and hateful to the world, which enchain his intellects, and obſtruct his improvement.

No. CXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1751.

——Uxorem, Poſthume, ducis?
Dic qua Tiſiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?

JUV.

A ſober man like thee to change his life!
What fury would poſſeſs thee with a wife?

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Know not whether it is always a proof of innocence to treat cenſure with contempt. We owe ſo much reverence to the wiſdom of mankind, as juſtly to wiſh, that our own opinion of our merit may be ratified by the concurrence of other ſuffrages; and ſince guilt and infamy muſt have the ſame effect upon intelligences unable to pierce beyond external appearance, and influenced often rather by example than precept, we are obliged to refute a falſe charge, leſt we ſhould countenance the crime which we have never committed. To turn away from an accuſation with ſupercilious ſilence, is equally in the power of him that is hardened by villany, and inſpirited by innocence. The wall of braſs which Horace erects upon a clear conſcience, may be ſometimes raiſed by impudence or power; and we ſhould always wiſh to preſerve the dignity of virtue by adorning her with graces which wickedneſs cannot aſſume.

For this reaſon I have determined no longer to endure, with either patient or ſullen reſignation, a reproach which is, at leaſt in my opinion, unjuſt; but will lay my caſe honeſtly before you, that you or your readers may at length decide it.

Whether you will be able to preſerve your boaſted impartiality, when you hear, that I am conſidered as an adverſary by half the female world, you may ſurely pardon me for doubting, notwithſtanding the veneration to which you may imagine yourſelf entitled by your age, your learning, your abſtraction, or your virtue. Beauty, Mr. Rambler, has often overpowered the reſolutions of the firm, and the reaſonings of the wiſe, rouſed the old to ſenſibility, and ſubdued the rigorous to ſoftneſs.

I am one of thoſe unhappy beings, who have been marked out as huſbands for many different women, and deliberated a hundred times on the brink of matrimony. I have diſcuſſed all the nuptial preliminaries ſo often, that I can repeat the forms in which jointures are ſettled, pin-money ſecured, and proviſion for young children aſcertained; but am at laſt doomed by general conſent to everlaſting ſolitude, and excluded by an irreverſible decree from all hopes of connubial felicity. I am pointed out by every mother, as a man whoſe viſits cannot be admitted without reproach; who raiſes hopes only to embitter diſappointment, and makes offers only to ſeduce girls into a waſte of that part of life, in which they may gain advantageous matches, and become miſtreſſes and mothers.

I hope you will think, that ſome part of this penal ſeverity may juſtly be remitted, when I inform you, that I never yet profeſſed love to a woman without ſincere intentions of marriage; that I have never continued an appearance of intimacy from the hour that my inclination changed, but to preſerve her whom I was leaving from the ſhock of abruptneſs, or the ignominy of contempt; that I always endeavoured to give the ladies an opportunity of ſeeming to diſcharge me; and that I never forſook a miſtreſs for large fortune, or brighter beauty, but becauſe I diſcovered ſome irregularity in her conduct, or ſome depravity in her mind; not becauſe I was charmed by another, but becauſe I was offended by herſelf.

I was very early tired of that ſucceſſion of amuſements by which the thoughts of moſt young men are diſſipated, and had not long glittered in the ſplendour of an ample patrimony before I wiſhed for the calm of domeſtick happineſs. Youth is naturally delighted with ſprightlineſs and ardour, and therefore I breathed out the ſighs of my firſt affection at the feet of the gay, the ſparkling, the vivacious Ferocula. I fan-

cied to myſelf a perpetual ſource of happineſs in wit never exhauſted, and ſpirit never depreſſed; looked with veneration on her readineſs of expedients, contempt of difficulty, aſſurance of addreſs, and promptitude of reply; conſidered her as exempt by ſome prerogative of nature from the weakneſs and timidity of female minds; and congratulated myſelf upon a companion ſuperior to all common troubles and embarraſſments. I was, indeed, ſomewhat diſturbed by the unſhaken perſeverance with which ſhe enforced her demands of an unreaſonable ſettlement; yet I ſhould have conſented to paſs my life in union with her, had not my curioſity led me to a crowd gathered in the ſtreet, where I found Ferocula, in the preſence of hundreds, diſputing for ſixpence with a chairman. I ſaw her in ſo little need of aſſiſtance, that it was no breach of the laws of chivalry to forbear interpoſition, and I ſpared myſelf the ſhame of owning her acquaintance. I forgot ſome point of ceremony at our next interview, and ſoon provoked her to forbid me her preſence.

My next attempt was upon a lady of great eminence for learning and philoſophy. I had frequently obſerved the barrenneſs and uniformity of connubial converſation, and therefore thought highly of my own prudence and diſcernment, when I ſelected from a multitude of wealthy beauties, the deep-read Miſothea, who declared herſelf the inexorable enemy of ignorant pertneſs, and puerile levity; and ſcarcely condeſcended to make tea, but for the linguiſt, the geometrician, the aſtronomer, or the poet. The queen of the Amazons was only to be gained by the hero who could conquer her in ſingle combat; and Miſothea's heart was only to bleſs the ſcholar who could overpower her by diſputation. Amidſt the fondeſt tranſports of courtſhip ſhe could call for a definition of terms, and treated every argument with contempt that could not be reduced to regular ſyllogiſm. You may eaſily imagine, that I wiſhed this courtſhip at an end; but when I deſired her to ſhorten my torments, and fix the day of my felicity, we were led into a long converſation, in which Miſothea endeavoured to demonſtrate the folly of attributing choice and ſelf-direction to any human being. It was not difficult to diſcover the danger of committing myſelf for ever to the arms of one who might at any time miſtake the dictates of paſſion, or the calls of appetite, for the decree of fate; or conſider cuckoldom as neceſſary to the general ſyſtem, as a link in the everlaſting chain of ſucceſſive cauſes. I therefore told her, that deſtiny had ordained us to part, and that nothing ſhould have torn me from her but the talons of neceſſity.

I then ſolicited the regard of the calm, the prudent, the economical Sophronia, a lady who conſidered wit as dangerous, and learning as ſuperfluous, and thought that the woman who kept her houſe clean, and her accounts exact, took receipts for every payment, and could find them at a ſudden call, enquired nicely after the condition of the tenants, read the price of ſtocks once a week, and purchaſed every thing at the beſt market, could want no accompliſhments neceſſary to the happineſs of a wiſe man. She diſcourſed with great ſolemnity on the care and vigilance which the ſuperintendence of a family demands; obſerved how many were ruined by confidence in ſervants; and told me that ſhe never expected honeſty but from a ſtrong cheſt, and that the beſt ſtore-keeper was the miſtreſs's eye. Many ſuch oracles of generoſity ſhe uttered, and made every day new improvements in her ſchemes for the regulation of her ſervants, and the diſtribution of her time. I was convinced, that whatever I might ſuffer from Sophronia, I ſhould eſcape poverty; and we therefore proceeded to adjuſt the ſettlements according to her own rule, *fair and ſoftly*. But one morning her maid came to me in tears to intreat my intereſt for a reconciliation to her miſtreſs, who had turned her out at night for breaking ſix teeth in a tortoiſe-ſhell comb: ſhe had attended her lady from a diſtant province, and having not lived long enough to ſave much money, was deſtitute among ſtrangers, and though of a good family, in danger of periſhing in the ſtreet, or of being compelled by hunger to proſtitution. I made no ſcruple of promiſing to reſtore her; but upon my firſt application to Sophronia, was anſwered with an air which called for approbation, that if ſhe neglected her own affairs, I might ſuſpect her of neglecting mine; that the comb ſtood her in three half-crowns; that no ſervant ſhould wrong her twice; and that indeed ſhe took the firſt opportunity of parting with Phillida, becauſe, though ſhe was honeſt, her conſtitution was

bad, and ſhe thought her very likely to fall ſick. Of our conference I need not tell you the effect; it ſurely may be forgiven me, if on this occaſion I forgot the decency of common forms.

From two more ladies I was diſengaged by finding, that they entertained my rivals at the ſame time, and determined their choice by the liberality of our ſettlements. Another I thought myſelf juſtified in forſaking, becauſe ſhe gave my attorney a bribe to favour her in the bargain; another, becauſe I could not ſoften her to tenderneſs, till ſhe heard that moſt of my family had died young; and another, becauſe, to increaſe her fortune by expectations, ſhe repreſented her ſiſter as languiſhing and conſumptive.

I ſhall in another letter give the remaining part of my hiſtory of courtſhip. I preſume that I ſhould hitherto have injured the majeſty of female virtue, had I not hoped to transfer my affection to higher merit.

I am, &c.

HYMENÆUS.

No. CXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1751.

———*Audi,*
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa eſt.

JUV.

When a man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

DRYDEN.

POWER and ſuperiority are ſo flattering and delightful, that, fraught with temptation and expoſed to danger as they are, ſcarcely any virtue is ſo cautious, or any prudence ſo timorous, as to decline them. Even thoſe that have moſt reverence for the laws of right, are pleaſed with ſhewing that not fear, but choice, regulates their behaviour; and would be thought to comply, rather than obey. We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not wiſh to paſs; and, as the Roman ſatiriſt remarks—'He that has no deſign to take the life of ano-'ther, is yet glad to have it in his hands.'

From the ſame principle, tending yet more to degeneracy and corruption, proceeds the deſire of inveſting lawful authority with terror, and governing by force rather than perſuaſion. Pride is unwilling to believe the neceſſity of aſſigning any other reaſon than her own will; and would rather maintain the moſt equitable claims by violence and penalties, than deſcend from the dignity of command to diſpute and expoſtulation.

It may, I think, be ſuſpected, that this political arrogance has ſometimes found its way into legiſlative aſſemblies, and mingled with deliberations upon property and life. A ſlight peruſal of the laws by which the meaſures of vindictive and coercive juſtice are eſtabliſhed, will diſcover ſo many diſproportions between crimes and puniſhments, ſuch capricious diſtinctions of guilt, and ſuch confuſion of remiſſneſs and ſeverity, as can ſcarcely be believed to have been produced by publick wiſdom, ſincerely and calmly ſtudious of publick happineſs.

The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave, relates, that he never ſaw a criminal dragged to execution without aſking himſelf, 'Who knows whether this man is not leſs cul-'pable than me?' On the days when the priſons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every ſpectator of the dreadful proceſſion put the ſame queſtion to his own heart. Few among thoſe that crowd in thouſands to the legal maſſacre, and look with careleſſneſs, perhaps with triumph, on the utmoſt exacerbations of human miſery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection. For who can congratulate himſelf upon a life paſſed without ſome act more miſchievous to the peace or proſperity of others, than the theft of a piece of money?

It has been always the practice, when any particular ſpecies of robbery becomes prevalent and common, to endeavour its ſuppreſſion by capital denunciations. Thus, one generation

of malefactors is commonly cut off, and their ſucceſſors are frighted into new expedients; the art of thieving is augmented with greater variety of fraud, and ſubtilized to higher degrees of dexterity, and more occult methods of conveyance. The law then renews the purſuit in the heat of anger, and overtakes the offender again with death. By this practice, capital inflictions are multiplied, and crimes very different in their degrees of enormity, are equally ſubjected to the ſevereſt puniſhment that man has the power of exerciſing upon man.

The lawgiver is undoubtedly allowed to eſtimate the malignity of an offence, not merely by the loſs or pain which ſingle acts may produce, but by the general alarm and anxiety ariſing from the fear of miſchief, and inſecurity of poſſeſſion: he therefore exerciſes the right which ſocieties are ſuppoſed to have over the lives of thoſe that compoſe them, not ſimply to puniſh a tranſgreſſion, but to maintain order, and preſerve quiet; he enforces thoſe laws with ſeverity that are moſt in danger of violation, as the commander of a garriſon doubles the guard on that ſide which is threatened with the enemy.

This method has been long tried, but tried with ſo little ſucceſs, that rapine and violence are hourly increaſing: yet few ſeem willing to deſpair of its efficacy; and of thoſe who employ their ſpeculations upon the preſent corruption of the people, ſome propoſe the introduction of more horrid, lingering, and terrifick puniſhments; ſome are inclined to accelerate the executions; ſome to diſcourage pardons; and all ſeem to think that lenity has given confidence to wickedneſs, and that we can only be reſcued from the talons of robbery by inflexible rigour, and ſanguinary juſtice.

Yet ſince the right of ſetting an uncertain and arbitrary value upon life has been diſputed, and ſince experience of paſt times gives us little reaſon to hope that any reformation will be effected by a periodical havock of our fellow-beings, perhaps it will not be uſeleſs to conſider what conſequences might ariſe from relaxations of the law, and a more rational and equitable adaption of penalties to offences.

Death is, as one of the ancients obſerves, τὸ τῶν φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον,—*of dreadful things the moſt dreadful*; an evil, beyond which nothing can be threatened by ſublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance. This terror ſhould, therefore, be reſerved as the laſt reſort of authority, as the ſtrongeſt and moſt operative of prohibitory ſanctions, and placed before the treaſure of life, to guard from invaſion what cannot be reſtored. To equal robbery with murder is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of iniquity, and incite the commiſſion of a greater crime to prevent the detection of a leſs. If only murder were puniſhed with death, very few robbers would ſtain their hands in blood; but when, by the laſt act of cruelty no new danger is incurred, and greater ſecurity may be obtained, upon what principle ſhall we bid them forbear?

It may be urged, that the ſentence is often mitigated to ſimple robbery; but ſurely this is to confeſs that our laws are unreaſonable in our own opinion; and, indeed, it may be obſerved, that all but murderers have, at their laſt hour, the common ſenſations of mankind pleading in their favour.

From this conviction of the inequality of the puniſhment to the offence, proceeds the frequent ſolicitation of pardons. They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet ſhocked at the thought of deſtroying him. His crime ſhrinks to nothing, compared with his miſery; and ſeverity defeats itſelf by exciting pity.

The gibbet, indeed, certainly diſables thoſe who die upon it from infeſting the community; but their death ſeems not to contribute more to the reformation of their aſſociates, than any other method of ſeparation. A thief ſeldom paſſes much of his time in recollection or anticipation, but from robbery haſtens to riot, and from riot to robbery; nor, when the grave cloſes upon his companion, has any other care than to find another.

The frequency of capital puniſhments, therefore, rarely hinders the commiſſion of a crime, but naturally and commonly prevents its detection, and is, if we proceed only upon prudential principles, chiefly for that reaſon to be avoided. Whatever may be urged by caſuiſts or politicians, the greater part of mankind, as they can never think that to pick the pocket and to pierce the heart is equally criminal, will ſcarcely believe that two malefactors ſo different in guilt can be juſtly doomed to the ſame pu-

niſhment: nor is the neceſſity of ſubmitting the conſcience to human laws ſo plainly evinced, ſo clearly ſtated, or ſo generally allowed, but that the pious, the tender, and the juſt, will always ſcruple to concur with the community in an act which their private judgment cannot approve.

He who knows not how often rigorous laws produce total impunity, and how many crimes are concealed and forgotten for fear of hurrying the offender to that ſtate in which there is no repentance, has converſed very little with mankind. And whatever epithets of reproach or contempt this compaſſion may incur from thoſe who confound cruelty with firmneſs, I know not whether any wiſe man would wiſh it leſs powerful, or leſs extenſive.

If thoſe whom the wiſdom of our laws has condemned to die, had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might, by proper diſcipline and uſeful labour, have been diſentangled from their habits, they might have eſcaped all the temptations to ſubſequent crimes, and paſſed their days in reparation and penitence; and detected they might all have been, had the proſecutors been certain that their lives would have been ſpared. I believe, every thief will confeſs, that he has been more than once ſeized and diſmiſſed; and that he has ſometimes ventured upon capital crimes, becauſe he knew that thoſe whom he injured would rather connive at his eſcape, than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.

All laws againſt wickedneſs are ineffectual, unleſs ſome will inform, and ſome will proſecute; but till we mitigate the penalties for mere violations of property, information will always be hated, and proſecution dreaded. The heart of a good man cannot but recoil at the thought of puniſhing a ſlight injury with death; eſpecially when he remembers, that the thief might have procured ſafety by another crime, from which he was reſtrained only by his remaining virtue.

The obligations to aſſiſt the exerciſe of publick juſtice are indeed ſtrong; but they will certainly be overpowered by tenderneſs for life. What is puniſhed with ſeverity contrary to our ideas of adequate retribution, will be ſeldom diſcovered; and multitudes will be ſuffered to advance from crime to crime, till they deſerve death, becauſe, if they had been ſooner proſecuted, they would have ſuffered death before they deſerved it.

This ſcheme of invigorating the laws by relaxation, and extirpating wickedneſs by lenity, is ſo remote from common practice, that I might reaſonably fear to expoſe it to the publick, could it be ſupported only by my own obſervations: I ſhall, therefore, by aſcribing it to its author, Sir Thomas More, endeavour to procure it that attention which I wiſh always paid to prudence, to juſtice, and to mercy.

No. CXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1751.

Quædam parva quidem, ſed non toleranda maritis.

JUV.

Some faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Sit down, in purſuance of my late engagement, to recount the remaining part of the adventures that befel me in my long queſt of conjugal felicity, which, though I have not yet been ſo happy as to obtain it, I have at leaſt endeavoured to deſerve by unwearied diligence, without ſuffering from repeated diſappointments and abatement of my hope, or repreſſion of my activity.

You muſt have obſerved in the world a ſpecies of mortals who employ themſelves in promoting matrimony, and, without any viſible motive of intereſt or vanity, without any diſcoverable impulſe of malice or benevolence, without any reaſon, but that they want objects of attention and topicks of converſation, are inceſſantly buſy in procuring wives and huſbands. They fill the ears of every ſingle man and woman with ſome convenient match, and when

they are informed of your age and fortune, offer a partner of life with the ſame readineſs, and the ſame indifference, as a ſaleſman, when he has taken meaſure by his eye, fits his cuſtomer with a coat.

It might be expected that they ſhould ſoon be diſcouraged from this officious interpoſition by reſentment or contempt; and that every man ſhould determine the choice on which ſo much of his happineſs muſt depend, by his own judgment and obſervation: yet it happens, that as theſe propoſals are generally made with a ſhew of kindneſs, they ſeldom provoke anger, but are at worſt heard with patience, and forgotten. They influence weak minds to approbation; for many are ſure to find in a new acquaintance whatever qualities report has taught them to expect; and in more powerful and active underſtandings they excite curioſity, and ſometimes, by a lucky chance, bring perſons of ſimilar tempers within the attraction of each other.

I was known to poſſeſs a fortune, and to want a wife; and therefore was frequently attended by theſe hymeneal ſolicitors, with whoſe importunity I was ſometimes diverted, and ſometimes perplexed; for they contended for me as vultures for a carcaſe; each employing all his eloquence, and all his artifices, to enforce and promote his own ſcheme, from the ſucceſs of which he was to receive no other advantage than the pleaſure of defeating others equally eager, and equally induſtrious.

An invitation to ſup with one of thoſe buſy friends, made me by a concerted chance acquainted with Camilla, by whom it was expected that I ſhould be ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly enſlaved. The lady, whom the ſame kindneſs had brought without her own concurrence into the liſts of love, ſeemed to think me at leaſt worthy of the honour of captivity; and exerted the power, both of her eyes and wit, with ſo much art and ſpirit, that though I had been too often deceived by appearances to devote myſelf irrevocably at the firſt interview, yet I could not ſuppreſs ſome raptures of admiration, and flutters of deſire. I was eaſily perſuaded to make nearer approaches; but ſoon diſcovered, that an union with Camilla was not much to be wiſhed. Camilla profeſſed a boundleſs contempt for the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of her own ſex; and very frequently expreſſed her wonder that men of learning or experience could ſubmit to trifle away life with beings incapable of ſolid thought. In mixed companies, ſhe always aſſociated with the men, and declared her ſatisfaction when the ladies retired. If any ſhort excurſion into the country was propoſed, ſhe commonly inſiſted upon the excluſion of women from the party; becauſe, where they were admitted, the time was waſted in frothy compliments, weak indulgences, and idle ceremonies. To ſhew the greatneſs of her mind, ſhe avoided all compliance with the faſhion; and to boaſt the profundity of her knowledge, miſtook the various textures of ſilk, confounded tabbies with damaſks, and ſent for ribbands by wrong names. She deſpiſed the commerce of ſtated viſits, a farce of empty form without inſtruction; and congratulated herſelf, that ſhe never learned to write meſſage-cards. She often applauded the noble ſentiment of Plato, who rejoiced that he was born a man rather than a woman; proclaimed her approbation of Swift's opinion, that women are only a higher ſpecies of monkies; and confeſſed, that when ſhe conſidered the behaviour, or heard the converſation, of her ſex, ſhe could not but forgive the Turks for ſuſpecting them to want ſouls.

It was the joy and pride of Camilla to have provoked, by this inſolence, all the rage of hatred, and all the perſecutions of calumny; nor was ſhe ever more elevated with her own ſuperiority, than when ſhe talked of female anger and female cunning. Well, ſays ſhe, has nature provided that ſuch virulence ſhould be diſabled by folly, and ſuch cruelty be reſtrained by impotence.

Camilla doubtleſs expected, that what ſhe loſt on one ſide, ſhe ſhould gain on the other; and imagined that every male heart would be open to a lady who made ſuch generous advances to the borders of virility. But man, ungrateful man, inſtead of ſpringing forward to meet her, ſhrunk back at her approach. She was perſecuted by the ladies as a deſerter, and at beſt received by the men only as a fugitive. I, for my part, amuſed myſelf a while with her fopperies, but novelty ſoon gave way to deteſtation, for nothing out of the common order of nature can be long borne. I had no inclination

to a wife who had the ruggedneſs of a man without his force, and the ignorance of a woman without her ſoftneſs; nor could I think my quiet and honour to be entruſted to ſuch audacious virtue as was hourly courting danger, and ſoliciting aſſault.

My next miſtreſs was Nitella, a lady of gentle mien, and ſoft voice, always ſpeaking to approve, and ready to receive direction from thoſe with whom chance had brought her into company. In Nitella I promiſed myſelf an eaſy friend, with whom I might loiter away the day without diſturbance or altercation. I therefore ſoon reſolved to addreſs her, but was diſcouraged from proſecuting my courtſhip by obſerving, that her apartments were ſuperſtitiouſly regular; and that, unleſs ſhe had notice of my viſit, ſhe was never to be ſeen. There is a kind of anxious cleanlineſs which I have always noted as the characteriſtick of a ſlattern; it is the ſuperfluous ſcrupuloſity of guilt, dreading diſcovery, and ſhunning ſuſpicion; it is the violence of an effort againſt habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot ſtop at the middle point.

Nitella was always tricked out rather with nicety than elegance; and ſeldom could forbear to diſcover, by her uneaſineſs and conſtraint, that her attention was burthened, and her imagination engroſſed: I therefore concluded, that being only occaſionally and ambitiouſly dreſſed, ſhe was not familiarized to her own ornaments. There are ſo many competitors for the fame of cleanlineſs, that it is not hard to gain information of thoſe that fail, from thoſe that deſire to excel: I quickly found, that Nitella paſſed her time between finery and dirt; and was always in a wrapper, nightcap, and ſlippers, when ſhe was not decorated for immediate ſhew.

I was then led by my evil deſtiny to Charybdis, who never neglected an opportunity of ſeizing a new prey when it came within her reach. I thought myſelf quickly made happy by permiſſion to attend her to public places; and pleaſed my own vanity with imagining the envy which I ſhould raiſe in a thouſand hearts, by appearing as the acknowledged favourite of Charybdis. She ſoon after hinted her intention to take a ramble for a fortnight into a part of the kingdom which ſhe had never ſeen. I ſolicited the happineſs of accompanying her, which, after a ſhort reluctance, was indulged me. She had no other curioſity in her journey, than after all poſſible means of expence; and was every moment taking occaſion to mention ſome delicacy, which I knew it my duty upon ſuch notices to procure.

After our return, being now more familiar, ſhe told me, whenever we met, of ſome new diverſion; at night ſhe had notice of a charming company that would breakfaſt in the gardens; and in the morning had been informed of ſome new ſong in the opera, ſome new dreſs at the play-houſe, or ſome performer at a concert whom ſhe longed to hear. Her intelligence was ſuch, that there never was a ſhew to which ſhe did not ſummon me on the ſecond day; and as ſhe hated a crowd, and could not go alone, I was obliged to attend at ſome intermediate hour, and pay the price of a whole company. When we paſſed the ſtreets, ſhe was often charmed with ſome trinket in the toy-ſhops; and from moderate deſires of ſeals and ſnuff-boxes, roſe, by degrees, to gold and diamonds. I now began to find the ſmile of Charybdis too coſtly for a private purſe, and added one more to ſix and forty lovers, whoſe fortune and patience her rapacity had exhauſted.

Imperia then took poſſeſſion of my affections; but kept them only for a ſhort time. She had newly inherited a large fortune, and having ſpent the early part of her life in the peruſal of romances, brought with her into the gay world all the pride of Cleopatra; expected nothing leſs than vows, altars, and ſacrifices; and thought her charms diſhonoured, and her power infringed, by the ſofteſt oppoſition to her ſentiments, or the ſmalleſt tranſgreſſion of her commands. Time might indeed cure this ſpecies of pride in a mind not naturally undiſcerning, and vitiated only by falſe repreſentations; but the operations of time are ſlow; and I therefore left her to grow wiſe at leiſure, or to continue in error at her own expence.

Thus I have hitherto, in ſpite of myſelf, paſſed my life in frozen celibacy. My friends, indeed, often tell me, that I flatter my imagination with higher hopes than human nature can gratify; that I dreſs up an ideal charmer in all the radiance of perfection, and then enter the world to look for the ſame excellence in cor-

poreal beauty. But ſurely Mr. Rambler, it is not madneſs to hope for ſome terreſtrial lady unſtained with the ſpots which I have been deſcribing; at leaſt I am reſolved to purſue my ſearch; for I am ſo far from thinking meanly of marriage, that I believe it able to afford the higheſt happineſs decreed to our preſent ſtate; and if after all theſe miſcarriages I find a woman that fills up my expectation, you ſhall hear once more from,

Your's, &c.

HYMENÆUS.

No. CXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1751.

Optat ephippia bos; piger optat arare caballus.

HOR.

Thus the ſlow ox would gaudy trappings claim;
The ſprightly horſe would plough——

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Was the ſecond ſon of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of London. My father having by his marriage freed the eſtate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his ſiſters their portions, thought himſelf diſcharged from all obligation to further thought, and entitled to ſpend the reſt of his life in rural pleaſures. He therefore ſpared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the beſt guns and horſes that the kingdom could ſupply, paid large ſalaries to his groom and huntſman, and became the envy of the country for the diſcipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers and ſetting-dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had ſo much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could reſt in ſecurity, and game of whatever ſpecies that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his ſhot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initated in the chace, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like ſnails unwillingly to ſchool*, he could wind the horn, beat the buſhes, bound over hedges, and ſwim rivers. When the huntſman one day broke his leg, he ſupplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the ſcut in his hat, amidſt the acclamation of the whole village. I being either delicate or timorous, leſs deſirous of honour, or leſs capable of ſylvan heroiſm, was always the favourite of my mother; becauſe I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from freckles, and did not come home like my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horſe, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuſe herſelf with books, and being much inclined to deſpiſe the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, diſdained to learn their ſentiments or converſation, and had made no addition to the notions which ſhe had brought from the precincts of Cornhill. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the ſucceſſion of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at Guildhall; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies feaſts by men of whom ſome are now made aldermen, ſome have fined for ſheriffs, and none are worth leſs than forty thouſand pounds. She frequently diſplayed her father's greatneſs; told of the large bills which he had paid at ſight; of the ſums for which his word would paſs upon the Exchange; the heaps of gold which he uſed on Saturday night to toſs about with a ſhovel; the extent of his warehouſe, and the ſtrength of his doors; and when ſhe relaxed her imagination with lower ſubjects, deſcribed the furniture of their country-houſe, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By theſe narratives I was fired with the ſplendor and dignity of London, and of trade. I therefore devoted myſelf to a ſhop, and warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of a wholeſale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother aſſured me that

many had arrived who began the world with leſs than myſelf.

I was very impatient to enter into a path, which led to ſuch honour and felicity; but was forced for a time to endure ſome repreſſion of my eagerneſs, for it was my grandfather's maxim; that 'a young man ſeldom makes much 'money, who is out of his time before two-'and-twenty.' They thought it neceſſary, therefore, to keep me at home till the proper age, without any other employment than that of learning merchants accounts, and the art of regulating books; but at length the tedious days elapſed, I was tranſplanted to town, and, with great ſatisfaction to myſelf, bound to a haberdaſher.

My maſter, who had no conception of any virtue, merit, or dignity, but that of being rich, had all the good qualities which naturally ariſe from a cloſe and unwearied attention to the main chance; his deſire to gain wealth was ſo well tempered by the vanity of ſhewing it, that, without any other principle of action, he lived in the eſteem of the whole commercial world; and was always treated with reſpect by the only men whoſe good opinion he valued or ſolicited, thoſe who were univerſally allowed to be richer than himſelf.

By his inſtructions I learned in a few weeks to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of my fingers, and to make up parcels with exact frugality of paper and packthread; and ſoon caught from my fellow-apprentices the true grace of a counter bow, the careleſs air with which a ſmall pair of ſcales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and ſprightlineſs with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned into its place. Having no deſire of any higher employment, and therefore applying all my powers to the knowledge of my trade, I was quickly maſter of all that could be known, became a critick in ſmall wares, contrived new variations of figures, and new mixtures of colours, and was ſometimes conſulted by the weavers when they projected faſhions for the enſuing ſpring.

With all theſe accompliſhments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeſhip, I paid a viſit to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as a new ornament of the family, and conſulted by the neighbouring gentlemen as a maſter of pecuniary knowledge, and by the ladies as an oracle of the mode. But unhappily, at the firſt publick table to which I was invited appeared a ſtudent of the Temple, and an officer of the guards, who looked upon me with a ſmile of contempt, which deſtroyed at once all my hopes of diſtinction, ſo that I durſt hardly raiſe my eyes for fear of encountering their ſuperiority of mien. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of diſplaying my knowledge; for the templar entertained the company for part of the day with hiſtorical narratives and political obſervations; and the colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of aſſemblies, gardens, and diverſions. I, indeed, eſſayed to fill up a pauſe in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade, and Spaniards; and once attempted, with ſome warmth, to correct a groſs miſtake about a ſilver breaſt-knot; but neither of my antagoniſts ſeemed to think a reply neceſſary; they reſumed their diſcourſe without emotion, and again engroſſed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear deſirous to know my opinion of her dreſs, or to hear how long the carnation ſhot with white, that was then new among them, had been antiquated in town.

As I knew that neither of theſe gentlemen had more money than myſelf, I could not diſcover what had depreſſed me in their preſence; nor why they were conſidered by others as more worthy of attention and reſpect; and therefore reſolved, when we met again, to rouſe my ſpirit, and force myſelf into notice. I went very early to the next weekly meeting, and was entertaining a ſmall circle very ſucceſsfully with a minute repreſentation of my lord-mayor's ſhow, when the colonel entered careleſs and gay, ſat down with a kind of unceremonious civility, and without appearing to intend any interruption, drew my audience away to the other part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the lawyer, not indeed with the ſame attraction of mien, but with greater powers of language; and by one or other the company was ſo happily amuſed, that I was neither heard nor ſeen, nor was able to give any other proof of my exiſtence than that

I put round the glaſs, and was in my turn permitted to name the toaſt.

My mother, indeed, endeavoured to comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that perhaps theſe ſhowy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own; that he who has money in his pocket needs not care what any man ſays of him; that, if I minded my trade, the time will come when lawyers and ſoldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purſe; and that it is fine, when a man can ſet his hands to his ſides, and ſay he is worth forty thouſand pounds every day of the year. Theſe and many more ſuch conſolations and encouragements I received from my good mother, which however did not much allay my uneaſineſs; for having by ſome accident heard, that the country ladies deſpiſed her as a cit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but conſidered her as one whoſe ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a ſtate of meanneſs and ignominy, from which I could not find any poſſibility of riſing to the rank which my anceſtors had always held.

I returned, however, to my maſter, and buſied myſelf among threads, and ſilks, and laces, but without my former cheerfulneſs and alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact diſpoſition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the gloſſy blackneſs of my ſhoes; nor heard with my former elevation thoſe compliments which ladies ſometimes condeſcended to pay me upon my readineſs in twiſting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of Young Man, with which I was ſometimes honoured, as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination; I grew negligent of my perſon, and ſullen in my temper, often miſtook the demands of the cuſtomers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and diſmiſſed them with ſurly ſilence.

My maſter was afraid leſt the ſhop ſhould ſuffer by this change of my behaviour; and, therefore, after ſome expoſtulations, poſted me in the warehouſe, and preſerved me from the danger and reproach of deſertion, to which my diſcontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the ſixth year of my ſervitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty conſent of my maſter commenced gentleman. The adventures in which my new character engaged me ſhall be communicated in another letter, by,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

MISOCAPELUS.

No. CXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1751.

Ὄσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' Ὄσσῃ
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἀμβατὸς εἴη.

HOM.

The gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies:
Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Oſſa ſtood;
On Oſſa, Pelion nods with all his wood. POPE.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

NOTHING has more retarded the advancement of learning than the diſpoſition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All induſtry muſt be excited by hope; and as the ſtudent often propoſes no other reward to himſelf than praiſe, he is eaſily diſcouraged by contempt and inſult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluſe ſpeculation, and has never hardened his front in publick life, or accuſtomed his paſſions to the viciſſitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed converſation, will bluſh at the ſtate of petulant incredulity, and ſuffer himſelf to be driven by a burſt of laughter from the fortreſſes of demonſtration. The mechaniſt will be afraid to aſſert before hardy contradiction, the poſſibility of tearing down bulwarks with a ſilk-worm's thread; and the aſtronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the diſtance of the fixed ſtars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have ſhaken off this cowardice, I had not ſheltered myſelf under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a ſubject which, except ſome ſlight and tranſient ſtrictures, has been hitherto neglected by thoſe who were beſt qualified to adorn it, either for want of leiſure to proſecute the various reſearches in which a nice diſcuſſion muſt engage them, or becauſe it requires ſuch diverſity of knowledge, and ſuch extent of curioſity, as is ſcarcely to be found in any ſingle intellect: or perhaps others foreſaw the tumults which would be raiſed againſt them, and confined their knowledge to their own breaſts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the profeſſors of literature generally reſide in the higheſt ſtories, has been immemorially obſerved. The wiſdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated ſituation: why elſe were the Muſes ſtationed on Olympus or Parnaſſus by thoſe who could with equal right have raiſed their bowers in the vale of Tempe, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himſelf nurſed upon a mountain? or why did the goddeſſes, when the prize of beauty was conteſted, try the cauſe upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great maſters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to poſterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obſcured by the negligence and ignorance of ſucceeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated ſymbol of Pythagoras—'ἀνεμῶν πνεόντων τὴν ἠχὼ προσκυνει—when 'the wind blows, worſhip its echo.' This could not but be underſtood by his diſciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently viſited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Auguſtus, for Tibullus evidently congratulates himſelf upon his garret, not without ſome alluſion to the Pythagorean precept—

Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cubantem
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cùm fuderit auſter,
Securum ſomnos, imbre juvante, ſequi!

How ſweet in ſleep to paſs the careleſs hours,
Lull'd by the beating wind and daſhing ſhow'rs!

And it is impoſſible not to diſcover the fondneſs of Lucretius, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his deſcription of the lofty towers of ſerene learning; and of the pleaſure with which a wiſe man looks down upon the confuſed and erratick ſtate of the world moving below him.

Sed nil dulcius eſt, bene quàm munita tenere
Editâ doctrinâ ſapientum templa ſerena;
Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.

——'Tis ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

DRYDEN.

The inſtitution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is ſtill the uſual receptacle of the philoſopher and poet; but this, like many ancient cuſtoms, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reaſon for which it was eſtabliſhed.

Cauſa latet; res eſt notiſſima.
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning theſe habitations of literature, but without much ſatisfaction to the judicious enquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally choſen by the wits, as moſt eaſily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others ſuſpect, that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the houſe from the outer-door; which is often obſerved to be infeſted by viſitants, who talk inceſſantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the ſame ſounds every morning, and ſometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raiſe their voices in time from mournful

murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always deteſtable to a man whoſe chief pleaſure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of a freedom from noiſe, and abſtraction from common buſineſs or amuſements; and ſome yet more viſionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open proſpects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

Theſe conveniencies may perhaps all be found in a well-choſen garret; but ſurely they cannot be ſuppoſed ſufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, diſtant ages, and ſeparate nations. Of an univerſal practice, there muſt ſtill be preſumed an univerſal cauſe, which, however recondite and abſtruſe, may be perhaps reſerved to make me illuſtrious by its diſcovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is univerſally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the ſtate of the body, and that the body is in a great meaſure regulated by the various compreſſures of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet ſufficiently conſidered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords inſtances of local underſtanding, of wits and reaſoners, whoſe faculties are adapted to ſome ſingle ſpot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, ſink at once into ſilence and ſtupidity. I have diſcovered, by a long ſeries of obſervations, that invention and elocution ſuffer great impediments from denſe and thick vapours, and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper diſtance from the ſurface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and ſets at liberty thoſe intellectual powers which were before ſhackled by too ſtrong attraction, and unable to expand themſelves under the preſſure of a cloſe atmoſphere. I have found dullneſs to quicken into ſentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver, partly exhauſted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon riſing ground, as the flaccid ſides of a football would have ſwelled out into ſtiffneſs and extenſion.

For this reaſon I never think myſelf qualified to judge deciſively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take ſome opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condenſation, tenſion and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor ſerious below, I then conſider him as hopeleſs; but as it ſeldom happens, that I do not find the temper to which the texture of the brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, firſt marking the point moſt favourable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long ſtudied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatiſe of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cauſe of the gaiety and ſprightlineſs of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increaſe of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the ſpirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horſe; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth ſtory is whirled through more ſpace, by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropicks are known to be fiery, inconſtant, inventive, and fanciful; becauſe, living at the utmoſt length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more ſwiftneſs than thoſe whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wiſe man to ſtruggle with the inconveniencies of his country, whenever celerity and acuteneſs are requiſite, we muſt actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the center in a garret.

If you imagine that I aſcribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I deſire you to conſult your memory, and conſider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the firſt floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of underſtanding till he was reſtored to his original ſituation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from ſuppoſing; I know there are ſome who would continue blockheads even on the ſummit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let

not any man be conſidered as unimproveable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretæus was rational in no other place but his own ſhop.

I think a frequent removal to various diſtances from the center, ſo neceſſary to a juſt eſtimate of intellectual abilities, and conſequently of ſo great uſe in education, that if I hoped that the publick could be perſuaded to ſo expenſive an experiment, I would propoſe, that there ſhould be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like thoſe which Bacon deſcribes in Solomon's houſe, for the expanſion and concentration of underſtanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or conſtitutions. Perhaps ſome that fume away in meditations upon time and ſpace in the tower, might compoſe tables of intereſt at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground ſtagnates in ſilence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, ſparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addiſon obſerves, that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate in ſome lines of his Georgicks: ſo, when I read a compoſition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly ſaid to ſmell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a ſprightly ſally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it freſh from the garret; an expreſſion which would break from me upon the peruſal of moſt of your papers, did I not believe, that you ſometimes quit the garret, and aſcend into the cock-loft.

HYPERTATUS.

No. CXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1751.

——omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte. HOR.

In endleſs night they ſleep, unwept, unknown.

FRANCIS.

CICERO has, with his uſual elegance and magnificence of language, attempted, in the relation of the dream of Scipio, to depreciate thoſe honours for which he himſelf appears to have panted with reſtleſs ſolicitude, by ſhewing within what narrow limits all that fame and celebrity which man can hope from men is circumſcribed.

'You ſee,' ſays Africanus, pointing at the earth from the celeſtial regions, 'that the globe 'aſſigned to the reſidence and habitation of 'human beings is of ſmall dimenſions: how 'then can you obtain from the praiſe of men 'any glory worthy of a wiſh? Of this little 'world the inhabited parts are neither numerous nor wide; even the ſpots where men are 'to be found are broken by intervening de'ſerts; and the nations are ſo ſeparated as that 'nothing can be tranſmitted from one to ano'ther. With the people of the ſouth by whom 'the oppoſite part of the earth is poſſeſſed, you 'have no intercourſe; and by how ſmall a tract 'do you communicate with the countries of 'the north? The territory which you inhabit 'is no more than a ſcanty iſland incloſed by a 'ſmall body of water, to which you give the 'name of the Great Sea and the Atlantick 'Ocean. And even in this known and fre'quented continent, what hope can you en'tertain, that your renown will paſs the ſtream 'of Ganges, or the cliffs of Caucaſus? Or by 'whom will your name be uttered in the extre'mities of the north or ſouth, towards the ri'ſing or ſetting ſun? So narrow is the ſpace 'to which your fame can be propagated; and 'even there how long will it remain?'

He then proceeds to aſſign natural cauſes why fame is not only narrow in its extent, but ſhort in its duration; he obſerves the difference between the computation of time in earth and heaven, and declares, that according to the celeſtial chronology, no human honours can laſt a ſingle year.

Such are the objections by which Tully ha-

made a ſhow of diſcouraging the purſuit of fame; objections which ſufficiently diſcover his tenderneſs and regard for his darling phantom. Homer, when the plan of his poem made the death of Patroclus neceſſary, reſolved, at leaſt, that he ſhould die with honour; and therefore brought down againſt him the patron God of Troy, and left to Hector only the mean taſk of giving the laſt blow to an enemy whom a divine hand had diſabled from reſiſtance. Thus Tully ennobles fame, which he profeſſes to degrade, by oppoſing it to celeſtial happineſs; he confines not its extent but by the boundaries of nature, nor contracts its duration but by repreſenting it ſmall in the eſtimation of ſuperior beings. He ſtill admits it the higheſt and nobleſt of terreſtrial objects, and alleges little more againſt it, than that it is neither without end, nor without limits.

What might be the effect of theſe obſervations conveyed in Ciceronian eloquence to Roman underſtandings, cannot be determined; but few of thoſe who ſhall in the preſent age read my humble verſion will find themſelves much depreſſed in their hopes, or retarded in their deſigns; for I am not inclined to believe, that they who among us paſs their lives in the cultivation of knowledge, or acquiſition of power, have very anxiouſly enquired what opinions prevail on the further banks of the Ganges, or invigorated any effort by the deſire of ſpreading their renown among the clans of Caucaſus. The hopes and fears of modern minds are content to range in a narrower compaſs; a ſingle nation, and a few years, have generally ſufficient amplitude to fill our imaginations.

A little conſideration will indeed teach us, that fame has other limits than mountains and oceans; and that he who places happineſs in the frequent repetition of his name, may ſpend his life in propagating it, without any danger of weeping for new worlds, or neceſſity of paſſing the Atlantick ſea.

The numbers to whom any real and perceptible good or evil can be derived by the greateſt power, or moſt active diligence, are inconſiderable; and where neither benefit nor miſchief operate, the only motive to the mention or remembrance of others is curioſity; a paſſion which, though in ſome degree univerſally aſſociated to reaſon, is eaſily confined, overborne, or diverted from any particular object.

Among the lower claſſes of mankind there will be found very little deſire of any other knowledge than what may contribute immediately to the relief of ſome preſſing uneaſineſs, or the attainment of ſome near advantage. The Turks are ſaid to hear with wonder a propoſal to walk out only that they may walk back; and enquire why any man ſhould labour for nothing: ſo thoſe whoſe condition has always reſtrained them to the contemplation of their own neceſſities, and who have been accuſtomed to look forward only to a ſmall diſtance, will ſcarcely underſtand, why nights and days ſhould be ſpent in ſtudies, which end in new ſtudies, and which, according to Malherbe's obſervation, do not tend to leſſen the price of bread; nor will the trader or manufacturer eaſily be perſuaded, that much pleaſure can ariſe from the mere knowledge of actions performed in remote regions, or in diſtant times; or that any thing can deſerve their enquiry, of which κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν we can only hear the report, but which cannot influence our lives by any conſequences.

The truth is, that very few have leiſure, from indiſpenſable buſineſs, to employ their thoughts upon narrative or characters; and among thoſe to whom fortune has given the liberty of living more by their own choice, many create to themſelves engagements, by the indulgence of ſome petty ambition, the admiſſion of ſome inſatiable deſire, or the toleration of ſome predominant paſſion. The man whoſe whole wiſh is to accumulate money, has no other care than to collect intereſt, to eſtimate ſecurities, and to engage for mortgages: the lover diſdains to turn his ear to any other name than that of Corinna; and the courtier thinks the hour loſt, which is not ſpent in promoting his intereſt, and facilitating his advancement. The adventures of valour, and the diſcoveries of ſcience, will find a cold reception, when they are obtruded upon an attention thus buſy with its favourite amuſement, and impatient of interruption or diſturbance.

But not only ſuch employments as ſeduce attention by appearances of dignity, or promiſes of happineſs, may reſtrain the mind from excurſion and enquiry; curioſity may be equally deſtroyed by leſs formidable enemies; it may be diſſipated in trifles, or congealed by indolence. The ſportſman and the man of

dreſs have their heads filled with a fox or a horſe-race, a feather or a ball, and live in ignorance of every thing beſide, with as much content as he that heaps up gold, or ſolicits preferment, digs the field, or beats the anvil; and ſome yet lower in the ranks of intellect, dream out their days without pleaſure or buſineſs, without joy or ſorrow, nor ever rouſe from their lethargy to hear or think.

Even of thoſe who have dedicated themſelves to knowledge, the far greater part have confined their curioſity to a few objects, and have very little inclination to promote any fame, but that which their own ſtudies entitle them to partake. The naturaliſt has no deſire to know the opinions or conjectures of the philologer; the botaniſt looks upon the aſtronomer as a being unworthy of his regard; the lawyer ſcarcely hears the name of a phyſician without contempt; and he that is growing great by electrifying a bottle, wonders how the world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace.

If, therefore, he that imagines the world filled with his actions and praiſes, ſhall ſubduct from the number of his encomiaſts, all thoſe who are placed below the flight of fame, and who hear in the vallies of life no voice but that of neceſſity; all thoſe who imagine themſelves too important to regard him, and conſider the mention of his name as an uſurpation of their time; all who are too much, or too little pleaſed with themſelves, to attend to any thing external; all who are attracted by pleaſure, or chained down by pain, to unvaried ideas; all who are withheld from attending his triumph by different purſuits; and all who ſlumber in univerſal negligence; he will find his renown ſtraitened by nearer bounds than the neck of Caucaſus, and perceive that no man can be venerable or formidable, but to a ſmall part of his fellow-creatures.

That we may not languiſh in our endeavours after excellence, it is neceſſary, that, as Africanus counſels his deſcendant, 'we raiſe our 'eyes to higher proſpects, and contemplate our 'future and eternal ſtate, without giving 'up our hearts to the praiſe of crowds, or fix-'ing our hopes on ſuch rewards as human 'power can beſtow.'

No. CXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1751.

Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.

HOR.

Faults lay on either ſide the Trojan towers.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS, notwithſtanding all that wit, or malice, or pride, or prudence, will be able to ſuggeſt, men and women muſt at laſt paſs their lives together, I have never therefore thought thoſe writers friends to human happineſs, who endeavour to excite in either ſex a general contempt or ſuſpicion of the other. To perſuade them who are entering the world, and looking abroad for a ſuitable aſſociate, that all are equally vicious, or equally ridiculous; that they who truſt are certainly betrayed, and they who eſteem are always diſappointed; is not to awaken judgment, but to inflame temerity. Without hope there can be no caution. Thoſe who are convinced, that no reaſon for preference can be found, will never haraſs their thoughts with doubt and deliberation; they will reſolve, ſince they are doomed to miſery, that no needleſs anxiety ſhall diſturb their quiet; they will plunge at hazard into the crowd, and ſnatch the firſt hand that ſhall be held toward them.

That the world is overrun with vice, cannot be denied; but vice, however predominant, has not yet gained an unlimited dominion. Simple and unmingled good is not in our power, but we may generally eſcape a greater evil by ſuffering a leſs; and therefore thoſe who undertake to initiate the young and ignorant in the knowledge of life, ſhould be careful to inculcate the poſſibility of virtue and happineſs, and to encourage endeavours by proſpect of ſucceſs.

You, perhaps, do not ſuſpect, that theſe

are the ſentiments of one who has been ſubject for many years to all the hardſhips of antiquated virginity; has been long accuſtomed to the coldneſs of neglect, and the petulance of inſult; has been mortified in full aſſembles by enquiries after forgotten faſhions, games long diſuſed, and wits and beauties of ancient renown; has been invited with malicious importunity, to the ſecond wedding of many acquaintances; has been ridiculed by two generations of coquets in whiſpers intended to be heard; and been long conſidered, by the airy and gay, as too venerable for familiarity, and too wiſe for pleaſure. It is indeed natural for injury to provoke anger, and by continual repetition to produce an habitual aſperity; yet I have hitherto ſtruggled with ſo much vigilance againſt my pride, and my reſentment, that I have preſerved my temper uncorrupted. I have not yet made it any part of my employment to collect ſentences againſt marriage; nor am inclined to leſſen the number of the few friends whom time has left me, by obſtructing that happineſs which I cannot partake, and venting my vexation in cenſures of the forwardneſs and indiſcretion of girls, or the inconſtancy, taſteleſſneſs, and perfidy of men.

It is, indeed, not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by neceſſity, but induced by obſervation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never yet felt all the malignity with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of old maid, ſwells ſome of thoſe hearts in which it is infixed. I was not condemned in my youth to ſolitude, either by indigence or deformity, nor paſſed the earlier part of my life without the flattery of courtſhip, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidſt the murmurs of envy, and the gratulations of applauſe; been attended from pleaſure to pleaſure by the great, the ſprightly, and the vain; and ſeen my regard ſolicited by the obſequiouſneſs of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a ſtranger to nuptial happineſs, I ſuffer only the conſequences of my own reſolves, and can look back upon the ſucceſſion of lovers, whoſe addreſſes I have rejected, without grief and without malice.

When my name firſt began to be inſcribed upon glaſſes, I was honoured with the amorous profeſſions of the gay Venuſtulus, a gentleman who, being the only ſon of a wealthy family, had been educated in all the wantonneſs of expence, and ſoftneſs of effeminacy. He was beautiful in his perſon, and eaſy in his addreſs, and therefore ſoon gained upon my eye at an age when the ſight is very little over-ruled by the underſtanding. He had not any power in himſelf of gladdening or amuſing; but ſupplied his want of converſation by treats and diverſions; and his chief art of courtſhip was to fill the mind of his miſtreſs with parties, rambles, muſick, and ſhews. We were often engaged in ſhort excurſions to gardens and ſeats, and I was for a while pleaſed with the care which Venuſtulus diſcovered in ſecuring me from any appearance of danger, or poſſibility of miſchance. He never failed to recommend caution to his coachman, or to promiſe the waterman a reward if he landed us ſafe; and always contrived to return by day-light for fear of robbers. This extraordinary ſolicitude was repreſented for a time as the effect of his tenderneſs for me; but fear is too ſtrong for continued hypocriſy. I ſoon diſcovered that Venuſtulus had the cowardice as well as elegance of a female. His imagination was perpetually clouded with terrors, and he could ſcarcely refrain from ſcreams and outcries at any accidental ſurpriſe. He durſt not enter a room if a rat was heard behind the wainſcot, nor croſs a field where the cattle were friſking in the ſunſhine; the leaſt breeze that waved upon the river was a ſtorm, and every clamour in the ſtreet was a cry of fire. I have ſeen him loſe his colour when my ſquirrel had broke his chain; and was forced to throw water in his face on the ſudden entrance of a black cat. Compaſſion once obliged me to drive away with my fan a beetle that kept him in diſtreſs, and chide off a dog that yelped at his heels, to which he would gladly have given up me to facilitate his own eſcape. Women naturally expect defence and protection from a lover or a huſband, and therefore you will not think me culpable in refuſing a wretch who would have burdened life with unneceſſary fears, and flown to me for that ſuccour which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was Fungoſa, the ſon of a ſtock-jobber, whoſe viſits my friends, by the importunity of perſuaſion, prevailed upon me

to allow. Fungoſa was no very ſuitable companion; for having been bred in a counting-houſe, he ſpoke a language unintelligible in any other place. He had no deſire of any reputation, but that of an acute prognoſticator of the changes in the funds; nor had any means of raiſing merriment, but by telling how ſomebody was overreached in a bargain by his father. He was, however, a youth of great ſobriety and prudence, and frequently informed us how carefully he would improve my fortune. I was not in haſte to conclude the match, but was ſo much awed by my parents, that I durſt not diſmiſs him, and might perhaps have been doomed for ever to the groſſneſs of pedlary, and the jargon of uſury, had not a fraud been diſcovered in the ſettlement, which ſet me free from the perſecution of groveling pride and pecuniary impudence.

I was afterwards ſix months without any particular notice, but at laſt became the idol of the glittering Floſculus, who preſcribed the mode of embroidery to all the fops of his time, and varied at pleaſure the cock of every hat, and the ſleeve of every coat, that appeared in faſhionable aſſemblies. Floſculus made ſome impreſſion upon my heart by a compliment which few ladies can hear without emotion; he commended my ſkill in dreſs, my judgment in ſuiting colours, and my art in diſpoſing ornaments. But Floſculus was too much engaged by his own elegance, to be ſufficiently attentive to the duties of a lover, or to pleaſe with varied praiſe an ear made delicate by riot of adulation. He expected to be repaid part of his tribute, and ſtaid away three days becauſe I neglected to take notice of a new coat. I quickly found, that Floſculus was rather a rival than an admirer; and that we ſhould probably live in a perpetual ſtruggle of emulous finery, and ſpend our lives in ſtratagems to be firſt in the faſhion.

I had ſoon after the honour at a feaſt of attracting the eyes of Dentatus, one of thoſe human beings whoſe only happineſs is to dine. Dentatus regaled me with foreign varieties, told me of meaſures that he had laid for procuring the beſt cook in France, and entertained me with bills of fare, preſcribed the arrangement of diſhes, and taught me two ſauces invented by himſelf. At length, ſuch is the uncertainty of human happineſs, I declared my opinion too haſtily upon a pie made under his own direction; after which he grew ſo cold and negligent, that he was eaſily diſmiſſed.

Many other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me, by diſcovering that they had no taſte or knowledge in muſick; three I diſmiſſed, becauſe they were drunkards; two, becauſe they paid their addreſſes to other ladies; and ſix, becauſe they attempted to influence my choice, by bribing my maid. Two more I diſcarded at the ſecond viſit, for obſcene alluſions; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I ſentenced two to perpetual exile, for offering me ſettlements, by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured; four, for repreſenting falſely the value of their eſtate; three for concealing their debts; and one for raiſing the rent of a decrepit tenant.

I have now ſent you a narrative, which the ladies may oppoſe to the tale of Hymenæus. I mean not to depreciate the ſex which has produced poets and philoſophers, heroes and martyrs; but will not ſuffer the riſing generation of beauties to be dejected by partial ſatire; or to imagine, that thoſe who cenſured them have not likewiſe their follies, and their vices. I do not yet believe happineſs unattainable in marriage, though I have never yet been able to find a man with whom I could prudently venture an inſeparable union. It is neceſſary to expoſe faults, that their deformity may be ſeen; but the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either ſex to be condemned, becauſe ſome women, or men, are indelicate or diſhoneſt.

I am, &c. TRANQUILLA.

No. CXX. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1751.

Redditum Cyri ſolio Phraaten
Diſſidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit virtus, populumque falſis
Dedocet uti
Vocibus. HOR.

True virtue can the crowd unteach
Their falſe miſtaken forms of ſpeech;
Virtue to crowds a foe profeſt,
Diſdains to number with the bleſt
Phraates, by his ſlaves ador'd,
And to the Parthian crown reſtor'd.
FRANCIS.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Khan, conqueror of the eaſt, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouſes were filled with all the commodities of the remoteſt nations; every rarity of nature, every curioſity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was uſeful, haſted to his hand. The ſtreets were crowded with his carriages; the ſea was covered with his ſhips; the ſtreams of Oxus were watered with conveyance, and every breeze of the ſky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himſelf ſeized with a ſlow malady, which he firſt endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his ſtrength every day leſs, he was at laſt terrified, and called for help upon the ſages of phyſick; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, reſtoratives, and eſſential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were diſſolved, the ſpices of Arabia were diſtilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new ſpirits to his nerves, and new balſam to his blood. Nouradin was for ſome time amuſed with promiſes, invigorated with cordials, or ſoothed with anodynes; but the diſeaſe preyed upon his vitals, and he ſoon diſcovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deſerted by his phyſicians, and rarely viſited by his friends; but his unwillingneſs to die flattered him long with the hopes of life.

At length, having paſſed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only ſon; and diſmiſſing his attendants—'My ſon,' ſays he, 'behold here the 'weakneſs and fragility of man; look back-'ward a few days, thy father was great and 'happy, freſh as the vernal roſe, and ſtrong as 'the cedar of the mountain; the nations of 'Aſia drank his dews, and art and commerce 'delighted in his ſhade. Malevolence beheld 'me, and ſighed: "His root," ſhe cried, "is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the "fountains of Oxus; it ſends out branches "afar, and bids defiance to the blaſt; prudence "reclines againſt his trunk, and proſperity "dances on his top." Now, Almamoulin, 'look upon me withering and proſtrate; look 'upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I 'have proſpered, I have rioted in gain; my 'houſe is ſplendid, my ſervants are numerous; 'yet I diſplayed only a ſmall part of my 'riches; the reſt, which I was hindered from 'enjoying by the fear of raiſing envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have 'buried in caverns, I have hidden in ſecret 'repoſitories, which this ſcroll will diſcover. 'My purpoſe was, after ten months more ſpent 'in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth 'to a ſafer country; to have given ſeven years 'to delight and feſtivity, and the remaining 'part of my days to ſolitude and repentance; 'but the hand of Death is upon me; a frigorifick torpor encroaches upon my veins; 'I am now leaving the produce of my toil, 'which it muſt be thy buſineſs to enjoy with 'wiſdom.' The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with ſuch grief, that he fell into convulſions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honeſt ſorrow, and ſat

two hours in profound meditation, without peruſing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new poſſeſſions, which ſwelled his heart with ſuch tranſports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now ſufficiently compoſed to order a funeral of modeſt magnificence, ſuitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profeſſion, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he ſpent in viſiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treaſures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happineſs was now in his power, ſince he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accuſtomed to regret the want. He reſolved to give a looſe to his deſires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneaſineſs no more.

He immediately procured a ſplendid equipage, dreſſed his ſervants in rich embroidery, and covered his horſes with golden capariſons. He ſhowered down ſilver on the populace, and ſuffered their acclamations to ſwell him with inſolence. The nobles ſaw him with anger, the wiſe men of the ſtate combined againſt him, the leaders of armies threatened his deſtruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the preſence of his enemies, and appeaſed them with gold, and gems, and ſupplication.

He then ſought to ſtrengthen himſelf by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His ſuit was generally rejected, and his preſents refuſed; but a princeſs of Aſtracan once condeſcended to admit him to her preſence. She received him ſitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and ſhining with the jewels of Golconda; command ſparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She ſaw his confuſion, and diſdained him: 'How,' ſays ſhe, 'dares the wretch hope my obedience, 'who thus ſhrinks at my glance? Retire, 'and enjoy thy riches in ſordid oſtentation; 'thou waſt born to be wealthy, but never 'canſt be great.'

He then contracted his deſires to more private and domeſtick pleaſures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he tranſplanted foreſts, he levelled mountains, opened proſpects into diſtant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

Theſe amuſements pleaſed him for a time; but languor and wearineſs ſoon invaded him. His bowers loſt their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchaſed large tracts of lands in diſtant provinces, adorned them with houſes of pleaſure, and diverſified them with accommodations for different ſeaſons. Change of place at firſt relieved his ſatiety, but all the novelties of ſituation were ſoon exhauſted; he found his heart vacant, and his deſires, for want of external objects, ravaging himſelf.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and ſet open his doors to thoſe whom idleneſs ſends out in ſearch of pleaſure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage ſparkled in his bowls, and his lamps ſcattered perfumes. The ſound of the lute, and the voice of the ſinger, chaſed away ſadneſs; every hour was crowded with pleaſure; and the day ended and began with feaſts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out—'I 'have at laſt found the uſe of riches; I 'am ſurrounded by companions, who view 'my greatneſs without envy; and I enjoy 'at once the raptures of popularity, and the 'ſafety of an obſcure ſtation. What trou-'ble can he feel, whom all are ſtudi-'ous to pleaſe, that they may be repaid 'with pleaſure? What danger can he dread, 'to whom every man is a friend?'

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay aſſembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midſt of this ſoliloquy, an officer of juſtice entered the houſe, and in the form of legal citation, ſummoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The gueſts ſtood awhile aghaſt, then ſtole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a ſingle voice to witneſs his integrity. He now found one of his moſt frequent viſitants accuſing him of treaſon, in hopes of ſharing

his confiſcation; yet, unpatronized and unſupported, he cleared himſelf by the openneſs of innocence, and the conſiſtence of truth; he was diſmiſſed with honour, and his accuſer periſhed in priſon.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reaſon he had hoped for juſtice or fidelity from thoſe who live only to gratify their ſenſes; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitleſs reſearches after felicity, he had recourſe to a ſage, who after ſpending his youth in travel and obſervation, had retired from all human cares, to a ſmall habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he converſed only with ſuch as ſolicited his counſel. 'Brother,' ſaid the philoſopher, 'thou haſt ſuffered thy reaſon to 'be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious 'appearances. Having long looked with de'ſire upon riches, thou haſt taught thy'ſelf to think them more valuable than na'ture deſigned them, and to expect from 'them what experience has now taught thee 'that they cannot give. That they do not 'confer wiſdom, thou mayeſt be convinced, 'by conſidering at how dear a price they 'tempted thee, upon thy firſt entrance into 'the world, to purchaſe the empty ſound of 'vulgar acclamation. That they cannot 'beſtow fortitude or magnanimity, that man 'may be certain who ſtood trembling at 'Aſtracan, before a being not naturally ſu'perior to himſelf. That they will not 'ſupply unexhauſted pleaſure, the recollecti'on of forſaken palaces and neglected gar'dens will eaſily inform thee. That they 'rarely purchaſe friends, thou didſt ſoon 'diſcover, when thou wert left to ſtand 'thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet 'think not riches uſeleſs; there are purpo'ſes to which a wiſe man may be delighted to 'apply them; they may, by a rational diſ'tribution to thoſe who want them, eaſe the 'pains of helpleſs diſeaſe, ſtill the throbs 'of reſtleſs anxiety, relieve innocence from 'oppreſſion, and raiſe imbecility to cheer'fulneſs and vigour. This they will ena'ble thee to perform, and this will afford 'the only happineſs ordained for our pre'ſent ſtate, the confidence of divine favour, 'and the hope of future rewards.'

No. CXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1751.

O Imitatores, ſervum pecus!

HOR.

Away, ye imitators, ſervile herd!

ELPHINSTON.

I Have been informed by a letter, from one of the univerſities, that among the youth from whom the next ſwarm of reaſoners is to learn philoſophy, and the next flight of beauties to hear elegies and ſonnets, there are many who, inſtead of endeavouring by books and meditation to form their own opinions, content themſelves with the ſecondary knowledge, which a convenient bench in a coffee-houſe can ſupply; and, without any examination or diſtinction, adopt the criticiſm and remarks which happen to drop from thoſe who have riſen by merit or fortune to reputation and authority.

Theſe humble retailers of knowledge my correſpondent ſtigmatizes with the name of Echoes; and ſeems deſirous that they ſhould be made aſhamed of lazy ſubmiſſion, and animated to attempts after new diſcoveries, and original ſentiments.

It is very natural for young men to be vehement, acrimonious, and ſevere. For, as they ſeldom comprehend at once all the conſequences of a poſition, or perceive the difficulties by which cooler and more experienced reaſoners are reſtrained from confidence, they form their concluſions with great precipitance. Seeing nothing that can darken or embarraſs the queſtion, they expect to find their own opinion univerſally prevalent, and are inclined to impute uncertainty and heſitation to want of honeſty, rather than of knowledge. I may perhaps, therefore, be reproached by my lively correſpondent, when it ſhall be found that I have no inclination to perſecute theſe collectors of fortuitous knowledge with the ſeverity required; yet, as I am now too

old to be much pained by haſty cenſure, I ſhall not be afraid of taking into protection thoſe whom I think condemned without a ſufficient knowledge of their cauſe.

He that adopts the ſentiments of another, whom he has reaſon to believe wiſer than himſelf, is only to be blamed when he claims the honours which are not due but to the author, and endeavours to deceive the world into praiſe and veneration; for to learn is the proper buſineſs of youth; and whether we increaſe our knowledge by books or by converſation, we are equally indebted to foreign aſſiſtance.

The greater part of ſtudents are not born with abilities to conſtruct ſyſtems, or advance knowledge; nor can have any hope beyond that of becoming intelligent hearers in the ſchools of art, of being able to comprehend what others diſcover, and to remember what others teach. Even thoſe to whom Providence hath allotted greater ſtrength of underſtanding, can expect only to improve a ſingle ſcience. In every other part of learning, they muſt be content to follow opinions, which they are not able to examine; and, even in that which they claim as peculiarly their own, can ſeldom add more than ſome ſmall particle of knowledge to the hereditary ſtock devolved to them from ancient times, the collective labour of a thouſand intellects.

In ſcience, which, being fixed and limited, admits of no other variety than ſuch as ariſes from new methods of diſtribution, or new arts of illuſtration, the neceſſity of following the traces of our predeceſſors is indiſputably evident; but there appears no reaſon, why imagination ſhould be ſubject to the ſame reſtraint. It might be conceived, that of thoſe who profeſs to forſake the narrow paths of truth, every one may deviate towards a different point, ſince though rectitude is uniform and fixed, obliquity may be infinitely diverſified. The roads of ſcience are narrow, ſo that they who travel them muſt either follow or meet one another; but in the boundleſs regions of poſſibility, which fiction claims for her dominion, there are ſurely a thouſand receſſes unexplored, a thouſand flowers unplucked, a thouſand fountains unexhauſted, combinations of imagery yet unobſerved, and races of ideal inhabitants not hitherto deſcribed.

Yet, whatever hope may perſuade, or reaſon evince, experience can boaſt of very few additions to antient fable. The wars of Troy, and the travels of Ulyſſes, have furniſhed almoſt all ſucceeding poets with incidents, characters, and ſentiments. The Romans are confeſſed to have attempted little more than to diſplay in their own tongue the inventions of the Greeks. There is, in all their writings, ſuch a perpetual recurrence of alluſions to the tales of the fabulous age, that they muſt be confeſſed often to want that power of giving pleaſure which novelty ſupplies; nor can we wonder that they excelled ſo much in the graces of diction, when we conſider how rarely they were employed in ſearch of new thoughts.

The warmeſt admirers of the great Mantuan poet can extol him for little more than the ſkill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the Iliad and the Odyſſey in one compoſition: yet his judgment was perhaps ſometimes overborne by his avarice of the Homeric treaſures; and, for fear of ſuffering a ſparkling ornament to be loſt, he has inſerted it where it cannot ſhine with its original ſplendor.

When Ulyſſes viſited the infernal regions, he found, among the heroes that periſhed at Troy, his competitor Ajax, who, when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulyſſes, died by his own hand in the madneſs of diſappointment. He ſtill appeared to reſent, as on earth, his loſs and diſgrace. Ulyſſes endeavoured to pacify him with praiſes and ſubmiſſion; but Ajax walked away without reply. This paſſage has always been conſidered as eminently beautiful; becauſe Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered ſoldier, of unſhaken courage, of immoveable conſtancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his aſſertions by any other argument than the ſword, had no way of making his anger known but by gloomy ſullenneſs and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally ſhewn by ſilence more contemptuous and piercing than any words that ſo rude an orator could have found, and by which he gave this enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was ſuperior.

When Æneas is ſent by Virgil to the ſhades, he meets Dido the Queen of Carthage, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accoſts her with tenderneſs and excuſes; but the lady turns away like Ajax in mute diſdain. She turns away like Ajax; but ſhe reſembles him in none of thoſe qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to ſilence. She might, without any departure from the tenour of her conduct, have burſt out like other injured women into clamour, reproach, and denunciation; but Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax, and therefore could not prevail on himſelf to teach Dido any other mode of reſentment.

If Virgil could be thus ſeduced by imitation, there will be little hope that common wits ſhould eſcape; and accordingly we find, that beſides the univerſal and acknowledged practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular ſpecies of fiction. At one time all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was ſeen but in a viſion; at one period all the poets followed ſheep, and every event produced a paſtoral; at another they buſied themſelves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

It is indeed eaſy to conceive why any faſhion ſhould become popular, by which idleneſs is favoured, and imbecility aſſiſted; but ſurely no man of genius can much applaud himſelf for repeating a tale with which the audience is already tired, and which could bring no honour to any but its inventor.

There are, I think, two ſchemes of writing, on which the laborious wits of the preſent time employ their faculties. One is the adaptation of ſenſe to all the rhymes which our language can ſupply to ſome word, that makes the burden of the ſtanza; but this, as it has been only uſed in a kind of amorous burleſque, can ſcarcely be cenſured with much acrimony. The other is the imitation of Spenſer, which by the influence of ſome men of learning and genius, ſeems likely to gain upon the age, and therefore deſerves to be more attentively conſidered.

To imitate the fictions, and ſentiments of Spenſer can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the moſt pleaſing vehicles of inſtruction. But I am very far from extending the ſame reſpect to his diction or his ſtanza. His ſtyle was in his own time allowed to be vicious, ſo darkened with old words and peculiarities of phraſe, and ſo remote from common uſe, that Johnſon boldly pronounces him *to have written no language*. His ſtanza is at once difficult and unpleaſing; tireſome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at firſt formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language. The Italians have little variety of termination, and were forced to contrive ſuch a ſtanza as might admit the greateſt number of ſimilar rhymes; but our words end with ſo much diverſity, that it is ſeldom convenient for us to bring more than two of the ſame ſound together. If it be juſtly obſerved by Milton, that rhyme obliges poets to expreſs their thoughts in improper terms, theſe improprieties muſt always be multiplied, as the difficulty of rhyme is increaſed by long concatenations.

The imitators of Spenſer are indeed not very rigid cenſors of themſelves, for they ſeem to conclude, that when they have diſfigured their lines with a few obſolete ſyllables, they have accompliſhed their deſign, without conſidering that they ought not only to admit old words, but to avoid new. The laws of imitation are broken by every word introduced ſince the time of Spenſer, as the character of Hector is violated by quoting Ariſtotle in the play. It would indeed be difficult to exclude from a long poem all modern phraſes, though it is eaſy to ſprinkle it with gleanings of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the ſtyle of Spenſer might by long labour be juſtly copied; but life is ſurely given us for higher purpoſes than to gather what our anceſtors have wiſely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value, but becauſe it has been forgotten.

No. CXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1751.

Neſcio qua natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit.

OVID.

By ſecret charms our native land attracts.

NOTHING is more ſubject to miſtake and diſappointment than anticipated judgment concerning the eaſineſs or difficulty of any undertaking; whether we form our opinion from the performance of others, or from abſtracted contemplation of the thing to be attempted.

Whatever is done ſkilfully appears to be done with eaſe; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vaniſhes from obſervation. We are therefore more powerfully excited to emulation, by thoſe who have attained the higheſt degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with leaſt reaſon hope to equal.

In adjuſting the probability of ſucceſs by a previous conſideration of the undertaking, we are equally in danger of deceiving ourſelves. It is never eaſy, nor often poſſible, to compriſe the ſeries of any proceſs with all its circumſtances, incidents, and variations, in a ſpeculative ſcheme. Experience ſoon ſhews us the tortuoſities of imaginary rectitude, the complications of ſimplicity, and the aſperities of ſmoothneſs. Sudden difficulties often ſtart up from the ambuſhes of art, ſtop the career of activity, repreſs the gaiety of confidence, and when we imagine ourſelves almoſt at the end of our labours, drive us back to new plans and different meaſures.

There are many things which we every day ſee others unable to perform, and perhaps have even ourſelves miſcarried in attempting; and yet can hardly allow to be difficult; nor can we forbear to wonder afreſh at every new failure, or to promiſe certainty of ſucceſs to our next eſſay; but when we try, the ſame hindrances recur, the ſame inability is perceived, and the vexation of diſappointment muſt again be ſuffered.

Of the various kinds of ſpeaking or writing, which ſerve neceſſity, or promote pleaſure, none appears ſo artleſs or eaſy as ſimple narration; for what ſhould make him that knows the whole order and progreſs of an affair unable to relate it? Yet we hourly find ſuch as endeavour to entertain or inſtruct us by recitals, clouding the facts which they intend to illuſtrate, and loſing themſelves and their auditors in wilds and mazes, in digreſſion and confuſion. When we have congratulated ourſelves upon a new opportunity of enquiry, and new means of information, it often happens, that without deſigning either deceit or concealment, without ignorance of the fact or unwillingneſs to diſcloſe it, the relator fills the ear with empty ſounds, harraſſes the attention with fruitleſs impatience, and diſturbs the imagination by a tumult of events, without order of time, or train of conſequence.

It is natural to believe, upon the ſame principle, that no writer has a more eaſy taſk than the hiſtorian. The philoſopher has the works of Omniſcience to examine; and is therefore engaged in diſquiſitions, to which finite intellects are utterly unequal. The poet truſts to his invention, and is not only in danger of thoſe inconſiſtencies, to which every one is expoſed by a departure from truth, but may be cenſured as well for deficiencies of matter, as for irregularity of diſpoſition, or impropriety of ornament. But the happy hiſtorian has no other labour than of gathering what tradition pours down before him, or records treaſure for his uſe. He has only the actions and deſigns of men like himſelf to conceive and to relate; he is not to form, but copy characters, and therefore is not blamed for the inconſiſtency of ſtateſmen, the injuſtice of tyrants, or the cowardice of commanders. The difficulty of making variety conſiſtent, or uniting probability with ſurprize, needs not to diſturb him; the manners and actions of his perſonages are already fixed; his materials are provided and put into his hands, and he is at leiſure to employ all his powers in arranging and diſplaying them.

Yet, even with theſe advantages, very few in any age have been able to raiſe themſelves to reputation by writing hiſtories; and among

the innumerable authors who fill every nation with accounts of their anceſtors, or undertake to tranſmit to futurity the events of their own time, the greater part, when faſhion and novelty have ceaſed to recommend them, are of no other uſe than chronological memorials, which neceſſity may ſometimes require to be conſulted, but which fright away curioſity, and diſguſt delicacy.

It is obſerved, that our nation, which has produced ſo many authors eminent for almoſt every other ſpecies of literary excellence, has been hitherto remarkably barren of hiſtorical genius; and ſo far has this defect raiſed prejudices againſt us, that ſome have doubted, whether an Engliſhman can ſtop at that mediocrity of ſtyle, or confine his mind to that even tenour of imagination which narrative requires.

They who can believe that nature has ſo capriciouſly diſtributed underſtanding, have ſurely no claim to the honour of ſerious confutation. The inhabitants of the ſame country have oppoſite characters in different ages; the prevalence or neglect of any particular ſtudy can proceed only from the accidental influence of ſome temporary cauſe; and if we have failed in hiſtory, we can have failed only becauſe hiſtory has not hitherto been diligently cultivated.

But how is it evident, that we have not hiſtorians among us, whom we may venture to place in compariſon with any that the neighbouring nations can produce? The attempt of Raleigh is deſervedly celebrated for the labour of his reſearches, and the elegance of his ſtyle; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his genius, to ſelect facts, rather than adorn them; and has produced an hiſtorical diſſertation, but ſeldom riſen to the majeſty of hiſtory.

The works of Clarendon deſerve more regard. His diction is indeed neither exact in itſelf, nor ſuited to the purpoſe of hiſtory. It is the effuſion of a mind crowded with ideas, and deſirous of imparting them; and therefore always accumulating words, and involving one clauſe and ſentence in another. But there is in his negligence a rude inartificial majeſty, which, without the nicety of laboured elegance, ſwells the mind by its plenitude and diffuſion. His narration is not perhaps ſufficiently rapid, being ſtopped too frequently by particularities, which, though they might ſtrike the author who was preſent at the tranſactions, will not equally detain the attention of poſterity. But this ignorance or careleſſneſs of the art of writing is amply compenſated by his knowledge of nature and of policy, the wiſdom of his maxims, the juſtneſs of his reaſonings, and the variety, diſtinctneſs, and ſtrength of his characters.

But none of our writers can, in my opinion, juſtly conteſt the ſuperiority of Knolles, who, in his hiſtory of the Turks, has diſplayed all the excellencies that narration can admit. His ſtyle, though ſomewhat obſcured by time, and ſometimes vitiated by falſe wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear. A wonderful multiplicity of events is ſo artfully arranged, and ſo diſtinctly explained, that each facilitates the knowledge of the next. Whenever a new perſonage is introduced, the reader is prepared by his character for his actions; when a nation is firſt attacked, or city beſieged, he is made acquainted with its hiſtory, or ſituation; ſo that a great part of the world is brought into view. The deſcriptions of this author are without minuteneſs, and the digreſſions without oſtentation. Collateral events are ſo artfully woven into the contexture of his principal ſtory, that they cannot be disjoined, without leaving it lacerated and broken. There is nothing turgid in his dignity, nor ſuperfluous in his copiouſneſs. His orations only, which he feigns, like the ancient hiſtorians, to have been pronounced on remarkable occaſions, are tedious and languid; and ſince they are merely the voluntary ſports of imagination, prove how much the moſt judicious and ſkilful may be miſtaken, in the eſtimate of their own powers.

Nothing could have ſunk this author in obſcurity, but the remoteneſs and barbarity of the people whoſe ſtory he relates. It ſeldom happens, that all circumſtances concur to happineſs or fame. The nation which produced this great hiſtorian has the grief of ſeeing his genius employed upon a foreign and unintereſting ſubject; and that writer who might have ſecured perpetuity to his name, by a hiſtory of his own country, has expoſed himſelf to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none deſire to be informed.

No. CXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1751.

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. HOR.

What ſeaſon'd firſt the veſſel, keeps the taſte.
CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH I have ſo long found myſelf deluded by projects of honour and diſtinction, that I often reſolve to admit them no more into my heart; yet how determinately ſoever excluded, they always recover their dominion by force or ſtratagem; and whenever, after the ſhorteſt relaxation of vigilance, reaſon and caution return to their charge, they find hope again in poſſeſſion, with all her train of pleaſures dancing about her.

Even while I am preparing to write a hiſtory of diſappointed expectations, I cannot forbear to flatter myſelf, that you and your readers are impatient for my performance; and that the ſons of learning have laid down ſeveral of your late papers with diſcontent, when they found that Myſocapelus had delayed to continue his narrative.

But the deſire of gratifying the expectations that I have raiſed, is not the only motive of this relation, which, having once promiſed it, I think myſelf no longer at liberty to forbear. For however I may have wiſhed to clear myſelf from every other adheſion of trade, I hope I ſhall be always wiſe enough to retain my punctuality, and amidſt all my new arts of politeneſs, continue to deſpiſe negligence, and deteſt falſehood.

When the death of my brother had diſmiſſed me from the duties of a ſhop, I conſidered myſelf as reſtored to the rights of my birth, and entitled to the rank and reception which my anceſtors obtained. I was, however, embarraſſed with many difficulties at my firſt reentrance into the world; for my haſte to be a gentleman inclined me to precipitate meaſures; and every accident that forced me back towards my old ſtation was conſidered by me as an obſtruction of my happineſs.

It was with no common grief and indignation, that I found my former companions ſtill daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices ſometimes pulling me by the ſleeve as I was walking in the ſtreet, and without any terror of my new ſword, which was, notwithſtanding, of an uncommon ſize, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old houſe, and entertaining me with hiſtories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my official ſtate, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to fright away theſe unwelcome familiarities, nothing was neceſſary, but that I ſhould, by ſplendor of dreſs, proclaim my union with a higher rank. I therefore ſent for my taylor; ordered a ſuit with twice the uſual quantity of lace; and that I might not let my perſecutors increaſe their confidence, by the habit of accoſting me, ſtaid at home till it was made.

This week of confinement I paſſed in practiſing a forbidden frown, a ſmile of condeſcenſion, a ſlight ſalutation, and an abrupt departure; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel, with ſo much levity and ſprightlineſs, that I made no doubt of diſcouraging all publick attempts upon my dignity. I therefore iſſued forth in my new coat, with a reſolution of dazzling intimacy to a fitter diſtance; and pleaſed myſelf with the timidity and reverence which I ſhould impreſs upon all who had hitherto preſumed to haraſs me with their freedoms. But, whatever was the cauſe, I did not find myſelf received with any new degree of reſpect; thoſe whom I intended to drive from me, ventured to advance with their uſual phraſes of benevolence; and thoſe whoſe acquaintance I ſolicited grew more ſupercilious and reſerved. I began ſoon to repent the expence, by which I had procured no advantage, and to ſuſpect that a ſhining dreſs, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itſelf, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

Many were the mortifications and calamities which I was condemned to ſuffer in my initiation to politeneſs. I was ſo much tortured by the inceſſant civilities of my companions, that I never paſſed through that region of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn; and at laſt left my lodgings, and fixed myſelf in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman juſt returned from his travels, and was pleaſed to have my landlord believe, that I was in ſome danger from importunate creditors; but this ſcheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation ſent to offer me, though I had now retired from buſineſs, the freedom of my company.

I was now detected in trade, and therefore reſolved to ſtay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my ſervants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with ſecret ſatisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatneſs and felicity of the eſquire; though the converſation ſeldom ended without ſome complaint of my covetouſneſs, or ſome remark upon my language or my gait. I now began to venture into the publick walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties; but could not obſerve, without wonder, as I paſſed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to converſation, and was ſomewhat weary of walking in crowds without a companion, yet continued to come and go with the reſt, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crowded paſſage, as ſhe was about to ſtep into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as ſhe had often diſtinguiſhed me for my modeſt and reſpectful behaviour, whenever I ſet up for myſelf, I might expect to ſee her among my firſt cuſtomers.

Here was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed ſometimes entered the walks again, but was always blaſted by this deſtructive lady, whoſe miſchievous generoſity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practiſe my adſcititious character upon another ſtage, I betook myſelf to a coffee-houſe frequented by wits, among whom I learned in a ſhort time the cant of criticiſm, and talked ſo loudly and volubly of nature, and manners, and ſentiment, and diction, and ſimiles, and contraſts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often deſired to lead the hiſs and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and the poets. Many a ſentence have I hiſſed which I did not underſtand, and many a groan have I uttered when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At laſt a malignant author, whoſe performance I had perſecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epitaph upon Tape the critick, which drove me from the pit for ever.

My deſire to be a fine gentleman ſtill continued: I therefore, after a ſhort ſuſpence, choſe a new ſet of friends at the gaming-table, and was for ſome time pleaſed with the civility and openneſs with which I found myſelf treated. I was indeed obliged to play; but being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never ſurpriſed into large ſums. What might have been the conſequence of long familiarity with theſe plunderers, I had not the opportunity of knowing; for one night the conſtables entered and ſeized us, and I was once more compelled to ſink into my former condition, by ſending for my old maſter to atteſt my character.

When I was deliberating to what new qualifications I ſhould aſpire, I was ſummoned into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to diſtinguiſh myſelf, and to ſupport the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horſes; and, contrary to the expectation of the tenants, increaſed the ſalary of the huntſman. But when I entered the field, it was ſoon diſcovered that I was not deſtined to the glories of the chace. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marſh; I ſhivered on the brink of a river while the ſportſman croſſed it, and trembled at the ſight of a five-bar gate. When the ſport and danger were over, I was ſtill equally diſconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feeble whiſpering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A fall, by which my ribs were broken, ſoon recalled me to domeſtick pleaſures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but wherever I came, there was always ſome unlucky converſation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or

thread, which drove all my ſtock of compliments out of my memory, and overwhelmed me with ſhame and dejection.

Thus I paſſed the ten firſt years after the death of my brother, in which I have learned at laſt to repreſs that ambition which I could never gratify; and inſtead of waſting more of my life in vain endeavours after accompliſhments, which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain, I ſhall confine my care to thoſe higher excellencies which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and eaſe, hope to ſecure eſteem by honeſty and truth. I am, &c.

MISOCAPELUS.

No. CXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1751.

——Tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.

HOR.

To range in ſilence through each healthful wood,
And muſe what's worthy of the wiſe and good.

ELPHINSTON.

THE ſeaſon of the year is now come, in which the theatres are ſhut and the card-tables forſaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleaſure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to ſtill ſcenes and erratick gratifications. Thoſe who have paſſed many months in a continual tumult of diverſion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon ſome new appointment; nor ſlept at night without a dream of dances, muſick, and good hands, or of ſoft ſighs, and humble ſupplications; muſt now retire to diſtant provinces, where the ſirens of flattery are ſcarcely to be heard, where beauty ſparkles without praiſe or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As I think it one of the moſt important duties of ſocial benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity, when by timely prevention it may be turned aſide, or by preparatory meaſures be more eaſily endured, I cannot feel the increaſing warmth, or obſerve the lengthening days, without conſidering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has ſo long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accuſtomed to hope for delight; and who, till faſhion proclaims the liberty of returning to the ſeats of mirth and elegance, muſt endure the rugged ſquire, the ſober houſewife, the loud huntſman, or the formal parſon, the roar of obſtreperous jollity, or the dulneſs of prudential inſtruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of ſolitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniencies, and muſt learn, however unwillingly, to endure themſelves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be ſaid to roll on with a ſtrong and rapid current; they float along from pleaſure to pleaſure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and purſue the courſe of the ſtream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themſelves in progreſſion, and careleſs whither they are going. But the months of ſummer are a kind of ſleeping ſtagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themſelves forward by their own labour, and to direct their paſſage by their own ſkill; and where, if they have not ſome internal principle of activity, they muſt be ſtranded upon ſhallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are, indeed, ſome to whom this univerſal diſſolution of gay ſocieties affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without diſgrace, the poſt which they have found themſelves unable to maintain; and of ſeeming to retreat only at the call of nature, from aſſemblies where, after a ſhort triumph of uncontеſted ſuperiority, they are overpowered by ſome new intruder of ſofter elegance or ſprightlier vivacity. By theſe, hopeleſs of victory, and yet aſhamed to confeſs a conqueſt, the ſummer is regarded as a releaſe from the fatiguing ſervices of celebrity, a diſmiſſion to more certain joys and a ſafer empire. They now ſolace themſelves with the influence which they ſhall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the luſtre which they ſhall effuſe, when nothing can be ſeen of brighter ſplendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with

which the ruſticks will crowd about them; plan the laws of a new aſſembly; or contrive to deluſe provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thouſand pleaſing expectations ſwarm in the fancy; and all the approaching weeks are filled with diſtinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconſtancy and deſertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to loſe four months in inactive obſcurity. Many complaints do vexation and deſire extort from thoſe exiled tyrants of the town, againſt the inexorable ſun, who purſues his courſe without any regard to love or beauty; and viſits either tropick at the ſtated time, whether ſhunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of publick reſort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtſhip, ſubmiſſion, and applauſe, a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praiſe of ignorance, and the ſubjection of weakneſs, are little regarded by beauties who have been accuſtomed to more important conqueſts, and more valuable panegyricks. Nor indeed ſhould the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble conteſt with the ruddy milkmaid.

How then muſt four long months be worn away? Four months, in which there will be no routs, no ſhews, no ridottos; in which viſits muſt be regulated by the weather, and aſſemblies will depend upon the moon! The Platoniſts imagine, that the future puniſhment of thoſe who have in this life debaſed their reaſon by ſubjection to their ſenſes, and have preferred the groſs gratifications of lewdneſs and luxury, to the pure and ſublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will ariſe from the predominance and ſolicitations of the ſame appetites, in a ſtate which can furniſh no means of appeaſing them. I cannot but ſuſpect that this month, bright with ſunſhine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadow with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorifick radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infuſions of imagery, and the naturaliſt new ſcenes of obſervation; this month will chain down multitudes to the Platonick penance of deſire without enjoyment, and hurry them from the higheſt ſatisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a ſtate of hopeleſs wiſhes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpoſe, and the hand of avarice ſhuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tedioufneſs of this melancholy ſuſpenſion of life, I would willingly preſerve thoſe who are expoſed to it, only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wiſdom or virtue, though they have been diſſipated by negligence, or miſled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happineſs, though it ſhould be neceſſary to ſtruggle with habit, and abandon faſhion. To theſe many arts of ſpending time might be recommended, which would neither ſadden the preſent hour with wearineſs, nor the future with repentance.

It would ſeem impoſſible to a ſolitary ſpeculatiſt, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midſt of a world filled with variety, perpetually preſſing upon the ſenſes and irritating curioſity, is ſurely a ſufficient ſecurity againſt the languiſhment of inattention. Novelty is indeed neceſſary to preſerve eagerneſs and alacrity; but art and nature have ſtores inexhauſtible by human intellects; and every moment produces ſomething new to him who has quickened his faculties by diligent obſervation.

Some ſtudies, for which the country and the ſummer afford peculiar opportunities, I ſhall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future eſſay; but if there be any apprehenſion not apt to admit unaccuſtomed ideas, or any attention ſo ſtubborn and inflexible, as not eaſily to comply with new directions, even theſe obſtructions cannot exclude the pleaſure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of religion, ſincerely and regularly performed, will always be ſufficient to exalt the meaneſt, and to exerciſe the higheſt, underſtanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by ſtated duties to meditations on eternal intereſts; nor can any hour be long, which is ſpent in obtaining ſome new qualification for celeſtial happineſs.

No. CXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1751.

Deſcriptas ſervare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?

HOR.

But if, through weakneſs, or my want of art,
I can't to ev'ry different ſtyle impart
The proper ſtrokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?

FRANCIS.

IT is one of the maxims of the civil law, that *definitions are hazardous*. Things modified by human underſtandings, ſubject to varieties of complication, and changeable as experience advances knowledge, or accident influences caprice, are ſcarcely to be included in any ſtanding form of expreſſion, becauſe they are always ſuffering ſome alteration of their ſtate. Definition is, indeed, not the province of man; every thing is ſet above or below our faculties. The works and operations of nature are too great in their extent, or too much diffuſed in their relations, and the performances of art too inconſtant and uncertain to be reduced to any determinate idea. It is impoſſible to impreſs upon our minds an adequate and juſt repreſentation of an object ſo great that we can never take it into our view, or ſo mutable that it is always changing under our eye, and has already loſt its form while we are labouring to conceive it.

Definitions have been no leſs difficult or uncertain in criticiſms than in law. Imagination, a licentious and vagrant faculty, unſuſceptible of limitations, and impatient of reſtraint, has always endeavoured to baffle the logician, to perplex the confines of diſtinction, and burſt the incloſures of regularity. There is therefore ſcarcely any ſpecies of writing, of which we can tell what is its eſſence, and what are its conſtituents; every new genius produces ſome innovation, which, when invented and approved, ſubverts the rules which the practice of foregoing authors had eſtabliſhed.

Comedy has been particularly unpropitious to definers; for though perhaps they might properly have contented themſelves with declaring it to be *ſuch a dramatick repreſentation of human life as may excite mirth*, they have embarraſſed their definition with the means by which the comick writers attain their end, without conſidering that the various methods of exhilarating their audience, not being limited by nature, cannot be compriſed in precept. Thus ſome make comedy a repreſentation of mean, and others of bad men; ſome think that its eſſence conſiſts in the unimportance, others in the fictitiouſneſs of the tranſaction. But any man's reflections will inform him, that every dramatick compoſition which raiſes mirth is comick; and that, to raiſe mirth, it is by no means univerſally neceſſary that the perſonages ſhould be either mean or corrupt, nor always requiſite that the action ſhould be trivial, nor even that it ſhould be fictitious.

If the two kinds of dramatick poetry had been defined only by their effects upon the mind, ſome [illegible]rdities might have been prevented, with[illegible]hich the compoſitions of our greateſt poets are diſgraced, who for want of ſome ſettled ideas and accurate diſtinctions, have unhappily confounded tragick with comick ſentiments. They ſeem to have thought, that as the meanneſs of perſonages conſtituted comedy, their greatneſs was ſufficient to form a tragedy; and that nothing was neceſſary but that they ſhould crowd the ſcene with monarchs, and generals, and guards; and make them talk, at certain intervals, of the downfal of kingdoms, and the rout of armies. They have not conſidered that thoughts or incidents, in themſelves ridiculous, grow ſtill more groteſque by the ſolemnity of ſuch characters; that reaſon and nature are uniform and inflexible; and that what is deſpicable and abſurd will not, by any aſſociation with ſplendid titles, become rational or great; that the moſt important affairs, by an intermixture of an unſeaſonable levity, may be made contemptible; and that the robes of royalty can give no dignity to nonſenſe or folly.

'Comedy,' ſays Horace, 'ſometimes raiſes 'her voice;' and tragedy may likewiſe on proper occaſions abate her dignity; but as the comick perſonages can only depart from their familiarity of ſtyle, when the more violent paſſions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy ſhould never deſcend to trifle, but in the hours of eaſe and intermiſſions of danger. Yet in the tragedy of Don Sebaſtian, when the king of Portugal is in the hands of his enemy, and having juſt drawn the lot, by which he is condemned to die, breaks out into a wild boaſt that his duſt ſhall take poſſeſſion of Africk, the dialogue proceeds thus between the captive and his conqueror:

Muley Moluch. What ſhall I do to conquer thee?
Seb. Impoſſible!
Souls know no conquerors.
M. Mol. I'll ſhew thee for a monſter thro' my Africk.
Seb. No; thou canſt only ſhew me for a man:
Africk is ſtor'd with monſters; man's a prodigy
Thy ſubjects have not ſeen.
M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if
Still at the head of battle.
Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,
For there I would not talk.
Benducar, the Miniſter. Sure he would ſleep.

This converſation, with the ſly remark of the miniſter, can only be found not to be comick, becauſe it wants the probability neceſſary to repreſentations of common life, and degenerates too much towards buffoonery and farce.

The ſame play affords a ſmart return of the general to the emperor, who, enforcing his orders for the death of Sebeſtian, vents his impatience in this abrupt threat:

———No more replies,
But ſee thou do'ſt it: Or——

To which Dorax anſwers,

Choak in that threat: I can ſay Or as loud.

A thouſand inſtances of ſuch impropriety might be produced, were not one ſcene in Aureng-Zebe ſufficient to exemplify it. Indamora, a captive queen, having Aureng-Zebe for her lover, employs Arimant, to whoſe charge ſhe had been intruſted, and whom ſhe had made ſenſible of her charms, to carry a meſſage to his rival.

ARIMANT, *with a letter in his hand:* INDAMORA.

Arim. And I the meſſenger to him from you?
Your empire you to tyranny purſue:
You lay commands, both cruel and unjuſt,
To ſerve my rival and betray my truſt.
Ind. You firſt betray'd your truſt in loving me:
And ſhould not I my own advantage ſee?
Serving my love, you may my friendſhip gain:
You know the reſt of your pretences vain.
You muſt, my Arimant, you muſt be kind:
'Tis in your nature, and your noble mind.
Arim. I'll to the king, and ſtrait my truſt reſign.
Ind. His truſt you may, but you ſhall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my confidant and friend:
As ſuch, I keep no ſecret from your ſight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind,
If 'tis indited, as I meant it, kind.
Arim. *I aſk not Heav'n my freedom to reſtore,* [Reading.
But only for your ſake——I'll read no more.
And yet I muſt———
Leſs for my own, than for your ſorrow ſad—
[Reading.
Another line, like this, would make me mad:
Heav'n! ſhe goes on—yet more—and yet more kind! [*As Reading.*
Each ſentence is a dagger to my mind.
See me this night—— [Reading.
Thank fortune, who did ſuch a friend provide;
For faithful Arimant *ſhall be your guide.*
Not only to be made an inſtrument,
But pre-engag'd without my own conſent!
Ind. Unknown t' engage you, ſtill augments my ſcore,
And gives you ſcope of meriting the more.
Arim. The beſt of men
Some intereſt in their actions muſt confeſs;
None merit, but in hope they may poſſeſs:
The fatal paper rather let me tear,
Than, like Bellerophon, my own ſentence bear.
Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your beſt advice:
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you muſt obey me, ſoon or late:
Why ſhould you vainly ſtruggle with your fate?
Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n! thou haſt been wond'rous kind!
Why am I thus to ſlavery deſign'd,
And yet am cheated with a freeborn mind!

Or make thy orders with my reaſon ſuit,
Or let me live by ſenſe, a glorious brute—
[*She frowns.*
You frown, and I obey with ſpeed, before
That dreadful ſentence comes, *See me no more.*

In this ſcene, every circumſtance concurs to turn tragedy to farce. The wild abſurdity of the expedient; the contemptible ſubjection of the lover; the folly of obliging him to read the letter, only becauſe it ought to have been concealed from him; the frequent interruptions of amorous impatience; the faint expoſtulations of a voluntary ſlave; the imperious haughtineſs of a tyrant without power; the deep reflection of the yielding rebel upon fate and freewill; and his wiſe wiſh to loſe his reaſon as ſoon as he finds himſelf about to do what he cannot perſuade his reaſon to approve, are ſurely ſufficient to awaken the moſt torpid riſibility.

There is ſcarce a tragedy of the laſt century which has not debaſed its moſt important incidents, and polluted its moſt ſerious interlocutions with buffoonery and meanneſs; but though perhaps it cannot be pretended that the preſent age has added much to the force and efficacy of the dramma, it has at leaſt been able to eſcape many faults, which either ignorance had overlooked, or indulgence had licenſed. The later tragedies indeed have faults of another kind, perhaps more deſtructive to delight, though leſs open to cenſure. That perpetual tumour of phraſe with which every thought is now expreſſed by every perſonage, the paucity of adventures which regularity admits, and the unvaried equality of flowing dialogue, has taken away from our preſent writers almoſt all that dominion over the paſſions which was the boaſt of their predeceſſors. Yet they may at leaſt claim this commendation, that they avoid groſs faults, and that, if they cannot often move terror or pity, they are always careful not to provoke laughter.

No. CXXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1751.

—Nihil eſt aliud magnum quam multa minuta.

VET. AUCT.

Sands from the mountain, moments make the year.

YOUNG.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AMONG other topicks of converſation which your papers ſupply, I was lately engaged in a diſcuſſion of the character given by Tranquilla of her lover Venuſtulus, whom, notwithſtanding the ſeverity of his miſtreſs, the greater number ſeemed inclined to acquit of unmanly or culpable timidity.

One of the company remarked, that prudence ought to be diſtinguiſhed from fear; and that if Venuſtulus was afraid of nocturnal adventures, no man who conſidered how much every avenue of the town was infeſted with robbers, could think him blameable; for why ſhould life be hazarded without proſpect of honour or advantage? Another was of opinion, that a brave man might be afraid of croſſing the river in the calmeſt weather; and declared, that, for his part, while there were coaches and a bridge, he would never be ſeen tottering in a wooden caſe, out of which he might be thrown by any irregular agitation, or which might be overſet by accident, or negligence, or by the force of a ſudden guſt, or the ruſh of a large veſſel. It was his cuſtom, he ſaid, to keep the ſecurity of day-light, and dry ground; for it was a maxim with him, that no wiſe man ever periſhed by water, or was loſt in the dark.

The next was humbly of opinion, that if Tranquilla had ſeen, like him, the cattle run roaring about the meadows in the hot months, ſhe would not have thought meanly of her lover for not venturing his ſafety among them. His neighbour then told us, that for his part he was not aſhamed to confeſs, that he could not ſee a rat, though it was dead, without palpitation; that he had been driven ſix times out of his lodgings either by rats or mice; and that he always had a bed in the cloſet for his ſervant, whom he called up whenever the enemy was in motion. Another wondered that any man ſhould think himſelf diſgraced by a precipitate retreat from a dog; for there was always a poſſibility that a dog might be mad; and that ſure-

ly, though there was no danger but of being bit by a fierce animal, there was more wiſdom in flight than conteſt. By all theſe declarations another was encouraged to confeſs, that if he had been admitted to the honour of paying his addreſſes to Tranquilla, he ſhould have been likely to incur the ſame cenſure; for among all the animals upon which nature has impreſſed deformity and horror, there was none whom he durſt not encounter rather than a beetle.

Thus, Sir, though cowardice is univerſally defined too cloſe and anxious an attention to perſonal ſafety, there will be found ſcarcely any fear, however exceſſive in its degree, or unreaſonable in its object, which will be allowed to characterize a coward. Fear is a paſſion which every man feels ſo frequently predominant in his own breaſt, that he is unwilling to hear it cenſured with great aſperity; and, perhaps, if we confeſs the truth, the ſame reſtraint which would hinder a man from declaiming againſt the frauds of any employment among thoſe who profeſs it, ſhould with-hold him from treating fear with contempt among human beings.

Yet ſince fortitude is one of thoſe virtues which the condition of our nature makes hourly neceſſary, I think you cannot better direct your admonitions than againſt ſuperfluous and panick terrors. Fear is implanted in us as a preſervative from evil; but its duty, like that of other paſſions, is not to overbear reaſon, but to aſſiſt it; nor ſhould it be ſuffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raiſe phantoms of horror, or beſet life with ſupernumerary diſtreſſes.

To be always afraid of loſing life is, indeed, ſcarcely to enjoy a life that can deſerve the care of preſervation. He that once indulges idle fears will never be at reſt. Our preſent ſtate admits only of a kind of negative ſecurity; we muſt conclude ourſelves ſafe when we ſee no danger, or none adequate to our powers of oppoſition. Death indeed continually hovers about us, but hovers commonly unſeen, unleſs we ſharpen our ſight by uſeleſs curioſity.

There is always a point at which caution, however ſolicitous, muſt limit its preſervatives, becauſe one terror often counteracts another. I once knew one of the ſpeculatiſts of cowardice, whoſe reigning diſturbance was the dread of houſe-breakers. His enquiries were for nine years employed upon the beſt method of barring a window, or a door; and many an hour has he ſpent in eſtabliſhing the preference of a bolt to a lock. He had at laſt, by the daily ſuperaddition of new expedients, contrived a door which could never be forced; for one bar was ſecured by another with ſuch intricacy of ſubordination, that he was himſelf not always able to diſengage them in the proper method. He was happy in this fortification, till being aſked how he would eſcape if he was threatened by fire, he diſcovered, that with all his care and expence, he had only been aſſiſting his own deſtruction. He then immediately tore off his bolts, and now leaves at night his outer-door half-locked, that he may not by his own folly periſh in the flames.

There is one ſpecies of terror which thoſe who are unwilling to ſuffer the reproach of cowardice have wiſely dignified with the name of *antipathy*. A man who talks with intrepidity of the monſters of the wilderneſs while they are out of ſight, will readily confeſs his *antipathy* to a mole, a weaſel, or a frog. He has indeed no dread of harm from an inſect or worm, but his *antipathy* turns him pale whenever they approach him. He believes that a boat will tranſport him with as much ſafety as his neighbours, but he cannot conquer his *antipathy* to the water. Thus he goes on without any reproach from his own reflections, and every day multiplies *antipathies*, till he becoms contemptible to others, and burdenſome to himſelf.

It is indeed certain, that impreſſions of dread may ſometimes be unluckily made by objects not in themſelves juſtly formidable; but when fear is diſcovered to be groundleſs, it is to be eradicated like other falſe opinions, and *antipathies* are generally ſuperable by a ſingle effort. He that has been taught to ſhudder at a mouſe, if he can perſuade himſelf to riſque one encounter, will find his own ſuperiority, and exchange his terrors for the pride of conqueſt.

I am, Sir, &c.

THRASO.

SIR,

AS you profeſs to extend your regard to the minuteneſs of decency, as well as to the dignity of ſcience, I cannot forbear to lay before you a mode of perſecution by which I have been exiled to taverns and coffee-

houſes, and deterred from entering the doors of my friends.

Among the ladies who pleaſe themſelves with ſplendid furniture, or elegant entertainment, it is a practice very common, to aſk every gueſt how he likes the carved work of the cornice, or the figures of the tapeſtry; the china at the table, or the plate on the ſide-board; and on all occaſions to enquire his opinion of their judgment and their choice. Melania has laid her new watch in the window nineteeen times, that ſhe may deſire me to look upon it. Caliſta has an art of dropping her ſnuff-box by drawing out her handkerchief, that when I pick it up I may admire it; and Fulgentia has conducted me, by miſtake, into the wrong room, at every viſit I have paid ſince her picture was put into a new frame.

I hope, Mr. Rambler, you will inform them, that no man ſhould be denied the privilege of ſilence, or tortured to falſe declarations; and that though ladies may juſtly claim to be exempt from rudeneſs, they have no right to force unwilling civilities. To pleaſe is a laudable and elegant ambition, and is properly rewarded with honeſt praiſe; but to ſeize applauſe by violence, and call out for commendation, without knowing or caring to know, whether it be given from conviction, is a ſpecies of tyranny by which modeſty is oppreſſed, and ſincerity corrupted. The tribute of admiration, thus exacted by impudence and importunity, differs from the reſpect paid to ſilent merit, as the plunder of a pirate from the merchant's profit. I am, &c.

MISOCOLAX.

SIR,

YOUR great predeceſſor, the Spectator, endeavoured to diffuſe among his female readers a deſire of knowledge; nor can I charge you, though you do not ſeem equally attentive to the ladies, with endeavouring to diſcourage them from any laudable purſuit. But however either he or you may excite our curioſity, you have not yet informed us how it may be gratified. The world ſeems to have formed an univerſal conſpiracy againſt our underſtandings; our queſtions are ſuppoſed not to expect anſwers, our arguments are confuted with a jeſt, and we are treated like beings who tranſgreſs the limits of our nature whenever we aſpire to ſerioufneſs or improvement.

I enquired yeſterday of a gentleman eminent for aſtronomical ſkill, what made the day long in ſummer, and ſhort in winter; and was told that nature had protracted the days in ſummer, leſt ladies ſhould want time to walk in the park; and the nights in winter, leſt they ſhould not have hours ſufficient to ſpend at the card-table.

I hope you do not doubt but I heard ſuch information with juſt contempt, and I deſire you to diſcover to this great maſter of ridicule, that I was far from wanting any intelligence which he could have given me. I aſked the queſtion with no other intention than to ſet him free from the neceſſity of ſilence, and give him an opportunity of mingling on equal terms with a polite aſſembly, from which, however uneaſy, he could not then eſcape, by a kind introduction of the only ſubject on which I believed him able to ſpeak with propriety. I am, &c. GENEROSA.

No. CXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1751.

Cæpiſti melius quam deſinis: ultima primis
Cedunt: diſſimiles hic vir, et ille puer.

OVID.

Succeeding years thy early fame deſtroy;
Thou, who began'ſt a man, wilt end a boy.

POLITIAN, a name eminent among the reſtorers of polite literature, when he publiſhed a collection of epigrams, prefixed to many of them the year of his age at which they were compoſed. He might deſign by this information, either to boaſt the early maturity of his genius, or to conciliate indulgence to the puerility of his performances. But whatever

was his intent, it is remarked by Scaliger, that he very little promoted his own reputation, becauſe he fell below the promiſe which his firſt productions had given, and in the latter part of his life ſeldom equalled the ſallies of his youth.

It is not uncommon for thoſe who at their firſt entrance into the world were diſtinguiſhed for attainments or abilities, to diſappoint the hopes which they had raiſed, and to end in neglect and obſcurity that life which they began in celebrity and honour. To the long catalogue of the inconveniencies of old age, which moral and ſatirical writers have ſo copiouſly diſplayed, may be often added the loſs of fame.

The advance of the human mind towards any object of laudable purſuit, may be compared to the progreſs of a body driven by a blow. It moves for a time with great velocity and vigour, but the force of the firſt impulſe is perpetually decreaſing, and though it ſhould encounter no obſtacle capable of quelling it by a ſudden ſtop, the reſiſtance of the medium through which it paſſes, and the latent inequalities of the ſmootheſt ſurface, will in a ſhort time by continued retardation wholly over-power it. Some hindrances will be found in every road of life, but he that fixes his eyes upon any thing at a diſtance, neceſſarily loſes ſight of all that fills up the intermediate ſpace, and therefore ſets forward with alacrity and confidence, nor ſuſpects a thouſand obſtacles by which he afterwards finds his paſſage embarraſſed and obſtructed. Some are indeed ſtopt at once in their career by a ſudden ſhock of calamity, or diverted to a different direction by the croſs impulſe of ſome violent paſſion; but far the greater part languiſh by ſlow degrees, deviate at firſt into ſlight obliquities, and themſelves ſcarcely perceive at what time their ardour forſook them, or when they loſt ſight of their original deſign.

Wearineſs and negligence are perpetually prevailing by ſilent encroachments, aſſiſted by different cauſes, and not obſerved till they cannot without great difficulty be oppoſed. Labour neceſſarily requires pauſes of eaſe and relaxation, and the deliciouſneſs of eaſe commonly makes us unwilling to return to labour. We, perhaps, prevail upon ourſelves to renew our attempts, but eagerly liſten to every argument for frequent interpoſitions of amuſement; for when indolence has once entered upon the mind, it can ſcarcely be diſpoſſeſſed but by ſuch efforts as very few are willing to exert.

It is the fate of induſtry to be equally endangered by miſcarriage and ſucceſs, by confidence and deſpondency. He that engages in a great undertaking with a falſe opinion of its facility, or to high conceptions of his own ſtrength, is eaſily diſcouraged by the firſt hindrance of his advances, becauſe he had promiſed himſelf an equal and perpetual progreſſion without impediment or diſturbance; when unexpected interruptions break in upon him, he is in the ſtate of a man ſurpriſed by a tempeſt, where he purpoſed only to baſk in the calm, or ſport in the ſhallows.

It is not only common to find the difficulty of an enterprize greater, but the profit leſs, than hope had pictured it. Youth enters the world with very happy prejudices in her own favour. She imagines herſelf not only certain of accompliſhing every adventure, but of obtaining thoſe rewards which the accompliſhment may deſerve. She is not eaſily perſuaded to believe that the force of merit can be reſiſted by obſtinacy and avarice, or its luſtre darkened by envy, and malignity. She has not yet learned that the moſt evident claims to praiſe or preferment, may be rejected by malice againſt conviction, or by indolence without examination; that they may be ſometimes defeated by artifices, and ſometimes overborne by clamour; that in the mingled numbers of mankind, many need no other provocation to enmity than that they find themſelves excelled; that others have ceaſed their curioſity, and conſider every man who fills the mouth of report with a new name, as an intruder upon their retreat, and diſturber of their repoſe; that ſome are engaged in complications of intereſt which they imagine endangered by every innovation; that many yield themſelves up implicitly to every report which hatred diſſeminates or folly ſcatters; and that whoever aſpires to the notice of the public, has in almoſt every man an enemy and a rival; and muſt ſtruggle with the oppoſition of the daring, and elude the ſtratagems of the timorous, muſt quicken the frigid and ſoften the obdurate, muſt reclaim perverſeneſs and inform ſtupidity.

It is no wonder that when the proſpect of reward has vaniſhed, the zeal of enter-

prize ſhould ceaſe; for who would perſevere to cultivate the ſoil which he has, after long labour, diſcovered to be barren? He who hath pleaſed himſelf with anticipated praiſes, and expected that he ſhould meet in every place with patronage or friendſhip, will ſoon remit his vigour, when he finds that from thoſe who deſire to be conſidered as his admirers nothing can be hoped but cold civility, and that many refuſe to own his excellence, leſt they ſhould be too juſtly expected to reward it.

A man, thus cut off from the proſpect of that port to which his addreſs and fortitude had been employed to ſteer him, often abandons himſelf to chance and to the wind, and glides careleſs and idle down the current of life, without reſolution to make another effort, till he is ſwallowed up by the gulph of mortality.

Others are betrayed to the ſame deſertion of themſelves by a contrary fallacy. It was ſaid of Hannibal, that he wanted nothing to the completion of his martial virtues, but that when he gained victory he ſhould know how to uſe it. The folly of deſiſting too ſoon from ſucceſsful labours, and the haſte of enjoying advantages before they are ſecured, is often fatal to men of impetuous deſire, to men whoſe conſciouſneſs of uncommon powers fills them with preſumption, and who having borne oppoſition down before them, and left emulation panting behind, are early perſuaded to imagine that they have reached the heights of perfection, and that now being no longer in danger from competitors, they may paſs the reſt of their days in the enjoyment of their acquiſitions, in contemplation of their own ſuperiority, and in attention to their own praiſes, and look unconcerned from their eminence upon the toils and contentions of meaner beings.

It is not ſufficiently conſidered in the hour of exultation, that all human excellence is comparative; that no man performs much but in proportion to what others accompliſh, or to the time and opportunities which have been allowed him; and that he who ſtops at any point of excellence is every day ſinking in eſtimation, becauſe his improvement grows continually more incommenſurate to his life. Yet, as no man willingly quits opinions favourable to himſelf, they who have once been juſtly celebrated, imagine that they ſtill have the ſame pretenſions to regard, and ſeldom perceive the diminution of their character while there is time to recover it. Nothing then remains but murmurs and remorſe; for if the ſpendthrift's poverty be embittered by the reflection that he once was rich, how muſt the idler's obſcurity be clouded by remembering that he once had luſtre!

Theſe errors all ariſe from an original miſtake of the true motives of action. He that never extends his view beyond the praiſes or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honours and applauſe. But the conſideration that life is only depoſited in his hands to be employed in obedience to a maſter who will regard his endeavours, not his ſucceſs, would have preſerved him from trivial elations and diſcouragements, and enabled him to proceed with conſtancy and cheerfulneſs, neither enervated by commendation, nor intimidated by cenſure.

No. CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1751.

Αἰὼν δ' ἀ'σφαλὴς
Οὐκ ἐγένετ', ὔτ' Αἰακίδᾳ παρὰ Πηλεῖ,
Οὔτε παρ' ἀντιθέῳ
Κάδμῳ· λέγονται γε μὰν βρότων
Ὄλβοι ὑπέρτατοι ὃι
Σχεῖν. PIND.

For not the brave, or wiſe, or great,
E'er yet had happineſs complete;
Nor Peleus, grandſon of the ſky,
Nor Cadmus, ſcap'd the ſhafts of pain,
Though favour'd by the pow'rs on high,
With ev'ry bliſs that man can gain.

THE writers who have undertaken the taſk of reconciling mankind to their preſent ſtate, and relieving the diſcontent produced by the various diſtribution of terreſtrial advantages, frequently remind us that we judge too haſtily of good and evil, that we view only the ſuperficies of life, and determine of the whole by a very ſmall part; and that in the condition of men it frequently happens, that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of proſperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by ſecret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is ſometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

None but thoſe who have learned the art of ſubjecting their ſenſes as well as reaſon to hypothetical ſyſtems, can be perſuaded by the moſt ſpecious rhetorician that the lots of life are equal; yet it cannot be denied that every one has his peculiar pleaſures and vexations, that external accidents operate variouſly upon different minds, and that no man can exactly judge from his own ſenſations, what another would feel in the ſame circumſtances.

If the general diſpoſition of things be eſtimated by the repreſentation which every one makes of his own ſtate, the world muſt be conſidered as the abode of ſorrow and miſery; for how few can forbear to relate their troubles and their diſtreſſes? If we judge by the account which may be obtained of every man's fortune from others, it may be concluded, that we are all placed in an elyſian region, overſpread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity; ſince ſcarcely any complaint is uttered without cenſure from thoſe that hear it, and almoſt all are allowed to have obtained a proviſion at leaſt adequate to their virtue or their underſtanding, to poſſeſs either more than they deſerve or more than they enjoy.

We are either born with ſuch diſſimilitude of temper and inclination, or receive ſo many of our ideas and opinions from the ſtate of life in which we are engaged, that the griefs and cares of one part of mankind ſeem to the other hypocriſy, folly, and affectation. Every claſs of ſociety has its cant of lamentation, which is underſtood or regarded by none but themſelves; and every part of life has its uneaſineſſes, which thoſe who do not feel them will not commiſerate. An event which ſpreads diſtraction over half the commercial world, aſſembles the trading companies in councils and committees, and ſhakes the nerves of a thouſand ſtockjobbers, is read by the landlord and the farmer with frigid indifference. An affair of love, which fills the young breaſt with inceſſant alternations of hope and fear, and ſteals away the night and day from every other pleaſure or employment, is regarded by them whoſe paſſions time has extinguiſhed, as an amuſement which can properly raiſe neither joy nor ſorrow, and though it may be ſuffered to fill the vacuity of an idle moment, ſhould always give way to prudence or intereſt.

He that never had any other deſire than to fill a cheſt with money, or to add another manor to his eſtate, who never grieved but at a bad mortgage, or entered a company but to make a bargain, would be aſtoniſhed to hear of beings known among the polite and gay by the denomination of wits. How would he gape

with curioſity, or grin with contempt, at the mention of beings who have no wiſh but to ſpeak what was never ſpoken before; who, if they happen to inherit wealth, often exhauſt their patrimonies in treating thoſe who will hear them talk; and if they are poor, neglect opportunities of improving their fortunes for the pleaſure of making others laugh? How ſlowly would he believe that there are men who would rather loſe a legacy than the reputation of a diſtich; who think it leſs diſgrace to want money than repartee; whom the vexation of having been foiled in a conteſt of raillery is ſometimes ſufficient to deprive of ſleep; and who would eſteem it a lighter evil to miſs a profitable bargain by ſome accidental delay, than not to have thought of a ſmart reply till the time of producing it was paſt? How little would he ſuſpect that this child of idleneſs and frolick enters every aſſembly with a beating boſom, like a litigant on the day of deciſion, and revolves the probability of applauſe with the anxiety of a conſpirator whoſe fate depends upon the next night; and at the hour of retirement he carries home, under a ſhew of airy negligence, a heart lacerated with envy, or depreſſed with diſappointment; and immures himſelf in his cloſet, that he may diſencumber his memory at leiſure, review the progreſs of the day, ſtate with accuracy his loſs or gain of reputation, and examine the cauſes of his failure or ſucceſs?

Yet more remote from common conceptions are the numerous and reſtleſs anxieties, by which female happineſs is particularly diſturbed. A ſolitary philoſopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and ſorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feaſted with unmingled pleaſure; for what can interrupt the content of thoſe upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours, and accumulate immunities; thoſe to whom rudeneſs is infamy, and inſult is cowardice; whoſe eye commands the brave, and whoſe ſmiles ſoften the ſevere; whom the ſailor travels to adorn, the ſoldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and ſcience, and for whom all who approach them endeavour to multiply delights, without requiring from them any return but willingneſs to be pleaſed?

Surely among theſe favourites of nature, thus unacquainted with toil and danger, felicity muſt have fixed her reſidence; they muſt know only the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys; their life muſt always move either to the ſlow or ſprightly melody of the lyre of gladneſs; they can never aſſemble but to pleaſure, or retire but to peace.

Such would be the thoughts of every man who ſhould hover at a diſtance round the world, and know it only by conjecture and ſpeculation. But experience will ſoon diſcover how eaſily thoſe are diſguſted who have been made nice by plenty, and tender by indulgence. He will ſoon ſee to how many dangers power is expoſed which has no other guard than youth and beauty, and how eaſily that tranquility is moleſted which can only be ſmoothed with the ſongs of flattery. It is impoſſible to ſupply wants as faſt as an idle imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniencies by which elegance refined into impatience may be offended. None are ſo hard to pleaſe as thoſe whom ſatiety of pleaſure makes weary of themſelves; nor any ſo readily provoked, as thoſe who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

There are indeed ſome ſtrokes which the envy of fate aims immediately at the fair. The miſtreſs of Catullus wept for her ſparrow many centuries ago, and lap-dogs will be ſometimes ſick in the preſent age. The moſt faſhionable brocade is ſubject to ſtains; a pinner, the pride of Bruſſels, may be torn by a careleſs waſher; a picture may drop from a watch; or the triumph of a new ſuit may be interrupted on the firſt day of its enjoyment, and all diſtinctions of dreſs unexpectedly obliterated by a general mourning.

Such is the ſtate of every age, every ſex, and every condition; all have their cares, either from nature or from folly: and whoever, therefore, finds himſelf inclined to envy another, ſhould remember that he knows not the real condition which he deſires to obtain, but is certain that, by indulging a vicious paſſion, he muſt leſſen that happineſs which he thinks already too ſparingly beſtowed.

No. CXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1751.

———Nunc, O nunc, Dædale, dixit,
Materiam, qua ſis ingenioſus, habes.
Poſſidet in terras, et poſſidet æquora Minos.
Nec tellus noſtræ, nec patet unda fugæ.
Reſtat iter coelo: coelo tentabimus ire.
Da veniam coepto, Jupiter alte, meo.

OVID.

Now, Dædalus, behold, by fate aſſign'd,
A taſk proportion'd to thy mighty mind!
Unconquer'd bars on earth and ſea withſtand;
Thine, Minos, is the main, and thine the land.
The ſkies are open—let us try the ſkies:
Forgive, great Jove, the daring enterprize.

MORALISTS, like other writers, inſtead of caſting their eyes abroad in the living world, and endeavouring to form maxims of practice and new hints of theory, content their curioſity with that ſecondary knowledge which books afford, and think themſelves entitled to reverence by a new arrangement of an ancient ſyſtem, or new illuſtration of eſtabliſhed principles. The ſage precepts of the firſt inſtructors of the world are tranſmitted from age to age with little variation, and echoed from one author to another, not perhaps without ſome loſs of their original force at every repercuſſion.

I know not whether any other reaſon than this idleneſs of imitation can be aſſigned for that uniform and conſtant partiality, by which ſome vices have hitherto eſcaped cenſure, and ſome virtues wanted recommendation; nor can I diſcover why elſe we have been warned only againſt part of our enemies, while the reſt have been ſuffered to ſteal upon us without notice; why the heart has on one ſide been doubly fortified, and laid open on the other to the incurſions of error, and the ravages of vice.

Among the favourite topicks of moral declamation, may be numbered the miſcarriages of imprudent boldneſs, and the folly of attempts beyond our power. Every page of every philoſopher is crowded with examples of temerity that ſunk under burthens which ſhe laid upon herſelf, and called out enemies to battle by whom ſhe was deſtroyed.

Their remarks are too juſt to be diſputed, and too ſalutary to be rejected; but there is likewiſe ſome danger leſt timorous prudence ſhould be inculcated till courage and enterprize are wholly repreſſed, and the mind congealed in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigorifick wiſdom.

Every man ſhould, indeed, carefully compare his force with his undertaking; for though we ought not to live only for our own ſakes, and though therefore danger or difficulty ſhould not be avoided merely becauſe we may expoſe ourſelves to miſery or diſgrace; yet it may be juſtly required of us, not to throw away our lives upon inadequate and hopeleſs deſigns, ſince we might, by a juſt eſtimate of our abilities, become more uſeful to mankind.

There is an irrational contempt of danger which approaches nearly to the folly, if not the guilt of ſuicide; there is a ridiculous perſeverance in impracticable ſchemes, which is juſtly puniſhed with ignominy and reproach. But in the wide regions of probability, which are the proper province of prudence and election, there is always room to deviate on either ſide of rectitude without ruſhing againſt apparent abſurdity; and according to the inclinations of nature, or the impreſſions of precept, the daring and the cautious may move in different directions without touching upon raſhneſs or cowardice.

That there is a middle path which it is every man's duty to find, and to keep, is unanimouſly confeſſed; but it is likewiſe acknowledged, that this middle path is ſo narrow, that it cannot eaſily be diſcovered, and ſo little beaten, that there are no certain marks by which it can be followed; the care, therefore, of all thoſe who conduct others has been, that whenever they decline into obliquities, they ſhould tend towards the ſide of ſafety.

It can, indeed, raiſe no wonder that temerity has been generally cenſured; for it is one of the vices with which few can be charged, and which therefore great numbers are ready to condemn. It is the vice of noble and generous minds, the exuberance of magnanimity, and the ebullition of genius; and is therefore not regarded with much tenderneſs, becauſe it never flatters us by that appearance of ſoftneſs and imbecility which is commonly neceſſary to conciliate compaſſion. But if the ſame attention had been applied to the ſearch of arguments againſt the folly of preſuppoſing impoſſibilities, and anticipating fruſtration, I know not whether many would not have been rouſed to uſefulneſs, who, having been taught to confound prudence with timidity, never ventured to excel, leſt they ſhould unfortunately fail.

It is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh our own intereſt from that of others, and that diſtinction will perhaps aſſiſt us in fixing the juſt limits of caution and adventurouſneſs. In an undertaking that involves the happineſs or the ſafety of many, we have certainly no right to hazard more than is allowed by thoſe who partake the danger; but where only ourſelves can ſuffer by miſcarriage, we are not confined within ſuch narrow limits; and ſtill leſs is the reproach of temerity, when numbers will receive advantage by ſucceſs, and only one be incommoded by failure.

Men are generally willing to hear precepts by which eaſe is favoured; and as no reſentment is raiſed by general repreſentations of human folly, even in thoſe who are moſt eminently jealous of comparative reputation, we confeſs, without reluctance, that vain man is ignorant of his own weakneſs, and therefore frequently preſumes to attempt what he can never accompliſh; but it ought likewiſe to be remembered, that a man is no leſs ignorant of his own powers, and might perhaps have accompliſhed a thouſand deſigns, which the prejudices of cowardice reſtrained him from attempting.

It is obſerved in the golden verſes of Pythagoras, that 'power is never far from neceſſity.' The vigour of the human mind quickly appears, when there is no longer any place for doubt and heſitation, when diffidence is abſorbed in the ſenſe of danger, or overwhelmed by ſome reſiſtleſs paſſion. We then ſoon diſcover, that difficulty is, for the moſt part, the daughter of idleneſs; that the obſtacles with which our way ſeemed to be obſtructed were only phantoms, which we believed real, becauſe we durſt not advance to a cloſe examination; and we learn that it is impoſſible to determine without experience how much conſtancy may endure, or perſeverance perform.

But whatever pleaſure may be found in the review of diſtreſſes when art or courage has ſurmounted them, few will be perſuaded to wiſh that they may be awakened by want or terror to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one ſhould therefore endeavour to invigorate himſelf by reaſon and reflection, and determine to exert the latent force that nature may have repoſited in him, before the hour of exigence comes upon him, and compulſion ſhall torture him to diligence. It is below the dignity of a reaſonable being to owe that ſtrength to neceſſity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to induſtry than the deſire of performing his duty.

Reflections that may drive away deſpair cannot be wanting to him who conſiders how much life is now advanced beyond the ſtate of naked, undiſciplined, uninſtructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, was believed impoſſible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not ſome, more daring than the reſt, adventured to bid defiance to prejudice and cenſure. Nor is there yet any reaſon to doubt that the ſame labour would be rewarded with the ſame ſucceſs. There are qualities in the products of nature yet undiſcovered, and combinations in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour that ſomething may be added by his induſtry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happineſs. To add much can indeed be the lot of few, but to add ſomething, however little, every one may hope; and of every honeſt endeavour, it is certain, that, however unſucceſsful, it will be at laſt rewarded.

No. CXXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1751.

Non ſic prata novo vere decentia
Æſtatis calidæ diſpoliat vapor,
Sævit ſolſtitio cum medius dies;———
Ut fulgor teneris qui radiat genis
Momento rapitur, nullaque non dies
Formoſi ſpolium corporis abſtulit.
Res eſt forma fugax. Quis ſapiens bono
Confidat fragili?

SENECA.

Not faſter in the ſummer's ray
The ſpring's frail beauty fades away,
Than anguiſh and decay conſume
The ſmiling virgin's roſy bloom.
Some beauty's ſnatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flow'r:
Then how can wiſdom e'er confide
In beauty's momentary pride?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have very lately obſerved, that in the numerous ſubdiviſions of the world, every claſs and order of mankind have joys and ſorrows of their own; we all feel hourly pain and pleaſure from events which paſs unheeded before other eyes, but can ſcarcely communicate our perceptions to minds preoccupied by different objects, any more than the delight of well-diſpoſed colours or harmonious ſounds can be imparted to ſuch as want the ſenſe of hearing or of ſight.

I am ſo ſtrongly convinced of the juſtneſs of this remark, and have on ſo many occaſions diſcovered with how little attention pride looks upon calamity of which ſhe thinks herſelf not in danger, and indolence liſtens to complaint when it is not echoed by her own remembrance, that though I am about to lay the occurrences of my life before you, I queſtion whether you will condeſcend to peruſe my narrative, or without the help of ſome female ſpeculatiſt be able to underſtand it.

I was born a beauty. From the dawn of reaſon I had my regard turned wholly upon myſelf, nor can recollect any thing earlier than praiſe and admiration. My mother, whoſe face had luckily advanced her to a condition above her birth, thought no evil ſo great as deformity. She had not the power of imagining any other defect than a cloudy complexion, or diſproportionate features; and therefore contemplated me as an aſſemblage of all that could raiſe envy or deſire, and predicted with triumphant fondneſs the extent of my conqueſts, and the number of my ſlaves.

She never mentioned any of my young acquaintance before me, but to remark how much they fell below my perfection; how one would have had a fine face but that her eyes were without luſtre; how another ſtruck the ſight at a diſtance, but wanted my hair and teeth at a nearer view; another diſgraced an elegant ſhape with a brown ſkin; ſome had ſhort fingers, and others dimples in a wrong place.

As ſhe expected no happineſs nor advantage but from beauty, ſhe thought nothing but beauty worthy of her care; and her maternal kindneſs was chiefly exerciſed in contrivances to protect me from any accident that might deface me with a ſcar, or ſtain me with a freckle: ſhe never thought me ſufficiently ſhaded from the ſun, or ſcreened from the fire. She was ſevere or indulgent with no other intention than the preſervation of my form; ſhe excuſed me from work, leſt I ſhould learn to hang down my head, or harden my finger with a needle; ſhe ſnatched away my book, becauſe a young lady in the neighbourhood had made her eyes red with reading by a candle; but ſhe would ſcarcely ſuffer me to eat, leſt I ſhould ſpoil my ſhape, nor to walk leſt I ſhould ſwell my ancle with a ſprain

At night I was accurately ſurveyed from head to foot, leſt I ſhould have ſuffered any diminution of my charms in the adventures of the day; and was never permitted to ſleep till I had paſſed through the coſmetick diſcipline, part of which was a regular luſtration performed with bean-flower water and May-dews; my hair was perfumed with variety of unguents, by ſome of which it was to be thickened, and by others to be curled. The ſoftneſs of my hands was ſecured by medicinal gloves, and my boſom rubbed with a pomade prepared by my mother, of virtue to diſcuſs pimples, and clear diſcolorations.

I was always called up early, becauſe the morning air gives a freſhneſs to the cheeks; but I was placed behind a curtain in my mother's chamber, becauſe the neck is eaſily tanned by the riſing ſun. I was then dreſſed with a thouſand precautions, and again heard my own praiſes, and triumphed in the compliments and prognoſtications of all who approached me.

My mother was not ſo much prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of my natural excellencies as not to think ſome cultivation neceſſary to their completion. She took care that I ſhould want none of the accompliſhments included in female education, or conſidered neceſſary in faſhionable life. I was looked upon in my ninth year as the chief ornament of the dancing-maſter's ball; and Mr. Ariet uſed to reproach his other ſcholars with my performances on the harpſichord. At twelve I was remarkable for playing my cards with great elegance of manner, and accuracy of judgment.

At laſt the time came when my mother thought me perfect in my exerciſes, and qualified to diſplay in the open world thoſe accompliſhments which had yet only been diſcovered in ſelect parties, or domeſtick aſſemblies. Preparations were therefore made for my appearance on a publick night, which ſhe conſidered as the moſt important and critical moment of my life. She cannot be charged with neglecting any means of recommendation, or leaving any thing to chance which prudence could aſcertain. Every ornament was tried in every poſition, every friend was conſulted about the colour of my dreſs, and the mantuamakers were harraſſed with directions and alterations.

At laſt the night arrived from which my future life was to be reckoned. I was dreſſed and ſent out to conquer, with a heart beating like that of an old knight-errant at his firſt ſally. Scholars have told me of a Spartan matron, who, when ſhe armed her ſon for battle, bade him bring back his ſhield, or be brought upon it. My venerable parent diſmiſſed me to a field, in her opinion of equal glory, with a command to ſhew that I was her daughter, and not to return without a lover.

I went, and was received like other pleaſing novelties with a tumult of applauſe. Every man who valued himſelf upon the graces of his perſon, or the elegance of his addreſs, crowded about me, and wit and ſplendor contended for my notice. I was delightfully fatigued with inceſſant civilities, which were made more pleaſing by the apparent envy of thoſe whom my preſence expoſed to neglect, and returned with an attendant equal in rank and wealth to my utmoſt wiſhes, and from this time ſtood in the firſt rank of beauty, was followed by gazers in the Mall, celebrated in the papers of the day, imitated by all who endeavoured to riſe into faſhion, and cenſured by thoſe whom age or diſappointment forced to retire.

My mother, who pleaſed herſelf with the hopes of ſeeing my exaltation, dreſſed me with all the exuberance of finery; and when I repreſented to her that a fortune might be expected proportionate to my appearance, told me that ſhe ſhould ſcorn the reptile who could enquire after the fortune of a girl like me. She adviſed me to proſecute my victories, and time would certainly bring me a captive who might deſerve the honour of being enchained for ever.

My lovers were indeed ſo numerous, that I had no other care than that of determining to whom I ſhould ſeem to give the preference. But having been ſteadily and induſtriouſly inſtructed to preſerve my heart from any impreſſions which might hinder me from conſulting my intereſt, I acted with leſs embarraſſment, becauſe my choice was regulated by principles more clear and certain than the caprice of approbation. When I had ſingled out one from the reſt as more worthy of encouragement, I proceeded in my meaſures by the rules of art; and yet when the ardour of the firſt viſits was ſpent, generally found a ſudden declenſion of my influence; I felt in myſelf the want of ſome power to diverſify

amuſement, and enliven converſation, and could not but ſuſpect that my mind failed in performing the promiſes of my face. This opinion was ſoon confirmed by one of my lovers, who married Lavinia with leſs beauty and fortune than mine, becauſe he thought a wife ought to have qualities which might make her amiable when her bloom was paſt.

The vanity of my mother would not ſuffer her to diſcover any defect in one that had been formed by her inſtructions, and had all the excellence which ſhe herſelf could boaſt. She told me that nothing ſo much hindered the advancement of women as literature and wit, which generally frightened away thoſe that could make the beſt ſettlements, and drew about them a needy tribe of poets and philoſophers, that filled their heads with wild notions of content, and contemplation, and virtuous obſcurity. She therefore enjoined me to improve my minuet ſtep with a new French dancing-maſter, and wait the event of the next birth-night.

I had now almoſt compleated my nineteenth year: if my charms had loſt any of their ſoftneſs, it was more than compenſated by additional dignity; and if the attractions of innocence were impaired, their place was ſupplied by the arts of allurement. I was therefore preparing for a new attack, without any abatement of my confidence, when, in the midſt of my hopes and ſchemes, I was ſeized by that dreadful malady which has ſo often put a ſudden end to the tyranny of beauty. I recovered my health after a long confinement; but when I looked again on that face which had been often fluſhed with tranſport at its own reflection, and ſaw all that I had learned to value, all that I had endeavoured to improve, all that had procured me honours or praiſes, irrecoverably deſtroyed, I ſunk at once into melancholy and deſpondence. My pain was not much conſoled or alleviated by my mother, who grieved that I had not loſt my life together with my beauty; and declared, that ſhe thought a young woman, diveſted of her charms, had nothing for which thoſe who loved her could deſire to ſave her from the grave.

Having thus continued my relation to the period from which my life took a new courſe, I ſhall conclude it in another letter, if by publiſhing this you ſhew any regard for the correſpondence of, Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.

No. CXXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1751.

——Fatis accede deiſque,
Et cole felices; miſeros fuge. Sidera cælo
Ut diſtant, flamma mari, ſic utile recto.

LUCAN.

Still follow where auſpicious fates invite;
Careſs the happy, and the wretched ſlight.
Sooner ſhall jarring elements unite,
Than truth with gain, than intereſt with right.

F. LEWIS.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſentiment in which, amidſt the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have ſcattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wiſh for riches; a wiſh indeed ſo prevalent, that it may be conſidered as univerſal and tranſcendental, as the deſire in which all other deſires are included, and of which the various purpoſes which actuate mankind are only ſubordinate ſpecies and different modifications.

Wealth is the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds preſerve an invariable tendency, from which they afterwards diverge in numberleſs directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate deſign, the immediate care is to be rich; and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquieſce, we ſeldom conſider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimouſly confeſs the value, nor is there any diſagreement but about the uſe.

No deſire can be formed which riches do not aſſiſt to gratify. He that places his happineſs in

ſplendid equipage or numerous dependants, in refined praiſe or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curioſities or the revels of luxury, in ſplendid edifices or wide plantations, muſt ſtill either by birth or acquiſition poſſeſs riches. They may be conſidered as the elemental principles of pleaſure, which may be combined with endleſs diverſity; as the eſſential and neceſſary ſubſtance, of which only the form is left to be adjuſted by choice.

The neceſſity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almoſt every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied in arts by which life is furniſhed with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reaſonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but thoſe who were zealous to deſerve what they were eager to poſſeſs, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the eaſe or happineſs of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the ſame, and ſucceſs might reaſonably have been conſidered as a proof of excellence.

But we do not find that any of the wiſhes of men keep a ſtated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and deſire wealth, who can never procure it by honeſt induſtry or uſeful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthleſs, will be content to want.

A little enquiry will diſcover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies of art, or up the ſteeps of labour; what wiſdom and virtue ſcarcely receive at the cloſe of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of ſubtilty and diſhoneſty by more expeditious and compendious meaſures: the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falſehood; and the poſſeſſions of ignorance and imbecility are eaſily ſtolen away by the conveyances of ſecret artifice, or ſeized by the gripe of unreſiſted violence.

It is likewiſe not hard to diſcover, that riches always procure protection for themſelves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of purſuit, or appeaſe the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is inconteſtably known to have large poſſeſſions, very few think it requiſite to enquire by what practices they were obtained; the reſentment of mankind rages only againſt the ſtruggles of feeble and timorous corruption; but when it has ſurmounted the firſt oppoſition, it is afterwards ſupported by favour, and animated by applauſe.

The proſpect of gaining ſpeedily what is ardently deſired, and the certainty of obtaining by every acceſſion of advantage an addition of ſecurity, have ſo far prevailed upon the paſſions of mankind, that the peace of life is deſtroyed by a general and inceſſant ſtruggle for riches. It is obſerved of gold, by an old epigrammatiſt, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in ſorrow*. There is no condition which is not diſquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political eſtimate between thoſe who are practiſing fraud, and thoſe who are repelling it.

If we conſider the preſent ſtate of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is loſt among mankind, that no man ventures to act, where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impoſſible to ſee the long ſcrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of ſeals and atteſtation, without wondering at the depravity of thoſe beings, who muſt be reſtrained from violation of promiſe by ſuch formal and publick evidences, and precluded from equivocation and ſubterfuge by ſuch punctilious minuteneſs. Among all the ſatires to which folly and wickedneſs have given occaſion, none is equally ſevere with a bond or a ſettlement.

Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the firſt view irreconcileable with the laws of virtue; ſome are openly flagitious, and practiſed not only in neglect, but in defiance of faith and juſtice; and the reſt are on every ſide ſo entangled with dubious tendencies, and ſo beſet with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of thoſe who are not yet abandoned, are able to preſerve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right leſs than others, and have ſooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief characteriſticks of the golden age, of the age in which neither care

nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of poſſeſſions: ſtrife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent paſſion was ſtilled by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times, but ſuch times can return no more. Community of poſſeſſion muſt include ſpontaneity of production; for what is obtained by labour will be of right the property of him by whoſe labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleaſure or to affluence muſt be procured either by ſlow induſtry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience incite to more ſafe and more ſpeedy methods, who ſtrive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to ſhare the advantages of victory without partaking the danger of the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of the danger to which virtue is expoſed while the mind continues open to the influence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have ſuppreſſed deſire by cutting off the poſſibility of gratification, and ſecured their peace by deſtroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet ſubjection. But by debarring themſelves from evil, they have reſcinded many opportunities of good; they have too often ſunk into inactivity and uſeleſſneſs; and though they have forborn to injure ſociety, have not fully paid their contributions to its happineſs.

While riches are ſo neceſſary to preſent convenience, and ſo much more eaſily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be ſecured from yielding to the continual impulſe of covetouſneſs by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only againſt reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the oppoſite ſcale is charged with juſtice, veracity, and piety.

No. CXXXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1751.

———Dociles imitandis
Turpibus ac pravis omnes ſumus.———

JUV.

The mind of mortals, in perverſeneſs ſtrong,
Imbibes with dire docility the wrong.

TO THE RAMBLER

MR. RAMBLER,

I Was bred a ſcholar, and after the uſual courſe of education, found it neceſſary to employ for the ſupport of life that learning which I had almoſt exhauſted my little fortune in acquiring. The lucrative profeſſions drew my regard with equal attraction; each preſented ideas which excited my curioſity, and each impoſed duties which terrified my apprehenſion.

There is no temper more unpropitious to intereſt than deſultory application and unlimited enquiry, by which the deſires are held in a perpetual equipoiſe, and the mind fluctuates between different purpoſes without determination. I had books of every kind round me, among which I divided my time as caprice or accident directed. I often ſpent the firſt hours of the day in conſidering to what ſtudy I ſhould devote the reſt; and at laſt ſnatched up an author that lay upon the table, or perhaps fled to a coffee-houſe, for deliverance from the anxiety of irreſolution, and the gloomineſs of ſolitude.

Thus my little patrimony grew imperceptibly leſs, till I was rouſed from my literary ſlumber by a creditor, whoſe importunity obliged me to pacify him with ſo large a ſum, that what remained was not ſufficient to ſupport me more than eight months. I hope you will not reproach me with avarice or cowardice, if I acknowledge that I now thought myſelf in danger of diſtreſs, and obliged to endeavour after ſome certain competence.

There have been heroes of negligence, who have laid the price of their laſt acre in a drawer, and, without the leaſt interruption of their tranquillity or abatement of their expences, taken out one piece after another, till there was no more remaining. But I was not born to ſuch dignity of imprudence, or ſuch exaltation above the cares and neceſſities of life: I therefore immediately engaged my friends to procure

me a little employment, which might ſet me free from the dread of poverty, and afford me time to plan out ſome final ſcheme of laſting advantage.

My friends were ſtruck with honeſt ſolicitude, and immediately promiſed their endeavours for my extrication. They did not ſuffer their kindneſs to languiſh by delay, but proſecuted their enquiries with ſuch ſucceſs, that in leſs than a month I was perplexed with variety of offers and contrariety of proſpects.

I had however no time for long pauſes of conſideration; and therefore ſoon reſolved to accept the office of inſtructing a young nobleman in the houſe of his father: I went to the ſeat at which the family then happened to reſide, was received with great politeneſs, and invited to enter immediately on my charge. The terms offered were ſuch as I ſhould willingly have accepted, though my fortune had allowed me greater liberty of choice: the reſpect with which I was treated flattered my vanity; and perhaps the ſplendor of the apartments, and the luxury of the table, were not wholly without their influence. I immediately complied with the propoſals, and received the young lord into my care.

Having no deſire to gain more than I ſhould truly deſerve, I very diligently proſecuted my undertaking, and had the ſatisfaction of diſcovering in my pupil a flexible temper, a quick apprehenſion and a retentive memory. I did not much doubt that my care would, in time, produce a wiſe and uſeful counſellor to the ſtate, though my labours were ſomewhat obſtructed by want of authority, and the neceſſity of complying with the freaks of negligence, and of waiting patiently for the lucky moment of voluntary attention. To a man, whoſe imagination was filled with the dignity of knowledge, and to whom a ſtudious life had made all the common amuſements inſipid and contemptible, it was not very eaſy to ſuppreſs his indignation, when he ſaw himſelf forſaken in the midſt of his lecture, for an opportunity to catch an inſect, and found his inſtructions debarred from acceſs to the intellectual faculties, by the memory of a childiſh frolick, or the deſire of a new plaything.

Thoſe vexations would have recurred leſs frequently, had not his mamma, by entreating at one time that he ſhould be excuſed from a taſk as a reward for ſome petty compliance, and withholding him from his book at another, to gratify herſelf or her viſitants with his vivacity, ſhewn him that every thing was more pleaſing and more important than knowledge, and that ſtudy was to be endured rather than choſen, and was only the buſineſs of thoſe hours which pleaſure left vacant, or diſcipline uſurped.

I thought it my duty to complain, in tender terms, of theſe frequent avocations; but was anſwered, that rank and fortune might reaſonably hope for ſome indulgence; that the retardation of my pupil's progreſs would not be imputed to any negligence or to any inability of mine; and that with the ſucceſs which ſatisfied every body elſe, I might ſurely ſatisfy myſelf. I had now done my duty, and without more remonſtrances continued to inculcate my precepts whenever they could be heard, gained every day new influence, and found that by degrees my ſcholar began to feel the quick impulſes of curioſity, and the honeſt ardour of ſtudious ambition.

At length it was reſolved to paſs a winter in London. The lady had too much fondneſs for her ſon to live five months without him, and too high an opinion of his wit and learning to refuſe her vanity the gratification of exhibiting him to the publick. I remonſtrated againſt too early an acquaintance with cards and company; but with a ſoft contempt of my ignorance and pedantry, ſhe ſaid that he had been already confined too long to ſolitary ſtudy, and it was now time to ſhew him the world; nothing was more a brand of meanneſs than baſhful timidity; gay freedom and elegant aſſurance were only to be gained by mixed converſation, a frequent intercourſe with ſtrangers, and a timely introduction to ſplendid aſſemblies; and ſhe had more than once obſerved, that his forwardneſs and complaiſance began to deſert him, that he was ſilent when he had not ſomething of conſequence to ſay, bluſhed whenever he happened to find himſelf miſtaken, and hung down his head in the preſence of the ladies, without the readineſs of reply, and activity of officiouſneſs remarkable in young gentlemen that are bred in London.

Again I found reſiſtance hopeleſs, and again thought it proper to comply. We entered

the coach, and in four days were placed in the gayeſt and moſt magnificent region of the town. My pupil who had for ſeveral years lived at a remote ſeat, was immediately dazzled with a thouſand beams of novelty and ſhow. His imagination was filled with the perpetual tumult of pleaſure that paſſed before him, and it was impoſſible to allure him from the window, or to overpower by any charm of eloquence the rattle of coaches, and the ſounds which echoed from the doors in the neighbourhood. In three days his attention, which he began to regain, was diſturbed by a rich ſuit, in which he was equipped for the reception of company, and which, having been long accuſtomed to a plain dreſs, he could not at firſt ſurvey without ecſtacy.

The arrival of the family was now formally notified; every hour of every day brought more intimate or more diſtant acquaintances to the door; and my pupil was indiſcriminately introduced to all, that he might accuſtom himſelf to change of faces, and be rid with ſpeed of his ruſtick diffidence. He ſoon endeared himſelf to his mother by the ſpeedy acquiſition or recovery of her darling qualities; his eyes ſparkle at a numerous aſſembly, and his heart dances at the mention of a ball. He has at once caught the infection of high life, and has no other teſt of principles or actions than the quality of thoſe to whom they are aſcribed. He begins already to look down on me with ſuperiority, and ſubmits to one ſhort leſſon in a week, as an act of condeſcenſion rather than obedience; for he is of opinion, that no tutor is properly qualified who cannot ſpeak French; and having formerly learned a few familiar phraſes from his ſiſter's governeſs, he is every day ſoliciting his mamma to procure him a foreign footman, that he may grow polite from his converſation. I am not yet inſulted, but find myſelf likely to become ſoon a ſuperfluous incumbrance, for my ſcholar has now no time for ſcience, or for virtue; and the lady yeſterday declared him ſo much the favourite of every company, that ſhe was afraid he would not have an hour in the day to dance and fence.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

No. CXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1751.

Magna quidem ſacris quæ dat præcepta libellis
Victrix fortunæ ſapientia. Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vita didicere magiſtra.

JUV.

Let ſtoicks ethicks haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance;
Yet happy thoſe, though not ſo learn'd are thought,
Whom life inſtructs, who by experience taught,
For new to come from paſt misfortunes look,
Nor ſhake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis ſhook.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have ſhewn, by the publication of my letter, that you think the life of Victoria not wholly unworthy the notice of a philoſopher: I ſhall therefore continue my narrative, without any apology for unimportance which you have dignified, or for inaccuracies which you are to correct.

When my life appeared to be no longer in danger, and as much of my ſtrength was recovered as enabled me to bear the agitation of a coach, I was placed at a lodging in a neighbouring village, to which my mother diſmiſſed me with a faint embrace, having repeated her command not to expoſe my face too ſoon to the ſun or wind, and told me, that with care I might perhaps become tolerable again. The proſpect of being tolerable had very little power to elevate the imagination of one who had ſo long been accuſtomed to praiſe and ecſtacy; but it was ſome ſatisfaction to be ſeparated from my

mother, who was inceſſantly ringing the knell of departed beauty, and never entered my room without the whine of condolence, or the growl of anger. She often wandered over my face, as travellers over the ruins of a celebrated city, to note every place which had been remarkable for a happy feature. She condeſcended to viſit my retirement, but always left me more melancholy; for after a thouſand trifling enquiries about my diet, and a minute examination of my looks, ſhe generally concluded with a ſigh, that I ſhould never more be fit to be ſeen.

At laſt I was permitted to return home, but found no great improvement of my condition; for I was impriſoned in my chamber as a criminal, whoſe appearance would diſgrace my friends, and condemned to be tortured into new beauty. Every experiment which the officiouſneſs of folly could communicate, or the credulity of ignorance admit, was tried upon me. Sometimes I was covered with emollients, by which it was expected that all the ſcars would be filled, and my cheeks plumped up to their former ſmoothneſs; and ſometimes I was puniſhed with artificial excoriations, in hopes of gaining new graces with a new ſkin. The coſmetick ſcience was exhauſted upon me; but who can repair the ruins of nature? My mother was forced to give me reſt at laſt, and abandon me to the fate of a fallen toaſt, whoſe fortune ſhe conſidered as a hopeleſs game, no longer worthy of ſolicitude or attention.

The condition of a young woman who has never thought or heard of any other excellence than beauty, and whom the ſudden blaſt of diſeaſe wrinkles in her bloom, is indeed ſufficiently calamitous. She is at once deprived of all that gave her eminence or power; of all that elated her pride, or animated her activity; all that filled her days with pleaſure, and her nights with hope; all that gave gladneſs to the preſent hour, or brightened her proſpects of futurity. It is perhaps not in the power of a man whoſe attention has been divided by diverſity of purſuits, and who has not been accuſtomed to derive from others much of his happineſs, to image to himſelf ſuch helpleſs deſtitution, ſuch diſmal inanity. Every object of pleaſing contemplation is at once ſnatched away, and the ſoul finds every receptacle of ideas empty, or filled only with the memory of joys that can return no more. All is gloomy privation, or impotent deſire; the faculties of anticipation ſlumber in deſpondency, or the powers of pleaſure mutiny for employment.

I was ſo little able to find entertainment for myſelf, that I was forced in a ſhort time to venture abroad, as the ſolitary ſavage is driven by hunger from his cavern. I entered with all the humility of diſgrace into aſſemblies, where I had lately ſparkled with gaiety, and towered with triumph. I was not wholly without hope, that dejection had miſrepreſented me to myſelf, and that the remains of my former face might yet have ſome attraction and influence: but the firſt circle of viſits convinced me that my reign was at an end; that life and death were no longer in my hands; that I was no more to practiſe the glance of command, or the frown of prohibition; to receive the tribute of ſighs and praiſes, or to be ſoothed with the gentle murmurs of amorous timidity. My opinion was now unheard, and my propoſals were unregarded; the narrowneſs of my knowledge, and the meanneſs of my ſentiments, were eaſily diſcovered, when the eyes were no longer engaged againſt the judgment; and it was obſerved, by thoſe who had formerly been charmed with my vivacious loquacity, that my underſtanding was impaired as well as my face, and that I was no longer qualified to fill a place in any company but a party at cards.

It is ſcarcely to be imagined how ſoon the mind ſinks to a level with the condition. I, who had long conſidered all who approached me as vaſſals condemned to regulate their pleaſures by my eyes, and haraſs their inventions for my entertainment, was in leſs than three weeks reduced to receive a ticket with profeſſions of obligation; to catch with eagerneſs at a compliment; and to watch with all the anxiouſneſs of dependance, leſt any little civility that was paid me ſhould paſs unacknowledged.

Though the negligence of the men was not very pleaſing when compared with vows and adoration, yet it was far more ſupportable than the inſolence of my own ſex. For the firſt ten months after my return into the world, I never entered a ſingle houſe in which the memory of my downfal was not revived. At one place I was congratulated on my eſcape with life; at another I heard of the beneſits

of early inoculation; by ſome I have been told in expreſs terms that I am not yet without my charms; others have whiſpered at my entrance —'This is the celebrated beauty.' One told me of a waſh that would ſmooth the ſkin; and another offered me her chair that I might not front the light. Some ſoothed me with the obſervation that none can tell how ſoon my caſe may be her own; and ſome thought it proper to receive me with mournful tenderneſs, formal condolence, and conſolatory blandiſhments.

Thus was I every day haraſſed with all the ſtratagems of well-bred malignity; yet inſolence was more tolerable than ſolitude, and I therefore perſiſted to keep my time at the doors of my acquaintance, without gratifying them with any appearance of reſentment or depreſſion. I expected that their exultation would in time vapour away; that the joy of their ſuperiority would end with its novelty; and that I ſhould be ſuffered to glide along in my preſent form among the nameleſs multitude, whom nature never intended to excite envy nor admiration, nor enabled to delight the eye or inflame the heart.

This was naturally to be expected, and this I began to experience. But when I was no longer agitated by the perpetual ardour of reſiſtance and effort of perſeverance, I found more ſenſibly the want of thoſe entertainments which had formerly delighted me; the day roſe upon me without an engagement, and the evening cloſed in its natural gloom, without ſummoning me to a concert or a ball. None had any care to find amuſements for me, and I had no power of amuſing myſelf. Idleneſs expoſed me to melancholy, and life began to languiſh in motionleſs indifference.

Miſery and ſhame are nearly allied. It was not without many ſtruggles that I prevailed on myſelf to confeſs my uneaſineſs to Euphemia, the only friend who had never pained me with comfort or with pity. I at laſt laid my calamities before her, rather to eaſe my heart than receive aſſiſtance: 'We muſt diſtinguiſh,' ſaid ſhe, 'my Victoria, thoſe evils which are impoſ-
'ed by Providence, from thoſe to which we
'ourſelves give the power of hurting us. Of
'your calamity a ſmall part is the infliction of
'Heaven, the reſt is little more than the cor-
'roſion of idle diſcontent. You have loſt that
'which may indeed ſometimes contribute to
'happineſs, but to which happineſs is by no
'means inſeparably annexed. You have loſt
'what the greater number of the human race
'never have poſſeſſed; what thoſe on whom
'it is beſtowed for the moſt part poſſeſs in
'vain; and what you, while it was yours,
'knew not how to uſe: you have only loſt early
'what the laws of nature forbid you to keep
'long, and have loſt it while your mind is yet
'flexible, and while you have time to ſubſtitute
'more valuable and more durable excellencies.
'Conſider yourſelf, my Victoria, as a being
'born to know, to reaſon, and to act; riſe at
'once from your dream of melancholy to wiſ-
'dom and to piety; you will find that there
'are other charms than thoſe of beauty, and
'other joys than the praiſe of fools.'

I am, Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.

No. CXXXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1751.

Quis ſcit, an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtina ſummæ
Tempora Di ſuperi!

HOR.

Who knows if Heav'n, with ever-bounteous pow'r,
Shall add to-morrow to the preſent hour?

FRANCIS.

I Sat yeſterday morning employed in deliberating on which among the various ſubjects that occurred to my imagination, I ſhould beſtow the paper of to-day. After a ſhort effort of meditation by which nothing was determined, I grew every moment more irreſolute, my ideas wandered from the firſt intention, and I rather wiſhed to think, than thought, upon any ſettled ſubject; till at laſt I was awakened from this dream of ſtudy by a ſummons from the preſs:

the time was come for which I had been thus negligently purpoſing to provide, and, however dubious or ſluggiſh, I was now neceſſitated to write.

Though to a writer whoſe deſign is ſo comprehenſive and miſcellaneous, that he may accommodate himſelf with a topick from every ſcene of life, or view of nature, it is no great aggravation of his taſk to be obliged to a ſudden compoſition; yet I could not forbear to reproach myſelf for having ſo long neglected what was unavoidably to be done, and of which every moment's idleneſs increaſed the difficulty. There was, however, ſome pleaſure in reflecting that I, who had only trifled till diligence was neceſſary, might ſtill congratulate myſelf upon my ſuperiority to multitudes, who have trifled till diligence is vain; who can by no degree of activity or reſolution recover the opportunities which have ſlipped away; and who are condemned by their own careleſſneſs to hopeleſs calamity and barren ſorrow.

The folly of allowing ourſelves to delay what we know cannot be finally eſcaped, is one of the general weakneſſes which, in ſpite of the inſtruction of moraliſts, and the remonſtrances of reaſon, prevail to a greater or leſs degree in every mind: even they who moſt ſteadily withſtand it, find it, if not the moſt violent, the moſt pertinacious of their paſſions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquiſhed, never deſtroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time preſent, and to be moſt ſolicitous for that which is by its nearneſs enabled to make the ſtrongeſt impreſſions. When therefore any ſharp pain is to be ſuffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can ſcarcely exempt ourſelves wholly from the ſeducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring ſome ſupport or advantage which we now want; and are eaſily perſuaded, that the moment of neceſſity which we deſire never to arrive, is at a great diſtance from us.

Thus life is languiſhed away in the gloom of anxiety, and conſumed in collecting reſolution which the next morning diſſipates; in forming purpoſes which we ſcarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourſelves to our own cowardice by excuſes which, while we admit them, we know to be abſurd. Our firmneſs is by the continual contemplation of miſery hourly impaired; every ſubmiſſion to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waſte that time in which the evil we dread might have been ſuffered and ſurmounted, but even where procraſtination produces no abſolute increaſe of our difficulties, make them leſs ſuperable to ourſelves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wiſe to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the miſchiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and ſuffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguiſh of anticipation.

To act is far eaſier than to ſuffer; yet we every day ſee the progreſs of life retarded by the *vis inertiæ*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleneſs hinders them from enjoying. The caſe of Tantalus, in the region of poetick puniſhment, was ſomewhat to be pitied, becauſe the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderneſs can be claimed by thoſe who, though perhaps they ſuffer the pains of Tantalus, will never lift their hands for their own relief?

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneaſineſs which only vacancy and ſuſpicion expoſe them to feel, and complaints of diſtreſſes which it is in their own power to remove. Lazineſs is commonly aſſociated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by infuſing deſpair of ſucceſs; or the frequent failure of irreſolute ſtruggles, and the conſtant deſire of avoiding labour, impreſs by degrees falſe terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full poſſeſſion of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon viſions of calamity, ſuch as, if they are not diſſipated by uſeful employment, will ſoon overcaſt it with horrors, and imbitter life not only with thoſe miſeries by which all earthly beings are really more or leſs tormented, but with thoſe who do not yet exiſt, and which can only be diſcerned by the perſpicacity of cowardice.

Among all who ſacrifice future advantage to preſent inclination, ſcarcely any gain ſo little as thoſe that ſuffer themſelves to freeze in idleneſs. Others are corrupted by ſome enjoyment of more or leſs power to gratify the paſſions;

but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is ſurely to ſink under weak temptations. Idleneſs never can ſecure tranquillity; the call of reaſon and of conſcience will pierce the cloſeſt pavilion of the ſluggard; and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from ſleep. Thoſe moments which he cannot reſolve to make uſeful by devoting them to the great buſineſs of his being, will ſtill be uſurped by powers that will not leave them to his diſpoſal; remorſe and vexation will ſeize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is ſo deſirous to appropriate.

There are other cauſes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute diſcernment. He to whom many objects of purſuit ariſe at the ſame time, will frequently heſitate between different deſires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his courſe as new attractions prevail, and harraſs himſelf without advancing. He who ſees different ways to the ſame end, will, unleſs he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the compariſon of probabilities, and the adjuſtment of expedients, and pauſe in the choice of his road, till ſome accident intercepts his journey. He whoſe penetration extends to remote conſequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any deſign, diſcovers new proſpects of advantage, and poſſibilities of improvement, will not eaſily be perſuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will ſuperadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purpoſes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own ſcheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that reſolves to unite all the beauties of ſituation in a new purchaſe, muſt waſte his life in roving to no purpoſe from province to province. He that hopes in the ſame houſe to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and ſtudy Palladio, but will never lay a ſtone. He will attempt a treatiſe on ſome important ſubject, and amaſs materials, conſult authors, and ſtudy all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himſelf qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfection, will not eaſily be content without it; and ſince perfection cannot be reached, will loſe the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much ſhorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active proſecution of whatever he is deſirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can aſcertain ſucceſs; death may intercept the ſwifteſt career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honeſt undertaking, has at leaſt the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he miſſed the victory.

No. CXXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1751.

Coelum, non animum mutant.

HOR.

Place may be chang'd; but who can change his mind?

IT is impoſſible to take a view on any ſide, or obſerve any of the various claſſes that form the great community of the world, without diſcovering the influence of example; and admitting with new conviction the obſervation of Ariſtotle, that 'Man is an imitative being.' The greater, far the greater number, follow the track which others have beaten, without any curioſity after new diſcoveries, or ambition of truſting themſelves to their own conduct. And, of thoſe who break the ranks and diſorder the uniformity of the march, moſt return in a ſhort time from their deviation, and prefer the equal and ſteady ſatisfaction of ſecurity before the frolicks of caprice and the honours of adventure.

In queſtions difficult or dangerous it is indeed natural to repoſe upon authority; and, when fear happens to predominate, upon the authority of thoſe whom we do not in general think wiſer than ourſelves. Very few have

abilities requiſite for the diſcovery of abſtruſe truth; and of thoſe few ſome want leiſure, and ſome reſolution. But it is not ſo eaſy to find the reaſon of the univerſal ſubmiſſion to precedent where every man might ſafely judge for himſelf; where no irreparable loſs can be hazarded, nor any miſchief of long continuance incurred. Vanity might be expected to operate where the more powerful paſſions are not awakened; the mere pleaſure of acknowledging no ſuperior might produce ſlight ſingularities, or the hope of gaining ſome new degree of happineſs awaken the mind to invention or experiment.

If in any caſe the ſhackles of preſcription could be wholly ſhaken off, and the imagination left to act without controul, on what occaſion ſhould it be expected, but in the ſelection of lawful pleaſure? Pleaſure, of which the eſſence is choice; which compulſion diſſociates from every thing to which nature has united it; and which owes not only its vigour but its being to the ſmiles of liberty. Yet we ſee that the ſenſes, as well as the reaſon, are regulated by credulity; and that moſt will feel, or ſay they feel, the gratifications which others have taught them to expect.

At this time of univerſal migration, when almoſt every one, conſiderable enough to attract regard, has retired, or is preparing with all the earneſtneſs of diſtreſs to retire, into the country; when nothing is to be heard but the hopes of ſpeedy departure, or the complaints of involuntary delay; I have often been tempted to enquire what happineſs is to be gained, or what inconvenience to be avoided, by this ſtated receſſion? Of the birds of paſſage, ſome follow the ſummer, and ſome the winter, becauſe they live upon ſuſtenance which only ſummer or winter can ſupply; but of the annual flight of human rovers it is much harder to aſſign the reaſon, becauſe they do not appear either to find or ſeek any thing which is not equally afforded by the town and country.

I believe that many of theſe fugitives may have heard of men whoſe continual wiſh was for the quiet of retirement, who watched every opportunity to ſteal away from obſervation, to forſake the crowd, and delight themſelves with *the ſociety of ſolitude*. There is indeed ſcarcely any writer who has not celebrated the happineſs of rural privacy, and delighted himſelf and his reader with the melody of birds, the whiſper of groves, and the murmur of rivulets; nor any man eminent for extent of capacity, or greatneſs of exploits, that has not left behind him ſome memorials of lonely wiſdom, and ſilent dignity.

But almoſt all abſurdity of conduct ariſes from the imitation of thoſe whom we cannot reſemble. Thoſe who thus teſtified their wearineſs of tumult and hurry, and haſted with ſo much eagerneſs to the leiſure of retreat, were either men overwhelmed with the preſſure of difficult employments, harraſſed with importunities, and diſtracted with multiplicity; or men wholly engroſſed by ſpeculative ſciences, who having no other end of life but to learn and teach, found their ſearches interrupted by the common commerce of civility, and their reaſonings disjointed by frequent interruptions. Such men might reaſonably fly to that eaſe and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country. The ſtateſman who devoted the greater part of his time to the publick, was deſirous of keeping the remainder in his own power. The general, ruffled with dangers, wearied with labours, and ſtunned with acclamations, gladly ſnatched an interval of ſilence and relaxation. The naturaliſt was unhappy where the works of Providence were not always before him. The reaſoner could adjuſt his ſyſtems only where his mind was free from the intruſion of outward objects.

Such examples of ſolitude very few of thoſe who are now haſtening from the town, have any pretenſions to plead in their own juſtification, ſince they cannot pretend either wearineſs of labour, or deſire of knowledge. They purpoſe nothing more than to quit one ſcene of idleneſs for another, and after having triſled in public, to ſleep in ſecrecy. The utmoſt that they can hope to gain is the change of ridiculouſneſs to obſcurity, and the privilege of having fewer witneſſes to a life of folly. He who is not ſufficiently important to be diſturbed in his purſuits, but ſpends all his hours according to his own inclination, and has more hours than his mental faculties enable him to fill either with enjoyment or deſires, can have nothing to demand of ſhades and valleys. As bravery is ſaid to be a panoply, inſignificancy is always a ſhelter.

There are, however, pleaſures and advantages in a rural ſituation, which are not confined to philoſophers and heroes. The freſhneſs of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhauſted variety which ſummer ſcatters upon the earth, may eaſily give delight to an unlearned ſpectator. It is not neceſſary that he who looks with pleaſure on the colours of a flower ſhould ſtudy the principles of vegetation, or that the Ptolemaick and Copernican ſyſtem ſhould be compared before the light of the ſun can gladden, or its warmth invigorate. Novelty is itſelf a ſource of gratification; and Milton juſtly obſerves, that to him who has been long pent up in cities, no rural object can be preſented which will not delight or refreſh ſome of his ſenſes.

Yet even theſe eaſy pleaſures are miſſed by the greater part of thoſe who waſte their ſummer in the country. Should any man purſue his acquaintances to their retreats, he would find few of them liſtening to Philomel, loitering in woods, or plucking daiſies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruſcations of declining day. Some will be diſcovered at a window by the road ſide, rejoicing when a new cloud of duſt gathers towards them, as at the approach of a momentary ſupply of converſation, and a ſhort relief from the tediouſneſs of unideal vacancy. Others are placed in the adjacent villages, where they look only upon houſes as in the reſt of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new ſtreet in London might have given them. The ſame ſet of acquaintances ſtill ſettle together, and the form of life is not otherwiſe diverſified than by doing the ſame things in a different place. They pay and receive viſits in the uſual form, they frequent the walks in the morning, they deal cards at night, they attend to the ſame tattle, and dance with the ſame partners; nor can they at their return to their former habitation, congratulate themſelves on any other advantage, than that they have paſſed their time like others of the ſame rank; and have the ſame right to talk of the happineſs and beauty of the country, of happineſs which they never felt, and beauty which they never regarded.

To be able to procure its own entertainments, and to ſubſiſt upon its own ſtock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed underſtandings ſo fertile and comprehenſive, that they can always feed reflection with new ſupplies, and ſuffer nothing from the preclusion of adventitious amuſements; as ſome cities have within their own walls encloſed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a ſiege. But others live only from day to day, and muſt be conſtantly enabled, by foreign ſupplies, to keep out the encroachments of languor and ſtupidity. Such could not indeed be blamed for hovering within reach of their uſual pleaſure, more than any other animal for not quitting its native element, were not their faculties contracted by their own fault. But let not thoſe who go into the country, merely becauſe they dare not be left alone at home, boaſt their love of nature, or their qualifications for ſolitude; nor pretend that they receive inſtantaneous infuſions of wiſdom from the Dryads, and are able, when they leave ſmoke and noiſe behind, to act, or think, or reaſon for themſelves.

No. CXXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1751.

Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν.
Ος χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο δὲ βάζῃ.

HOM.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.

POPE.

THE regard which they whoſe abilities are employed in the works of imagination claim from the reſt of mankind, ariſes in a great meaſure from their influence on futurity. Rank may be conferred by princes, and wealth bequeathed by miſers or by robbers; but the honours of a laſting name, and the veneration of diſtant ages, only the ſons of learning

have the power of beſtowing. While therefore it continues one of the characteriſticks of rational nature to decline oblivion, authors never can be wholly overlooked in the ſearch after happineſs, nor become contemptible but by their own fault.

The man who conſiders himſelf as conſtituted the ultimate judge of diſputable characters, and entruſted with the diſtribution of the laſt terreſtrial rewards of merit, ought to ſummon all his fortitude to the ſupport of his integrity, and reſolve to diſcharge an office of ſuch dignity with the moſt vigilant caution and ſcrupulous juſtice. To deliver examples to poſterity, and to regulate the opinion of future times, is no ſlight or trivial undertaking; nor is it eaſy to commit more atrocious treaſon againſt the great republick of humanity, than by falſifying its records and miſguiding its decrees.

To ſcatter praiſe or blame without regard to juſtice, is to deſtroy the diſtinction of good and evil. Many have no other teſt of actions than general opinion; and all are ſo far influenced by a ſenſe of reputation, that they are often reſtrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have loſt their power; nor can any ſpecies of proſtitution promote general depravity more than that which deſtroys the force of praiſe, by ſhewing that it may be acquired without deſerving it, and which, by ſetting free the active and ambitious from the dread of infamy, lets looſe the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatneſs is controlled.

Praiſe, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its ſcarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raiſe expectation, or animate enterprize. It is therefore not only neceſſary, that wickedneſs, even when it is not ſafe to cenſure it, be denied applauſe, but that goodneſs be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands, due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not ſuffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boaſt only petty ſervices and eaſy virtues.

Had theſe maxims been univerſally received, how much would have been added to the taſk of dedication, the work on which all the power of modern wit has been exhauſted? How few of theſe initial panegyricks had appeared, if the author had been obliged firſt to find a man of virtue, then to diſtinguiſh the diſtinct ſpecies and degree of his deſert, and at laſt to pay him only the honours which he might juſtly claim. It is much eaſier to learn the name of the laſt man whom chance has exalted to wealth and power, to obtain by the intervention of ſome of his domeſticks the privilege of addreſſing him, or in confidence of the general acceptance of flattery, to venture on an addreſs without any previous ſolicitation; and after having heaped upon him all the virtues to which philoſophy has aſſigned a name, inform him how much more might be truly ſaid, did not the fear of giving pain to his modeſty repreſs the raptures of wonder and the zeal of veneration.

Nothing has ſo much degraded literature from its natural rank, as the practice of indecent and promiſcuous dedication; for what credit can he expect who profeſſes himſelf the hireling of vanity, however profligate, and without ſhame or ſcruple celebrates the worthleſs, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt, licentious, and oppreſſive, the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth, and lovelineſs to innocence? Every other kind of adulteration, however ſhameful, however miſchievous, is leſs deteſtable than the crime of counterfeiting characters, and fixing the ſtamp of literary ſanction upon the droſs and refuſe of the world.

Yet I would not overwhelm the authors with the whole load of infamy, of which part, perhaps the greater part, ought to fall upon their patrons. If he that hires a bravo, partakes the guilt of murder, why ſhould he who bribes a flatterer hope to be exempted from the ſhame of falſehood? The unhappy dedicator is ſeldom without ſome motives which obſtruct, though not deſtroy, the liberty of choice; he is oppreſſed by miſeries which he hopes to relieve, or inflamed by ambition which he expects to gratify. But the patron has no incitements equally violent; he can receive only a ſhort gratification, with which nothing but ſtupidity could diſpoſe him to be pleaſed. The real ſatisfaction which praiſe can afford is by repeating aloud the whiſpers of conſcience, and by ſhewing us that we have not endeavoured to deſerve well in vain. Every other encomium is to an intelligent mind, ſatire

reproach; the celebration of thoſe virtues which we feel ourſelves to want, can only impreſs a quicker ſenſe of our own defects, and ſhew that we have not yet ſatisfied the expectations of the world, by forcing us to obſerve how much fiction muſt contribute to the completion of our character.

Yet ſometimes the patron may claim indulgence; for it does not always happen, that the encomiaſt has been much encouraged to his attempt. Many a hapleſs author, when his book, and perhaps his dedication, was ready for the preſs, has waited long before any one would pay the price of proſtitution, or conſent to hear the praiſes deſtined to inſure his name againſt the caſualties of time; and many a complaint has been vented againſt the decline of learning, and neglect of genius, when either parſimonious prudence has declined expence, or honeſt indignation rejected falſehood. But if at laſt, after long enquiry and innumerable diſappointments, he finds a lord willing to hear of his own eloquence and taſte, a ſtateſman deſirous of knowing how a friendly hiſtorian will repreſent his conduct, or a lady delighted to leave to the world ſome memorial of her wit and beauty, ſuch weakneſs cannot be cenſured as an inſtance of enormous depravity. The wiſeſt man may by a diligent ſolicitor be ſurpriſed in the hour of weakneſs, and perſuaded to ſolace vexation, or invigorate hope, with the muſick of flattery.

To cenſure all dedications as adulatory and ſervile, would diſcover rather envy than juſtice. Praiſe is the tribute of merit; and he that has inconteſtably diſtinguiſhed himſelf by any publick performance, has a right to all the honours which the publick can beſtow. To men thus raiſed above the reſt of the community, there is no need that the book or its author ſhould have any particular relation: that the patron is known to deſerve reſpect, is ſufficient to vindicate him that pays it. To the ſame regard from particular perſons, private virtue and leſs conſpicuous excellence may be ſometimes entitled. An author may with great propriety inſcribe his work to him by whoſe encouragement it was undertaken, or by whoſe liberality he has been enabled to proſecute it, and he may juſtly rejoice in his own fortitude that dares to reſcue merit from obſcurity.

Acribus exemplis videor te cludere: miſce
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus.———

Thus much I will indulge thee for thy eaſe,
And mingle ſomething of our times to pleaſe.

DRYDEN, JUN.

I know not whether greater relaxation may not be indulged, and whether hope as well as gratitude may not unblameably produce a dedication; but let the writer who pours out his praiſes only to propitiate power, or attract the attention of greatneſs, be cautious leſt his deſire betray him to exuberant eulogies. We are naturally more apt to pleaſe ourſelves with the future than the paſt; and while we luxuriate in expectation, may be eaſily perſuaded to purchaſe what we yet rate only by imagination, at a higher price than experience will warrant.

But no private views or perſonal regard can diſcharge any man from his general obligations to virtue and to truth. It may happen in the various combinations of life, that a good man may receive favours from one, who, notwithſtanding his accidental beneficence, cannot be juſtly propoſed to the imitation of others, and whom, therefore, he muſt find ſome other way of rewarding than by publick celebrations. Self-love has indeed many powers of ſeducement, but it ſurely ought not to exalt any individual to equality with the collective body of mankind, or perſuade him that a benefit conferred on him is equivalent to every other virtue. Yet many upon falſe principles of gratitude have ventured to extol wretches, whom all but their dependents numbered among the reproaches of the ſpecies, and whom they would likewiſe have beheld with the ſame ſcorn had they not been hired to diſhoneſt approbation.

To encourage merit with praiſe is the great buſineſs of literature; but praiſe muſt loſe its influence by unjuſt or negligent diſtribution; and he that impairs its value may be charged with miſapplication of the power that genius puts into his hands, and with ſquandering on guilt the recompence of virtue.

No. CXXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1751.

Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

HOR.

———Whilſt fools one vice condemn,
They run into the oppoſite extreme.

CREECH.

THAT wonder is the effect of ignorance, has been often obſerved. The awful ſtillneſs of attention, with which the mind is overſpread at the firſt view of an unexpected effect, ceaſes when we have leiſure to diſentangle complications and inveſtigate cauſes. Wonder is a pauſe of reaſon, a ſudden ceſſation of the mental progreſs, which laſts only while the underſtanding is fixed upon ſome ſingle idea, and is at an end when it recovers force enough to divide the object into its parts, or mark the intermediate gradations from the firſt agent to the laſt conſequence.

It may be remarked with equal truth, that ignorance is often the effect of wonder. It is common for thoſe who have never accuſtomed themſelves to the labour of enquiry, nor invigorated their confidence by conqueſts over difficulty, to ſleep in the gloomy quieſcence of aſtoniſhment, without any effort to animate enquiry or diſpel obſcurity. What they cannot immediately conceive, they conſider as too high to be reached, or too extenſive to be comprehended; they therefore content themſelves with the gaze of folly, forbear to attempt what they have no hopes of performing, and reſign the pleaſure of rational contemplation to more pertinacious ſtudy or more active faculties.

Among the productions of mechanick art, many are of a form ſo different from that of their firſt materials, and many conſiſt of parts ſo numerous and ſo nicely adapted to each other, that it is not poſſible to view them without amazement. But when we enter the ſhops of artificers, obſerve the various tools by which every operation is facilitated, and trace the progreſs of a manufacture through the different hands, that, in ſucceſſion to each other, contribute to its perfection, we ſoon diſcover that every ſingle man has an eaſy taſk, and that the extremes, however remote, of natural rudeneſs and artificial elegance, are joined by a regular concatenation of effects, of which every one is introduced by that which precedes it, and equally introduces that which is to follow.

The ſame is the ſtate of intellectual and manual performances. Long calculations or complex diagrams affright the timorous and unexperienced from a ſecond view; but if we have ſkill ſufficient to analyſe them into ſimple principles, it will be diſcovered that our fear was groundleſs. *Divide and conquer*, is a principle equally juſt in ſcience as in policy. Complication is a ſpecies of confederacy, which, while it continues united, bids defiance to the moſt active and vigorous intellect; but of which every member is ſeparately weak, and which may therefore be quickly ſubdued if it can once be broken.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has obſerved, is to attempt but little at a time. The wildeſt excurſions of the mind are made by ſhort flights frequently repeated; the moſt lofty fabricks of ſcience are formed by the continued accumulation of ſingle propoſitions.

It often happens, whatever be the cauſe, that impatience of labour, or dread of miſcarriage, ſeizes thoſe who are moſt diſtinguiſhed for quickneſs of apprehenſion; and that they who might with greateſt reaſon promiſe themſelves victory, are leaſt willing to hazard the encounter. This diffidence, where the attention is not laid aſleep by lazineſs, or diſſipated by pleaſures, can ariſe only from confuſed and general views, ſuch as negligence ſnatches in haſte, or from the diſappointment of the firſt hopes formed by arrogance without reflection. To expect that the intricacies of ſcience will be pierced by a careleſs glance, or the eminences of fame aſcended without labour, is to expect a particular privilege, a power denied to the reſt of mankind; but to ſuppoſe that the maze is inſcrutable to dili-

gence, or the heights inacceſſible to perſeverance, is to ſubmit tamely to the tyranny of fancy, and enchain the mind in voluntary ſhackles.

It is the proper ambition of the heroes in literature to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by diſcovering and conquering new regions of the intellectual world. To the ſucceſs of ſuch undertakings perhaps ſome degreee of fortuitous happineſs is neceſſary, which no man can promiſe or procure to himſelf; and therefore doubt and irreſolution may be forgiven in him that ventures into the unexplored abyſſes of truth, and attempts to find his way through the fluctuations of uncertainty, and the conflicts of contradiction. But when nothing more is required, than to purſue a path already beaten, to trample obſtacles which others have demoliſhed, why ſhould any man ſo much diſtruſt his own intellect as to imagine himſelf unequal to the attempt?

It were to be wiſhed that they who devote their lives to ſtudy would at once believe nothing too great for their attainment, and conſider nothing as too little for their regard; that they would extend their notice alike to ſcience and to life, and unite ſome knowledge of the preſent world to their acquaintance with paſt ages and remote events.

Nothing has ſo much expoſed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themſelves. Thoſe who have been taught to conſider the inſtitutions of the ſchools, as giving the laſt perfection to human abilities, are ſurprized to ſee men wrinkled with ſtudy, yet wanting to be inſtructed in the minute circumſtances of propriety, or the neceſſary forms of daily tranſaction; and quickly ſhake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the reſt of mankind.

'Books,' ſays Bacon, 'can never teach the 'uſe of books.' The ſtudent muſt learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his ſpeculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purpoſes of life.

It is too common for thoſe who have been bred to ſcholaſtick profeſſions, and paſſed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to diſregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they ſhall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for inſtruction. They therefore ſtep out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and ſcorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whoſe manners they muſt imitate, and with whoſe opinions they muſt comply, if they deſire to paſs their time happily among them.

To leſſen that diſdain with which ſcholars are inclined to look on the common buſineſs of the world, and the unwillingneſs with which they condeſcend to learn what is not to be found in any ſyſtem of philoſophy, it may be neceſſary to conſider that though admiration is excited by abſtruſe reſearches and remote diſcoveries, yet pleaſure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by ſofter accompliſhments, and qualities more eaſily communicable to thoſe about us. He that can only converſe upon queſtions, about which only a ſmall part of mankind has knowledge ſufficient to make them curious, muſt loſe his days in unſocial ſilence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be uſeful on great occaſions, may die without exerting his abilities, and ſtand a helpleſs ſpectator of a thouſand vexations which fret away happineſs, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readineſs of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to ſet him above the want of hourly aſſiſtance, or to extinguiſh the deſire of fond endearments, and tender officiouſneſs; and therefore, no one ſhould think it unneceſſary to learn thoſe arts by which friendſhip may be gained. Kindneſs is preſerved by a conſtant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleaſures; but ſuch benefits only can be beſtowed, as others are capable to receive, and ſuch pleaſures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this deſcent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be loſt; for the condeſcenſions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to uſe the ſimile of Longinus, like the ſun in his evening declination, he remits his ſplendor but retains his magnitude, and pleaſes more though he dazzles leſs.

No. CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1751.

——Tecum libeat mihi ſordida rura
Atque humiles habitare caſas, et figere cervos.

VIRG.

With me retire, and leave the pomp of courts
For humble cottages and rural ſports.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH the contempt with which you have treated the annual migrations of the gay and buſy part of mankind, is juſtified by daily obſervation, ſince moſt of thoſe who leave the town, neither vary their entertainments nor enlarge their notions; yet I ſuppoſe you do not intend to repreſent the practice itſelf as ridiculous, or to declare that he whoſe condition puts the diſtribution of his time into his own power may not properly divide it between the town and country.

That the country, and only the country, diſplays the inexhauſtible varieties of nature, and ſupplies the philoſophical mind with matter for admiration and enquiry, never was denied; but my curioſity is very little attracted by the colour of a flower, the anatomy of an inſect, or the ſtructure of a neſt; I am generally employed upon human manners, and therefore fill up the months of rural leiſure with remarks on thoſe who live within the circle of my notice. If writers would more frequently viſit thoſe regions of negligence and liberty, they might diverſify their repreſentations, and multiply their images, for in the country are original characters chiefly to be found. In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute diſcriminations which diſtinguiſh one from another are for the moſt part effaced, the peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by promiſcuous converſe, as angular bodies and uneven ſurfaces loſe their points and aſperities by frequent attrition againſt one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity. The prevalence of faſhion, the influence of example, the deſire of applauſe, and the dread of cenſure, obſtruct the natural tendencies of the mind, and check the fancy in its firſt efforts to break forth into experiments of caprice.

Few inclinations are ſo ſtrong as to grow up into habits, when they muſt ſtruggle with the conſtant oppoſition of ſettled forms and eſtabliſhed cuſtoms. But in the country every man is a ſeparate and independent being: ſolitude flatters irregularity with hopes of ſecrecy; and wealth, removed from the mortification of compariſon, and the awe of equality, ſwells into contemptuous confidence, and ſets blame and laughter at defiance; the impulſes of nature act unreſtrained, and the diſpoſition dares to ſhew itſelf in its true form, without any diſguiſe of hypocriſy, or decorations of elegance. Every one indulges the full enjoyment of his own choice, and talks and lives with no other view than to pleaſe himſelf, without enquiring how far he deviates from the general practice, or conſidering others as entitled to any account of his ſentiments or actions. If he builds or demoliſhes, opens or encloſes, deluges or drains, it is not his care what may be the opinion of thoſe who are ſkilled in perſpective or architecture, it is ſufficient that he has no landlord to control him, and that none has any right to examine in what projects the lord of the manor ſpends his own money on his own grounds.

For this reaſon it is not very common to want ſubjects for rural converſation. Almoſt every man is daily doing ſomething which produces merriment, wonder or reſentment, among his neighbours. This utter exemption from reſtraint leaves every anomalous quality to operate in its full extent, and ſuffers the natural character to diffuſe itſelf to every part of life. The pride which under the check of publick obſervation, would have been only vented among ſervants and domeſticks, becomes in a country baronet the torment of a province, and inſtead of terminating in the deſtruction of China-ware and glaſſes, ruins tenants, diſpoſſeſſes cottagers, and harraſſes villages with actions of treſpaſs and bills of indictment.

It frequently happens that even without violent paſſions, or enormous corruption, the

freedom and laxity of a ruſtick life produces remarkable particularities of conduct or manner. In the province where I now reſide, we have one lady eminent for wearing a gown always of the ſame cut and colour; another for ſhaking hands with thoſe that viſit her; and a third for unſhaken reſolution never to let tea or coffee enter her houſe.

But of all the female characters which this place affords, I have found none ſo worthy of attention as that of Mrs. Buſy, a widow, who loſt her huſband in her thirtieth year, and has ſince paſſed her time in the manor-houſe, in the government of her children, and the management of the eſtate.

Mrs. Buſy was married at eighteen, from a boarding-ſchool, where ſhe had paſſed her time like other young ladies in needle-work, with a few intervals of dancing and reading. When ſhe became a bride, ſhe ſpent one winter with her huſband in town, where having no idea of any converſation beyond the formalities of a viſit, ſhe found nothing to engage her paſſions; and when ſhe had been one night at court and two at an opera, and ſeen the Monument, the Tombs, and the Tower, ſhe concluded that London had nothing more to ſhew, and wondered that when women had once ſeen the world they could not be content to ſtay at home. She therefore went willingly to the ancient ſeat, and for ſome years ſtudied houſewifery under Mr. Buſy's mother, with ſo much aſſiduity, that the old lady, when ſhe died, bequeathed her a caudle-cup, a ſoup-diſh, two beakers, and a cheſt of table-linen ſpun by herſelf.

Mr. Buſy finding the economical qualities of his lady, reſigned his affairs wholly into her hands, and devoted his life to his pointers and his hounds. He never viſited his eſtates, but to deſtroy the partridges or foxes; and often committed ſuch devaſtations in the rage of pleaſure, that ſome of his tenants refuſed to hold their lands at the uſual rent. Their landlady perſuaded them to be ſatisfied, and entreated her huſband to diſmiſs his dogs, with many exact calculations of the ale drank by his companions, and corn conſumed by the horſes, and remonſtrances againſt the inſolence of the huntſman, and the frauds of the groom. The huntſman was too neceſſary to his happineſs to be diſcarded; and he had ſtill continued to ravage his own eſtate, had he not caught a cold and a fever by ſhooting mallards in the fens. His fever was followed by a conſumption, which in a few months brought him to the grave.

Mrs. Buſy was too much an economiſt to feel either joy or ſorrow at his death. She received the compliments and conſolations of her neighbours in a dark room, out of which ſhe ſtole privately every night and morning to ſee the cows milked; and after a few days declared that ſhe thought a widow might employ herſelf better than in nurſing grief; and that, for her part, ſhe was reſolved that the fortunes of her children ſhould not be impaired by her neglect.

She therefore immediately applied herſelf to the reformation of abuſes. She gave away the dogs, diſcharged the ſervants of the kennel and ſtable, and ſent the horſes to the next fair, but rated at ſo high a price that they returned unſold. She was reſolved to have nothing idle about her, and ordered them to be employed in common drudgery. They loſt their ſleekneſs and grace, and were ſoon purchaſed at half the value.

She ſoon diſencumbered herſelf from her weeds, and put on a riding-hood, a coarſe apron, and ſhort petticoats, and has turned a large manor into a farm, of which ſhe takes the management wholly upon herſelf. She riſes before the ſun to order the horſes to their geers, and ſees them well rubbed down at their return from work; ſhe attends the dairy morning and evening, and watches when a calf falls, that it may be carefully nurſed; ſhe walks out among the ſheep at noon, counts the lambs, and obſerves the fences, and, where ſhe finds a gap, ſtops it with a buſh till it can be better mended. In harveſt ſhe rides afield in the waggon, and is very liberal of her ale from a wooden bottle. At her leiſure hours ſhe looks gooſe eggs, airs the wool-room, and turns the cheeſe.

When reſpect or curioſity brings viſitants to her houſe, ſhe entertains them with prognoſticks of a ſcarcity of wheat, or a rot among the ſheep, and always thinks herſelf privileged to diſmiſs them, when ſhe is to ſee the hogs fed, or to count the poultry on the rooſt.

The only things neglected about her are her children, whom ſhe has taught nothing but the loweſt houſehold duties. In my laſt viſit I

met Miſs Buſy carrying grains to a ſick cow, and was entertained with the accompliſhments of her eldeſt ſon, a youth of ſuch early maturity, that though he is only ſixteen, ſhe can truſt him to ſell corn in the market. Her younger daughter, who is eminent for her beauty, though ſomewhat tanned in making hay, was buſy in pouring out ale to the ploughmen, that every one might have an equal ſhare.

I could not but look with pity on this young family, doomed by the abſurd prudence of their mother to ignorance and meanneſs; but when I recommended a more elegant education, was anſwered, that ſhe never ſaw bookiſh or finical people grow rich, and that ſhe was good for nothing herſelf till ſhe had forgotten the nicety of the boarding-ſchool.

I am, yours, &c. BUCOLUS.

No. CXXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1751.

——Sit quod vis ſimplex duntaxat et unum.

HOR.

Let ev'ry piece be ſimple and be one.

IT is required by Ariſtotle to the perfection of a tragedy, and is equally neceſſary to every other ſpecies of regular compoſition, that it ſhould have a beginning, a middle, and an end. 'The beginning,' ſays he, 'is that which has 'nothing neceſſarily previous, but to which 'that which follows is naturally conſequent; 'the end, on the contrary, is that which by ne-'ceſſity, or at leaſt according to the common 'courſe of things, ſucceeds ſomething elſe, 'but which implies nothing conſequent to 'itſelf; the middle is connected on one ſide to 'ſomething that naturally goes before, and 'on the other to ſomething that naturally fol-'lows it."

Such is the rule laid down by this great critick for the diſpoſition of the different parts of a well conſtituted fable. It muſt begin, where it may be made intelligible without introduction; and end, where the mind is left in repoſe, without expectation of any farther event. The intermediate paſſages muſt join the laſt effect to the firſt cauſe, by a regular and unbroken concatenation; nothing muſt be therefore inſerted which does not apparently ariſe from ſomething foregoing, and properly make way for ſomething that ſucceeds it.

This precept is to be underſtood in its rigour only with reſpect to great and eſſential events, and cannot be extended in the ſame force to minuter circumſtances and arbitrary decorations, which yet are more happy as they contribute more to the main deſign; for it is always a proof of extenſive thought and accurate circumſpection, to promote various purpoſes by the ſame act; and the idea of an ornament admits uſe, though it ſeems to exclude neceſſity.

Whoever purpoſes, as it is expreſſed by Milton, 'to build the lofty rhime,' muſt acquaint himſelf with this law of poetical architecture, and take care that his edifice be ſolid as well as beautiful; that nothing ſtand ſingle or independent, ſo as that it may be taken away without injuring the reſt; but that from the foundation to the pinnacles one part reſt firm upon another.

This regular and conſequential diſtribution is among common authors frequently neglected; but the failures of thoſe whoſe example can have no influence, may be ſafely overlooked, nor is it of much uſe to recall obſcure and unregarded names to memory for the ſake of ſporting with their infamy. But if there is any writer whoſe genius can embelliſh impropriety, and whoſe authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquiſition. To expunge faults where there are no excellencies, is a taſk equally uſeleſs with that of the chemiſt, who employs the arts of ſeparation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.

The tragedy of Samſon Agoniſtes has been celebrated as the ſecond work of the great author of Paradiſe Loſt, and oppoſed with all the confidence of triumph to the dramatick performances of other nations. It contains indeed juſt ſentiments, maxims of wiſdom, and oracles of piety, and many paſſages written with the ancient ſpirit of choral poetry, in which there is a juſt and pleaſing mixture of Seneca's moral declamation, with the wild enthuſiaſm of the Greek writers. It is therefore worthy of

examination, whether a performance thus illuminated with genius, and enriched with learning, is compoſed according to the indiſpenſable laws of Ariſtotelian criticiſm: and, omitting at preſent all other conſiderations, whether it exhibits a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is undoubtedly beautiful and proper, opening with a graceful abruptneſs, and proceeding naturally to a mournful recital of facts neceſſary to be known.

Samſon. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To theſe dark ſteps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of ſun and ſhade;
There I am wont to ſit when any chance
Relieve me from my taſk of ſervile toil,
Daily in the common priſon elſe enjoin'd me.
—O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel?—
—Why was my breeding order'd and preſcrib'd,
As of a perſon ſeparate to God,
Deſign'd for great exploits; if I muſt die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out?
—Whom have I to complain of but myſelf?
Who this high gift of ſtrength, committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how eaſily bereft me,
Under the ſeal of ſilence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman muſt reveal it.

His ſoliloquy is interrupted by a chorus or company of men of his own tribe, who condole his miſeries, extenuate his fault, and conclude with a ſolemn vindication of Divine juſtice. So that at the concluſion of the firſt act there is no deſign laid, no diſcovery made, nor any diſpoſition formed towards the ſubſequent event.

In the ſecond act, Manoah, the father of Samſon, comes to ſeek his ſon, and being ſhewn him by the chorus, breaks out into lamentations of his miſery, and compariſons of his preſent with his former ſtate, repreſenting to him the ignominy which his religion ſuffers, by the feſtival this day celebrated in honour of Dagon, to whom the idolaters aſcribed his overthrow.

——Thou bear'ſt
Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly haſt thou paid and ſtill art paying
That rigid ſcore. A worſe thing yet remains,
This day the Philiſtines a pop'lar feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp and ſacrifice, and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samſon, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who ſlew'ſt them many a
ſlain.

Samſon touched with this reproach, makes a reply equally penitential and pious, which his father conſiders as the effuſions of prophetick confidence.

Samſon. ——God, be ſure,
Will not connive or linger thus provok'd,
But will ariſe and his great name aſſert:
Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive,
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted trophies won on me.
Manoah. With cauſe this hope relieves thee,
and theſe words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name.

This part of the dialogue, as it might tend to animate or exaſperate Samſon, cannot, I think, be cenſured as wholly ſuperfluous; but the ſucceeding diſpute, in which his father breaks off, that he may go o ſolicit his releaſe, is only valuable for its own beauties, and has no tendency to introduce any thing that follows it.

The next event of the drama is the arrival of Dalilah; with all her graces, artifices, and allurements. This produces a dialogue, in a very high degree elegant and inſtructive, from which ſhe retires, after ſhe has exhauſted her perſuaſions, and is no more ſeen nor heard of; nor has her viſit any effect but that of raiſing the character of Samſon.

In the fourth act enters Harapha, the giant of Gath, whoſe name had never been mentioned before, and who has now no other motive of coming than to ſee the man whoſe ſtrength and actions are ſo loudly celebrated.

Harapha.——Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me; in this diſpleas'd,
That I was never preſent in the place
Of thoſe encounters, where we might have
tried
Each others force in camp or liſted fields;
And now am come to ſee of whom ſuch noiſe

Hath walk'd about, and each limb to ſurvey,
If thy appearance anſwer loud report.

Samſon challenges him to the combat; and, after an interchange of reproaches, elevated by repeated defiance on one ſide, and imbittered by contemptuous inſults on the other, Harapha retires; we then hear it determined, by Samſon and the chorus, that no conſequence good or bad will proceed from their interview.

Chorus. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.
Samſ. He muſt allege ſome cauſe, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, leſt a queſtion riſe,
Whether he durſt accept the offer or not;
And that he durſt not, plain enough appear'd.

At laſt, in the fifth act, appears a meſſenger from the lords aſſembled at the feſtival of Dagon, with a ſummons by which Samſon is required to come and entertain them with ſome proof of his ſtrength. Samſon, after a ſhort expoſtulation, diſmiſſes him with a firm and reſolute refuſal; during the abſence of the meſſenger, having a while defended the propriety of his conduct, he at laſt declares himſelf moved by a ſecret impulſe to comply, and utters ſome dark preſages of a great event to be brought to paſs by his agency, under the direction of Providence.

Samſ. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rouſing motions in me, which diſpoſe
To ſomething extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this meſſenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be ſure, that may diſhonour
Our law, or ſtain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of preſage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By ſome great act, or of my days the laſt.

While Samſon is conducted off by the meſſenger, his father returns with hopes of ſucceſs in his ſolicitation, upon which he confers with the chorus till their dialogue is interrupted, firſt by a ſhout of triumph, and afterwards by ſcreams of horror and agony. As they ſtand deliberating where they ſhall be ſecure, a man who had been preſent at the ſhew enters, and relates how Samſon, having prevailed on his guide to ſuffer him to lean againſt the main pillars of the theatrical edifice, tore down the roof upon the ſpectators and himſelf.

——Thoſe two maſſy pillars,
With horrible confuſion, to and fro,
He tugg'd, he ſhook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burſt of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who ſat beneath——
——Samſon with theſe immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the ſame deſtruction on himſelf.

This is undoubtedly a juſt and regular cataſtrophe, and the poem, therefore, has a beginning and an end which Ariſtotle himſelf could not have diſapproved; but it muſt be allowed to want a middle, ſince nothing paſſes between the firſt act and the laſt, that either haſtens or delays the death of Samſon. The whole drama, if its ſuperfluities were cut off, would ſcarcely fill a ſingle act; yet this is the tragedy which ignorance has admired, and bigotry applauded,

No. CXL. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1751.

——*Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte eſt,*
Ut non hoc fateatur.

HOR.

What doating bigot, to his faults ſo blind,
As not to grant me this, can Milton find?

'IT is common,' ſays Bacon, 'to deſire the 'end without enduring the means.' Every member of ſociety feels and acknowledges the neceſſity of detecting crimes, yet ſcarce any degree of virtue or reputation is able to ſecure an informer from publick hatred. The learned world has always admitted the uſefulneſs of critical diſquiſitions, yet he that attempts to ſhew,

however modeſtly, the failures of a celebrated writer, ſhall ſurely irritate his admirers, and incur the imputation of envy, captiouſneſs, and malignity.

With this danger full in my view, I ſhall proceed to examine the ſentiments of Milton's tragedy, which, though much leſs liable to cenſure than the diſpoſition of his plan, are, like thoſe of other writers, ſometimes expoſed to juſt exception for want of care, or want of diſcernment.

Sentiments are proper and improper as they conſiſt more or leſs with the character and circumſtances of the perſon to whom they are attributed, with the rules of the compoſition in which they are found, or with the ſettled and unalterable nature of things.

It is common among the tragick poets to introduce their perſons alluding to events or opinions, of which they could not poſſibly have any knowledge. The barbarians of remote or newly diſcovered regions often diſplay their ſkill in European learning. The god of love is mentioned in Tamerlane with all the familiarity of a Roman epigrammatiſt; and a late writer put Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood into the mouth of a Turkiſh ſtateſman, who lived near two centuries before it was known even to philoſophers or anatomiſts.

Milton's learning, which acquainted him with the manners of the ancient eaſtern nations, and his invention, which required no aſſiſtance from the common cant of poetry, have preſerved him from frequent outrages of local or chronological propriety. Yet he has mentioned Chalibean Steel, of which it is not very likely that his chorus ſhould have heard, and has made Alp the general name of a mountain, in a region where the Alps could ſcarcely be known.

No medicinal liquor can aſſwage,
Nor breath of cooling air from ſnowy Alp.

He has taught Samſon the tales of Circe, and the Syrens, at which he apparently hints in his colloquy with Dalilah.

I know thy trains,
Tho' dearly to my coſt, thy gins and toils;
Thy fair *enchanted cup*, and *warbling charms*,
No more on me have pow'r.

But the groſſeſt error of this kind is the ſolemn introduction of the Phœnix in the laſt ſcene, which is faulty, not only as it is incongruous to the perſonage to whom it is aſcribed, but as it is ſo evidently contrary to reaſon and nature, that it ought never to be mentioned but as a fable in any ſerious poem.

——Virtue giv'n for loſt,
Depreſt, and overthrown, as ſeem'd,
Like that ſelf-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods emboſt
That no ſecond knows, nor third,
And lay ere while a holocauſt;
From out our aſhy womb now teem'd
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt inactive deem'd;
And tho' her body die, her fame ſurvives,
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

Another ſpecies of impropriety, is the unſuitableneſs of thoughts to the general character of the poem. The ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity of tragedy neceſſarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expreſſions, all remote conceits and oppoſition of ideas. Samſon's complaint is therefore too elaborate to be natural.

As in the land of darkneſs, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd; but O yet more miſerable!
Myſelf my ſepulchre, a moving grave!
Bury'd, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worſt of other evils, pains and wrongs.

All alluſions to low and trivial objects, with which contempt is uſually aſſociated, are doubtleſs unſuitable to a ſpecies of compoſition which ought to be always awful, though not always magnificent. The remark therefore of the chorus on good and bad news, ſeems to want elevation.

Manoah. A little ſtay will bring ſome notice hither.
Chor. Of good or bad ſo great, of bad the ſooner;
For evil news *rides poſt*, while good news *baits*.

But of all meanneſs, that has leaſt to plead which is produced by mere verbal conceits, which depending only upon ſounds, loſe their exiſtence by the change of a ſyllable. Of this kind is the following dialogue.

Chor. But had we beſt retire? I ſee a *ſtorm.*
Samſ. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempeſt brings.
Samſ. Be leſs abſtruſe, my ridling days are paſt.
Chor. Look now for no inchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,
The giant Harapha.———

And yet more deſpicable are the lines in which Manoah's paternal kindneſs is commended by the chorus.

Fathers are wont to *lay up* for their ſons,
Thou for thy ſon art bent to *lay out* all.—

Samſon's complaint of the inconveniencies of impriſonment is not wholly without verbal quaintneſs.

—I a priſoner chain'd, ſcarce freely draw
The air, impriſon'd alſo, cloſe and damp.

From the ſentiments we may properly deſcend to the conſideration of the language, which, in imitation of the ancients, is through the whole dialogue remarkably ſimple and unadorned, ſeldom heightened by epithets, or varied by figures; yet ſometimes metaphors find admiſſion, even where their conſiſtency is not accurately preſerved. Thus Samſon confounds loquacity with a ſhipwreck.

How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a fooliſh *pilot*, have *ſhipwreck'd*
My *veſſel* truſted to me from above,
Glorioufly *rigg'd*; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have *divulg'd* the *ſecret gift* of God
To a deceitful woman!———

And the chorus talks of adding fuel to flame in a report.

He's gone, and who knows how he may *report*
Thy *words*, by *adding fuel to the flame?*

The verſification is in the dialogue much more ſmooth and harmonious than in the parts allotted to the chorus, which are often ſo harſh and diſſonant, as ſcarce to preſerve, whether the lines end with or without rhymes, any appearance of metrical regularity.

Or do my eyes miſrepreſent? Can this be he,
That heroick, that renown'd,
Irreſiſtible Samſon; whom unarm'd
No ſtrength of man, or fierceſt wild beaſt, could withſtand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid.

Since I have thus pointed out the faults of Milton, critical integrity requires that I ſhould endeavour to diſplay his excellencies, though they will not eaſily be diſcovered in ſhort quotations, becauſe they conſiſt in the juſtneſs of diffuſe reaſonings, or in the contexture and method of continued dialogues; this play having none of theſe deſcriptions, ſimilies, or ſplendid ſentences, with which other tragedies are ſo laviſhly adorned.

Yet ſome paſſages may be ſelected which ſeem to deſerve particular notice, either as containing ſentiments of paſſion, repreſentations of life, precepts of conduct, or ſallies of imagination. It is not eaſy to give a ſtronger repreſentation of the wearineſs of deſpondency, than in the words of Samſon to his father.

——I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
My hopes all flat; nature within me ſeems
In all her functions weary of herſelf;
My race of glory run, and race of ſhame;
And I ſhall ſhortly be with them that reſt.

The reply of Samſon to the flattering Dalilah affords a juſt and ſtriking deſcription of the ſtratagems and allurements of feminine hypocriſy.

———Theſe are thy wonted arts,
And arts of ev'ry woman falſe like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to ſubmit, beſeech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorſe,
Confeſs and promiſe wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her huſband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
His virtue or weakneſs which way to aſſail:
Then with more cautious and inſtructed ſkill
Again tranſgreſſes, and again ſubmits.

When Samſon has refuſed to make himſelf a ſpectacle at the feaſt of Dagon, he firſt juſtifies his behaviour to the chorus, who charge him with having ſerved the Philiſtines, by a very juſt diſtinction; and then deſtroys the common excuſe of cowardice and ſervility, which always confound temptation with compulſion.

Chor. Yet with thy ſtrength thou ſerv'ſt the Philiſtines.

Samſ. Not in their idol worſhip, but by labour
Honeſt and lawful to deſerve my food
Of thoſe who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Samſ. Where outward force conſtrains, the ſentence holds,
But who conſtrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philiſtine lords command.
Commands are no conſtraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to diſpleaſe
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind.

The complaint of blindneſs which Samſon pours out at the beginning of the tragedy is equally addreſſed to the paſſions and the fancy. The enumeration of his miſeries is ſucceeded by a very pleaſing train of poetical images, and concluded by ſuch expoſtulations and wiſhes, as reaſon too often ſubmits to learn from deſpair.

O firſt created beam, and thou great word
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark,
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light ſo neceſſary is to life,
And almoſt life itſelf; if it be true,
That light is in the ſoul,
She all in ev'ry part; why was the ſight
To ſuch a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and ſo eaſy to be quenched,
And not, as feeling, thro' all parts diffus'd
That ſhe may look at will thro' ev'ry pore.

Such are the faults and ſuch the beauties of Samſon Agoniſtes, which I have ſhewn with no other purpoſe than to promote the knowledge of true criticiſm. The everlaſting verdure of Milton's laurels has nothing to fear from the blaſts of malignity; nor can my attempt produce any other effect, than to ſtrengthen their ſhoots by lopping their luxuriance.

No. CXLI. TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1751.

Hilariſque, tamen cum pondere, virtus,

STAT.

Greatneſs with eaſe, and gay ſeverity.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

POLITICIANS have long obſerved, that the greateſt events may be often traced back to ſlender cauſes. Petty competition or caſual friendſhip, the prudence of a ſlave, or the garrulity of a woman, have hindered or promoted the moſt important ſchemes, and haſtened or retarded the revolutions of empire.

Whoever ſhall review his life will generally find, that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by ſome accident of no apparent moment, or by a combination of inconſiderable circumſtances, acting when his imagination was unoccupied, and his judgment unſettled; and that his principles and actions have taken their colour from ſome ſecret infuſion, mingled without deſign in the current of his ideas. The deſires that predominate in our hearts, are inſtilled by imperceptible communications at the time when we look upon the various ſcenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of inexperience; and we come forth from the nurſery or the ſchool, invariably deſtined to the purſuit of great acquiſitions, or petty accompliſhments.

Such was the impulſe by which I have been kept in motion from my earlieſt years. I was born to an inheritance which gave my childhood a claim to diſtinction and careſſes, and was accuſtomed to hear applauſes, before they had much influence on my thoughts. The firſt praiſe of which I remember myſelf ſenſible, was that of good-humour, which, whether I deſerved it or not when it was beſtowed, I have ſince made it my whole buſineſs to propagate and maintain.

When I was ſent to ſchool, the gaiety of my look, and the livelineſs of my loquacity,

ſoon gained me admiſſion to hearts not yet fortified againſt affection by artifice or intereſt. I was entruſted with every ſtratagem, and aſſociated in every ſport; my company gave alacrity to a frolick, and gladneſs to a holiday. I was indeed ſo much employed in adjuſting or executing ſchemes of diverſion, that I had no leiſure for my taſks, but was furniſhed with exerciſes, and inſtructed in my leſſons, by ſome kind of patron of the higher claſſes. My maſter, not ſuſpecting my deficiency, or unwilling to detect what his kindneſs would not puniſh, nor his impartiality excuſe, allowed me to eſcape with a ſlight examination, laughed at the pertneſs of my ignorance, and the ſprightlineſs of my abſurdities, and could not forbear to ſhew that he regarded me with ſuch tenderneſs, as genius and learning can ſeldom excite.

From ſchool I was diſmiſſed to the univerſity, where I ſoon drew upon me the notice of the younger ſtudents, and was the conſtant partner of their morning walks, and evening compotations. I was not indeed much celebrated for literature, but was looked on with indulgence as a man of parts, who wanted nothing but the dulneſs of a ſcholar, and might become eminent whenever he ſhould condeſcend to labour and attention. My tutor a while reproached me with negligence; and repreſſed my ſallies with ſupercilious gravity; yet having natural good-humour lurking in his heart, he could not long hold out againſt the power of hilarity, but after a few months began to relax the muſcles of diſciplinarian moroſeneſs, received me with ſmiles after an elopement, and, that he might not betray his truſt to his fondneſs, was content to ſpare my diligence by increaſing his own.

Thus I continued to diſſipate the gloom of collegiate auſterity, to waſte my own life in idleneſs, and lure others from their ſtudies, till the happy hour arrived, when I was ſent to London. I ſoon diſcovered the town to be the proper element of youth and gaiety, and was quickly diſtinguiſhed as a wit by the ladies, a ſpecies of beings only heard of at the univerſity, whom I had no ſooner the happineſs of approaching than I devoted all my faculties to the ambition of pleaſing them.

A wit, Mr. Rambler, in the dialect of ladies, is not always a man who, by the action of a vigorous fancy upon comprehenſive knowledge, brings diſtant ideas unexpectedly together, who by ſome peculiar acuteneſs diſcovers reſemblance in objects diſſimilar to common eyes, or by mixing heterogeneous notions, dazzles the attention with ſudden ſcintillations of conceit. A lady's wit is a man who can make ladies laugh, to which, however eaſy it may ſeem, many gifts of nature, and attainments of art, muſt commonly concur. He that hopes to be conceived as a wit in female aſſemblies, ſhould have a form neither ſo amiable as to ſtrike with admiration, nor ſo coarſe as to raiſe diſguſt, with an underſtanding too feeble to be dreaded, and too forcible to be deſpiſed. The other parts of the character are more ſubject to variation; it was formerly eſſential to a wit, that half his back ſhould be covered with a ſnowy fleece, and at a time yet more remote no man was a wit without his boots. In the days of the Spectator a ſnuff-box ſeems to have been indiſpenſable; but in my time an embroidered coat was ſufficient, without any preciſe regulation of the reſt of his dreſs.

But wigs and boots and ſnuff-boxes are vain without a perpetual reſolution to be merry; and who can always find ſupplies of mirth! Juvenal indeed, in his compariſon of the two oppoſite philoſophers, wonders only whence an unexhauſted fountain of tears could be diſcharged: but had Juvenal, with all his ſpirit, undertaken my province, he would have found conſtant gaiety equally difficult to be ſupported. Conſider, Mr. Rambler, and compaſſionate the condition of a man, who has taught every company to expect from him a continual feaſt of laughter, an unintermitted ſtream of jocularity. The taſk of every other ſlave has an end. The rower in time reaches the port; the lexicographer at laſt finds the concluſion of his alphabet; only the hapleſs wit has his labour always to begin, the call for novelty is never ſatisfied, and one jeſt only raiſes expectation of another.

I know that, among men of learning and aſperity, the retainers to the female world are not much regarded; yet I cannot but hope that if you knew at how dear a rate our honours are purchaſed, you would look with ſome gratulation on our ſucceſs, and with ſome pity on our miſcarriages. Think on the miſery of him who is condemned to cultivate barrenneſs and

ranſack vacuity; who is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is ſpent, to raiſe merriment without images, to haraſs his imagination in queſt of thoughts which he cannot ſtart, and his memory in purſuit of narratives which he cannot overtake; obſerve the effort with which he ſtrains to conceal deſpondency by a ſmile, and the diſtreſs in which he ſits while the eyes of the company are fixed upon him as their laſt refuge from ſilence and dejection.

It were endleſs to recount the ſhifts to which I have been reduced, or to enumerate the different ſpecies of artificial wit. I regularly frequented coffee-houſes, and have often lived a week upon an expreſſion, of which he who dropped it did not know the value. When fortune did not favour my erratick induſtry, I gleaned jeſts at home from obſolete farces. To collect wit was indeed ſafe, for I conſorted with none that looked much into books; but to diſperſe it was the difficulty. A ſeeming negligence was often uſeful, and I have very ſucceſsfully made a reply not to what the lady had ſaid, but to what it was convenient for me to hear; for very few were ſo perverſe as to rectify a miſtake which had given occaſion to a burſt of merriment. Sometimes I drew the converſation up by degrees to a proper point, and produced a conceit which I had treaſured up, like ſportſmen who boaſt of killing the foxes which they lodge in the covert. Eminence is however in ſome happy moments gained at leſs expence; I have delighted a whole circle at one time with a ſeries of quibbles, and made myſelf good company at another, by ſcalding my fingers, or miſtaking a lady's lap for my own chair.

Theſe are artful deceits and uſeful expedients; but expedients are at length exhauſted, and deceits detected. Time itſelf, among other other injuries, diminiſhes the power of pleaſing, and I now find in my forty-fifth year many pranks and pleaſantries very coldly received, which had formerly filled a whole room with jollity and acclamation. I am under the melancholy neceſſity of ſupporting the character by ſtudy, which I gained by levity, having learned too late that gaiety muſt be recommended by higher qualities, and that mirth can never pleaſe long but as the effloreſcence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, but eſteemed for its uſefulneſs.

I am, &c.

PAPILIUS.

No. CXLII. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1751.

Ενθα δ' ανὴρ ἐνίαυε ποιμὴν λαῶν——ὑὸς, μέτ' ἀλλὰς
Πωλεῖτ' ὤλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐὼν ἀθεμιστία ἤδη
Καὶ γὰρ θαῦμ' ἐτέτυκτο ποιμένι, οὐδὲ ἐώκει
Ανέρι ζιτοφάγῳ.

HOMER.

A giant ſhepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the reſt, and ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in ſtature or in face.

POPE.

TO THE RAMBLER

SIR,

HAVING been accuſtomed to retire annually from the town, I lately accepted the invitation of Eugenio, who has an eſtate and ſeat in a diſtant county. As we were unwilling to travel without improvement, we turned often from the direct road to pleaſe ourſelves with the view of nature or of art; we examined every wild mountain and medicinal ſpring, criticiſed every edifice, contemplated every ruin, and compared every ſcene of action with the narratives of hiſtorians. By this ſucceſſion of amuſements we enjoyed the exerciſe of a journey without ſuffering the fatigue, and had nothing to regret but that, by a progreſs ſo leiſurely and gentle, we miſſed the adventures of a poſt-chaiſe, and the pleaſure of alarming

villages with the tumult of our paſſage, and of diſguiſing our inſignificancy by the dignity of hurry.

The firſt week after our arrival at Eugenio's houſe was paſſed in receiving viſits from his neighbours, who crowded about him with all the eagerneſs of benevolence; ſome impatient to learn the news of the court and town, that they might be qualified by authentick information to dictate to the rural politicians on the next bowling day; others deſirous of his intereſt to accommodate diſputes, or of his advice in the ſettlement of their fortunes and the marriage of their children.

The civilities which he had received were ſoon to be returned; and I paſſed ſome time with great ſatisfaction in roving through the country, and viewing the ſeats, gardens, and plantations, which are ſcattered over it. My pleaſure would indeed have been greater had I been ſometimes allowed to wander in a park or wilderneſs alone, but to appear as the friend of Eugenio was an honour not to be enjoyed without ſome inconveniencies; ſo much was every one ſolicitous for my regard, that I could ſeldom eſcape to ſolitude, or ſteal a moment from the emulation of complaiſance, and the vigilance of officiouſneſs.

In theſe rambles of good neighbourhood, we frequently paſſed by a houſe of unuſual magnificence. While I had my curioſity yet diſtracted among many novelties, it did not much attract my obſervation; but in a ſhort time I could not forbear ſurveying it with particular notice; for the length of the wall which incloſed the gardens, the diſpoſition of the ſhades that waved over it, and the canals, of which I could obtain ſome glimpſes through the trees from our own windows, gave me reaſon to expect more grandeur and beauty than I had yet ſeen in that province. I therefore enquired, as we rode by it, why we never, amongſt our excurſions, ſpent an hour where there was ſuch an appearance of ſplendor and affluence. Eugenio told me that the ſeat which I ſo much admired, was commonly called in the country the *haunted houſe*, and that no viſits were paid there by any of the gentlemen whom I had yet ſeen. As the haunts of incorporeal beings are generally ruinous, neglected and deſolate, I eaſily conceived that there was ſomething to be explained, and told him that I ſuppoſed it only fairy ground, on which we might venture by day-light without danger. 'The danger,' ſays he, 'is indeed 'only that of appearing to ſolicit the acquaint-'ance of a man, with whom it is not poſſible 'to converſe without infamy, and who has 'driven from him, by his inſolence or malignity, every human being who can live without 'him.'

Our converſation was then accidentally interrupted; but my inquiſitive humour being now in motion, could not reſt without a full account of this newly diſcovered prodigy. I was ſoon informed that the fine houſe and ſpacious gardens were haunted by Squire Bluſter, of whom it was very eaſy to learn the character, ſince nobody had regard for him ſufficient to hinder them from telling whatever they could diſcover.

Squire Bluſter is deſcended of an ancient family. The eſtate which his anceſtors had immemorially poſſeſſed was much augmented by Captain Bluſter, who ſerved under Drake in the reign of Elizabeth; and the Bluſters, who were before only petty gentlemen, have from that time frequently repreſented the ſhire in parliament, been choſen to preſent addreſſes, and given laws at hunting matches and races. They were eminently hoſpitable and popular, till the father of this gentleman died of an election. His lady went to the grave ſoon after him, and left the heir, then only ten years old, to the care of his grandmother, who would not ſuffer him to be controlled, becauſe ſhe could not bear to hear him cry; and never ſent him to ſchool, becauſe ſhe was not able to live without his company. She taught him however very early to inſpect the ſteward's accounts, to dog the butler from the cellar, and to catch the ſervants at a junket; ſo that he was at the age of eighteen a compleat maſter of all the lower arts of domeſtic policy, had often on the road detected combinations between the coachman and the oſtler, and procured the diſcharge of nineteen maids for illicit correſpondence with cottagers and chairwomen.

By the opportunities of parſimony which minority affords, and which the probity of his guardians had diligently improved, a very large ſum of money was accumulated, and he found himſelf, when he took his affairs into his own

hands, the richeſt man in the county. It has been long the cuſtom of this family to celebrate the heir's completion of his twenty-firſt year, by an entertainment, at which the houſe is thrown open to all that are inclined to enter it, and the whole province flocks together as to a general feſtivity. On this occaſion young Bluſter exhibited the firſt tokens of his future eminence, by ſhaking his purſe at an old gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and offering to wager a greater ſum than he could afford to venture; a practice with which he has at one time or other, inſulted every freeholder within ten miles round him.

His next acts of offence were committed in a contentious and ſpiteful vindication of the privileges of his manors, and a rigorous and relentleſs proſecution of every man that preſumed to violate his game. As he happens to have no eſtate adjoining equal to his own, his oppreſſions are often borne without reſiſtance, for fear of a long ſuit, of which he delights to count the expences without the leaſt ſolicitude about the event; for he knows, that where nothing but an honorary right is conteſted, the poorer antagoniſt muſt always ſuffer, whatever ſhall be the laſt deciſion of the law.

By the ſucceſs of ſome of theſe diſputes, he has ſo elated his inſolence, and by reflection upon the general hatred which they have brought upon him, ſo irritated his virulence, that his whole life is ſpent in meditating or executing miſchief. It is his common practice to procure his hedges to be broken in the night, and then to demand ſatisfaction for damages which his grounds have ſuffered from his neighbour's cattle. An old widow was yeſterday ſoliciting Eugenio to enable her to replevin her only cow then in the pound by Squire Bluſter's order, who had ſent one of his agents to take advantage of her calamity, and perſuade her to ſell the cow at an under rate. He has driven a day-labourer from his cottage, for gathering blackberries in a hedge for his children; and has now an old woman in the county-gaol for a treſpaſs which ſhe committed, by coming into his ground to pick up acorns for her hog.

Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Diſtreſs will fly to immediate refuge, without much conſideration of remote conſequences. Bluſter has therefore a deſpotic authority in many families, whom he has aſſiſted, on preſſing occaſions, with larger ſums than they can eaſily repay. The only viſits that he makes are to theſe houſes of misfortune, where he enters with the inſolence of abſolute command, enjoys the terrors of the family, exacts their obedience, riots at their charge, and in the height of his joy inſults the father with menaces, and the daughters with obſcenity.

He is of late ſomewhat leſs offenſive; for one of his debtors, after gentle expoſtulations, by which he was only irritated to groſſer outrage, ſeized him by the ſleeve, led him trembling into the court-yard, and cloſed the door upon him in a ſtormy night. He took his uſual revenge the next morning by a writ; but the debt was diſcharged by the aſſiſtance of Eugenio.

It is his rule to ſuffer his tenants to owe him rent, becauſe by this indulgence he ſecures to himſelf the power of ſeizure whenever he has an inclination to amuſe himſelf with calamity, and feaſt his ears with entreaties and lamentations. Yet as he is ſometimes capriciouſly liberal to thoſe whom he happens to adopt as favourites, and lets his lands at a cheap rate, his farms are never long unoccupied; and when one is ruined by oppreſſion, the poſſibility of better fortune quickly lures another to ſupply his place.

Such is the life of Squire Bluſter; a man in whoſe power fortune has liberally placed the means of happineſs, but who has defeated all her gifts of their end by the depravity of his mind. He is wealthy without followers; he is magnificent without witneſſes; he has birth without alliance, and influence without dignity. His neighbours ſcorn him as a brute; his dependants dread him as an oppreſſor; and he has only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he is hated, he is likewiſe feared.

I am, Sir, &c.

VAGULUS.

No. CXLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1751.

——Moveat cornicula riſum
Furtivi nudata coloribus.——

HOR.

Leſt when the birds their various colours claim
Stripp'd of his ſtolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should ſtand the laughter of the publick ſcorn.

FRANCIS.

AMONG the innumerable practices by which intereſt or envy have taught thoſe who live upon literary fame to diſturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the moſt common is the charge of plagiariſm. When the excellence of a new compoſition can no longer be conteſted, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applauſe, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obſcure, may be ſet at ſuch a diſtance as not to overpower our fainter luſtre.

This accuſation is dangerous, becauſe, even when it is falſe, it may be ſometimes urged with probability. Bruyere declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are preoccupied, and that deſcription and ſentiment have been long exhauſted, It is indeed certain, that whoever attempts any common topick, will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with thoſe of other writers; nor can the niceſt judgment always diſtinguiſh accidental ſimilitude from artful imitation. There is likewiſe a common ſtock of images, a ſettled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of tranſition, which all authors ſuppoſe themſelves at liberty to uſe, and which produce the reſemblance generally obſervable among cotemporaries. So that in books which beſt deſerve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the diſpoſition of materials already provided; the ſame ideas and combinations of ideas have been long in the poſſeſſion of other hands; and by reſtoring to every man his own, as the Romans muſt have returned to their cots from the poſſeſſion of the world, ſo the moſt inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predeceſſors only by furniſhing himſelf with thoughts and elegancies out of the ſame general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiary, than the architect can be cenſured as a mean copier of Angelo or Wren, becauſe he digs his marble from the ſame quarry, ſquares his ſtones by the ſame art, and unites them in columns of the ſame orders.

Many ſubjects fall under the conſideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of ſlight and accidental diverſities. All definitions of the ſame thing muſt be nearly the ſame; and deſcriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, muſt always have in ſome degree that reſemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets deſcribing the ſpring or the ſea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulneſs of hope, the fugacity of pleaſure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of theſe incurable miſeries, they would concur in recommending kindneſs, temperance, caution, and fortitude.

When therefore there are found in Virgil and Horace two ſimilar paſſages—

Hæ tibi erunt artes——
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.——

VIRG.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free:
Theſe are impartial arts, and worthy thee.

DRYDEN.

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem. HOR.

Let Cæſar ſpread his conqueſts far,
Leſs pleas'd to triumph than to ſpare.

it is ſurely not neceſſary to ſuppoſe with a late critick that one is copied from the other

ſince neither Virgil nor Horace can be ſuppoſed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in ſucceſs.

Cicero and Ovid have on very different occaſions remarked how little of the honour of a victory belongs to the general, when his ſoldiers and his fortune have made their deductions; yet why ſhould Ovid be ſuſpected to have owed to Tully an obſervation which perhaps occurs to every man that ſees or hears of military glories?

Tully obſerves of Achilles, that had not Homer written, his valour had been without praiſe.

Niſi Ilias illa extitiſſet, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruiſſet.

nleſs the Iliad had been publiſhed, his name had been loſt in the tomb that covered his body.

Horace tells us with more energy, that there were brave men before the wars of Troy, but they were loſt in oblivion for want of a poet.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whoſe huge ambition's now contain'd
In the ſmall compaſs of a grave:
In endleſs night they ſleep, unwept, unknown:
No bard had they to make all time their own.

FRANCIS.

Tully enquires, in the ſame oration, why, but for fame, we diſturb a ſhort life with ſo many fatigues?

Quid eſt quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus?

Why in ſo ſmall a circuit of life ſhould we employ ourſelves in ſo many fatigues?

Horace enquires in the ſame manner——

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?

Why do we aim, with eager ſtrife,
At things beyond the mark of life?

FRANCIS.

when our life is of ſo ſhort duration, why we form ſuch numerous deſigns? But Horace, as well as Tully, might diſcover that records are needful to preſerve the memory of actions, and that no records were ſo durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is ſhort, and that we conſume it in unneceſſary labour.

There are other flowers of fiction ſo widely ſcattered and ſo eaſily cropped, that it is ſcarcely juſt to tax the uſe of them as an act by which any particular writer is deſpoiled of his garland; for they may be ſaid to have been planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry for the accommodation of their ſucceſſors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragrance. The paſſage of Orpheus to hell, with the recovery and ſecond loſs of Eurydice, have been deſcribed after Boetius by Pope, in ſuch a manner as might juſtly leave him ſuſpected of imitation, were not the images ſuch as they might both have derived from more ancient writers.

Quæ fontes agitant metu
Ultrices ſcelerum deæ
Jam mœſtæ lacrymis cadent,
Non Ixionium caput
Velox præcipitat rota.

The pow'rs of vengeance, while they hear,
Touch'd with compaſſion, drop a tear;
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,
Fix'd in attention to the ſound.

F. LEWIS.

Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds.

Tandem, vincimur, arbiter
Umbrarum, miſerans, ait——
Donemus, comitem viro,
Emtam carmine, conjugem.

Subdu'd at length, Hell's pitying monarch cry'd,
The ſong rewarding, let us yield the bride.

F. LEWIS.

He ſung, and Hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Heu, noctis prope terminos
Orpheus Eurydicen ſuam
Vidit, perdidit, occidit

Nor yet the golden verge of day begun,
When Orpheus, her unhappy lord,
Eurydice to life reſtor'd,
At once beheld, and loſt, and was undone.
F. LEWIS.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!

No writer can be fully convicted of imitation, except there is a concurrence of more reſemblance than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the ſame ideas are conjoined without any natural ſeries or neceſſary coherence, or where not only the thought but the words are copied. Thus it can ſcarcely be doubted, that in the firſt of the following paſſages Pope remembered Ovid, and that in the ſecond he copied Craſhaw.

Sæpe pater dixit, ſtudium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipſe reliquit opes———
Sponte ſuâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar ſcribere, verſus erat.
OVID.

Quit, quit this barren trade, my father cry'd,
Ev'n Homer left no riches when he dy'd—
In verſe ſpontaneous flow'd my native ſtrain,
Forc'd by no ſweat or labour of the brain.
F. LEWIS.

I left no calling for this idle trade;
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd:
While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
POPE.

———This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honeſt man.
CRASHAW.

This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man.
POPE.

Conceits, or thoughts not immediately impreſſed by ſenſible objects, or neceſſarily ariſing from the coalition or compariſon of common ſentiments, may be with great juſtice ſuſpected whenever they are found a ſecond time. Thus Waller probably owed to Grotius an elegant compliment.

Here lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
WALLER.

Unica lux ſeculi, genitoris gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit eſſe ſenem.
GROT.

The age's miracle, his father's joy!
Nor old you would pronounce him, nor a boy.
F. LEWIS.

And Prior was indebted for a pretty illuſtration to Alleyne's poetical hiſtory of Henry the ſeventh.

For nought but light itſelf, itſelf can ſhow,
And only kings can write, what kings can do.
ALLEYNE.

Your muſick's power, your muſick muſt diſcloſe,
For what light is, 'tis only light that ſhews.
PRIOR.

And with yet more certainty may the ſame writer be cenſured, for endeavouring the clandeſtine appropriation of a thought which he borrowed, ſurely without thinking himſelf diſgraced, from an epigram of Plato.

Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον· ἴσθι τοίη μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι
Οὐκ ἐθέλω, οἵη δ' ἦν πάρος, ὐ δύναμαι.

Venus, take my votive glaſs,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus let me never ſee.

As not every inſtance of ſimilitude can be conſidered as a proof of imitation, ſo not every imitation ought to be ſtigmatiſed as a plagiariſm. The adoption of a noble ſentiment, or the inſertion of a borrowed ornament, may ſometimes diſplay ſo much judgment as will almoſt compenſate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of ſervility, purſue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footſteps.

No. CXLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1751.

Daphnidis arcum
Fregiſti eſt calamos: quæ tu, perverſe Menalca,
Et cum vidiſti puero donata, dolebas;
Et ſi non aliqua nocuiſſes, mortuus eſſes.

VIRG.

The bow of Daphnis and the ſhafts you broke;
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And but for miſchief, you had dy'd for ſpite.

DRYDEN.

IT is impoſſible to mingle in converſation without obſerving the difficulty with which a new name makes its way into the world. The firſt appearance of excellence unites multitudes againſt it, unexpected oppoſition riſes up on every ſide: the celebrated and the obſcure join in the confederacy; ſubtilty furniſhes arms to impudence, and invention leads on credulity.

The ſtrength and unanimity of this alliance is not eaſily conceived. It might be expected that no man ſhould ſuffer his heart to be inflamed with malice, but by injuries; that none ſhould buſy himſelf in conteſting the pretenſions of another, but when ſome right of his own was involved in the queſtion; that at leaſt hoſtilities commenced without cauſe, ſhould quickly ceaſe; that the armies of malignity ſhould ſoon diſperſe, when no common intereſt could be found to hold them together; and that the attack upon a riſing character ſhould be left to thoſe who had ſomething to hope or fear from the event.

The hazards of thoſe that aſpire to eminence would be much diminiſhed if they had none but acknowledged rivals to encounter. Their enemies would then be few, and what is of yet greater importance, would be known. But what caution is ſufficient to ward off the blows of inviſible aſſailants, or what force can ſtand againſt unintermitted attacks, and a continued ſucceſſion of enemies? Yet ſuch is the ſtate of the world, that no ſooner can any man emerge from the crowd and fix the eyes of the publick upon him, than he ſtands as a mark to the arrows of lurking calumny, and receives in the tumult of hoſtility, from diſtant and from nameleſs hands, wounds not always eaſy to be cured.

It is probable that the onſet againſt the candidates for renown is originally incited by thoſe who imagine themſelves in danger of ſuffering by their ſucceſs; but when war is once declared, volunteers flock to the ſtandard, multitudes follow the camp only for want of employment, and flying ſquadrons are diſperſed to every part, ſo pleaſed with an opportunity of miſchief, that they toil without proſpect of praiſe, and pillage without hope of profit.

When any man has endeavoured to deſerve diſtinction, he will be ſurpriſed to hear himſelf cenſured where he could not expect to have been named; he will find the utmoſt acrimony of malice among thoſe whom he never could have offended.

As there are to be found in the ſervice of envy men of every diverſity of temper and degree of underſtanding, calumny is diffuſed by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too groſs or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practiſed; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hoſtility, but every weapon is accounted lawful, and thoſe that cannot make a thruſt at life are content to keep themſelves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent diſturbance.

But as the induſtry of obſervation has divided the moſt miſcellaneous and confuſed aſſemblages into proper claſſes, and ranged the inſects of the ſummer that torment us with their drones or ſtings, by their ſeveral tribes; the perſecutors of merit, notwithſtanding their numbers, may be likewiſe commodiouſly diſtinguiſhed into Roarers, Whiſperers, and Moderators.

The Roarer is an enemy rather terrible than dangerous. He has no other qualification for a champion of controverſy than a hardened front and ſtrong voice. Having ſeldom ſo much deſire to confute as to ſilence, he depends rather

upon vociferation than argument, and has very little care to adjuſt one part of his accuſation to another, to preſerve decency in his language, or probability in his narratives. He has always a ſtore of reproachful epithets and contemptuous appellations, ready to be produced as occaſion may require, which by conſtant uſe he pours out with reſiſtleſs volubility. If the wealth of a trader is mentioned, he without heſitation devotes him to banruptcy; if the beauty and elegance of a lady be commended, he wonders how the town can fall in love with ruſtick deformity; if a new performance of genius happens to be celebrated, he pronounces the writer a hopeleſs idiot, without knowledge of books or life, and without the underſtanding by which it muſt be acquired. His exaggerations are generally without effect upon thoſe whom he compels to hear them; and though it will ſometimes happen that the timorous are awed by his violence, and the credulous miſtake his confidence for knowledge, yet the opinions which he endeavours to ſuppreſs ſoon recover their former ſtrength, as the trees that bend to the tempeſt erect themſelves again when its force is paſt.

The Whiſperer is more dangerous. He eaſily gains attention by a ſoft addreſs, and excites curioſity by an air of importance. As ſecrets are not to be made cheap by promiſcuous publication, he calls a ſelect audience about him, and gratifies their vanity with an appearance of truſt by communicating his intelligence in a low voice. Of the trader he can tell, that though he ſeems to manage an extenſive commerce, and talks in high terms of the funds, yet his wealth is not equal to his reputation, he has lately ſuffered much by an expenſive project, and had a greater ſhare than is acknowledged in the rich ſhip that periſhed by the ſtorm. Of the beauty he has little to ſay, but that they who ſee her in a morning do not diſcover all thoſe graces which are admired in the park. Of the writer he affirms with great certainty, that, though the excellence of the work be inconteſtible, he can claim but a ſmall part of the reputation; that he owed moſt of the images and ſentiments to a ſecret friend; and that the accuracy and equality of the ſtyle was produced by the ſucceſſive correction of the chief criticks of the age.

As every one is pleaſed with imagining that he knows ſomething not yet commonly divulged, ſecret hiſtory eaſily gains credit; but it is for the moſt part believed only while it circulates in whiſpers; and when once it is openly told, is openly confuted.

The moſt pernicious enemy is the man of Moderation. Without intereſt in the queſtion, or any motive but honeſt curioſity, this impartial and zealous enquirer after truth is ready to hear either ſide, and always diſpoſed to kind interpretations and favourable opinions. He hath heard the trader's affairs reported with great variation, and after a diligent compariſon of the evidence, concludes it probable that the ſplendid ſuperſtructure of buſineſs being originally built upon a narrow baſis, has lately been found to totter: but between dilatory payment and bankruptcy there is a great diſtance; many merchants have ſupported themſelves by expedients for a time, without any final injury to their creditors; and what is loſt by one adventure may be recovered by another. He believes that a young lady pleaſed with admiration, and deſirous to make perfect what is already excellent, may heighten her charms by artificial improvements, but ſurely moſt of her beauties muſt be genuine, and who can ſay that he is wholly what he endeavours to appear? The author he knows to be a man of diligence, who perhaps does not ſparkle with the fire of Homer, but has the judgment to diſcover his own deficiencies, and to ſupply them by the help of others; and in his opinion modeſty is a quality ſo amiable and rare, that it ought to find a patron wherever it appears, and may juſtly be preferred by the publick ſuffrage to petulant wit and oſtentatious literature.

He who thus diſcovers failings with unwillingneſs, and extenuates the faults which cannot be denied, puts an end at once to doubt or vindication; his hearers repoſe upon his candour and veracity, and admit the charge without allowing the excuſe.

Such are the arts by which the envious, the idle, the peeviſh and the thoughtleſs, obſtruct that worth which they cannot equal; and by artifices thus eaſy, ſordid, and deteſtable, is induſtry defeated, beauty blaſted, and genius depreſſed.

No. CXLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1751.

Non ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque et Alcæi minaces
Steſichorique graves Camoenæ.

HOR.

What though the muſe her Homer thrones
High above all the immortal quire;
Nor Pindar's rapture ſhe diſowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cean lyre:
Alcæus ſtrikes the tyrant's ſoul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Steſichorus unread.

FRANCIS.

IT is allowed that vocations and employments of leaſt dignity are of the moſt apparent uſe; that the meaneſt artiſan or manufacturer contributes more to the accommodation of life, than the profound ſcholar and argumentative theoriſt; and that the publick would ſuffer leſs preſent inconvenience from the baniſhment of philoſophers than from the extinction of any common trade.

Some have been ſo forcibly ſtruck with this obſervation, that they have, in the firſt warmth of their diſcovery, thought it reaſonable to alter the common diſtribution of dignity, and ventured to condemn mankind of univerſal ingratitude. For juſtice exacts, that thoſe by whom we are moſt benefited ſhould be moſt honoured. And what labour can be more uſeful than that which procures to families and communities thoſe neceſſaries which ſupply the wants of nature, or thoſe conveniencies by which eaſe, ſecurity, and elegance, are conferred?

This is one of the innumerable theories which the firſt attempt, to reduce them into practice certainly deſtroys. If we eſtimate dignity by immediate uſefulneſs, agriculture is undoubtedly the firſt and nobleſt ſcience; yet we ſee the plough driven, the clod broken, the manure ſpread, the ſeeds ſcattered, and the harveſt reaped, by men whom thoſe that feed upon their induſtry will never be perſuaded to admit into the ſame rank with heroes, or with ſages; and who, after all the confeſſions which truth may extort in favour of their occupation, muſt be content to fill up the loweſt claſs of the commonwealth, to form the baſe of the pyramid of ſubordination, and lie buried in obſcurity themſelves, while they ſupport all that is ſplendid, conſpicuous, or exalted.

It will be found upon a cloſer inſpection, that this part of the conduct of mankind is by no means contrary to reaſon or equity. Remuneratory honours are proportioned at once to the uſefulneſs and difficulty of performances? and are properly adjuſted by compariſon of the mental and corporeal abilities, which they appear to employ. That work, however neceſſary, which is carried on only by muſcular ſtrength and manual dexterity, is not of equal eſteem, in the conſideration of rational beings, with the taſks that exerciſe the intellectual powers, and require the active vigour of imagination, or the gradual and laborious inveſtigations of reaſon.

The merit of all manual occupations ſeems to terminate in the inventor; and ſurely the firſt ages cannot be charged with ingratitude, ſince thoſe who civilized barbarians, and taught them how to ſecure themſelves from cold and hunger, were numbered amongſt their deities. But theſe arts once diſcovered by philoſophy, and facilitated by experience, are afterwards practiſed with very little aſſiſtance from the faculties of the ſoul; nor is any thing neceſſary to the regular diſcharge of theſe inferior duties, beyond that rude obſervation which the moſt ſluggiſh intellect may practiſe, and that induſtry which the ſtimulations of neceſſity naturally enforce.

Yet though the refuſal of ſtatues and panegyrick to thoſe who employ only their hands and feet in the ſervice of mankind may be eaſily juſtified, I am far from intending to incite the petulance of pride, to juſtify the ſupercilioufneſs of grandeur, or to intercept any part of

that tenderneſs and benevolence which by the privilege of their common nature one man may claim from another.

That it would be neither wiſe nor equitable to diſcourage the huſbandman, the labourer, the miner, or the ſmith, is generally granted; but there is another race of beings equally obſcure and equally indigent, who, becauſe their uſefulneſs is leſs obvious to vulgar apprehenſions, live unrewarded and die unpitied, and who have been long expoſed to inſult without a defender, and to cenſure without an apologiſt.

The authors of London were formerly computed by Swift at ſeveral thouſands; and there is not any reaſon for ſuſpecting that their number has decreaſed. Of theſe only a very few can be ſaid to produce, or endeavour to produce, new ideas, to extend any principle of ſcience, or gratify the imagination with any uncommon train of images or contexture of events; the reſt, however laborious, however arrogant, can only be conſidered as the drudges of the pen, the manufacturers of literature, who have ſet up for authors, either with or without a regular initiation, and, like other artificers, have no other care than to deliver their tale of wares at the ſtated time.

It has been formerly imagined, that he who intends the entertainment or inſtruction of others, muſt feel in himſelf ſome peculiar impulſe of genius; that he muſt watch the happy minute in which his natural fire is excited, in which his mind is elevated with nobler ſentiments, enlightened with clearer views, and invigorated with ſtronger comprehenſion; that he muſt carefully ſelect his thoughts and poliſh his expreſſions; and animate his efforts with the hope of raiſing a monument of learning, which neither time nor envy ſhall be able to deſtroy.

But the authors whom I am now endeavouring to recommend have been too long *backneyed in the ways of men* to indulge the chimerical ambition of immortality; they have ſeldom any claim to the trade of writing, but that they have tried ſome other without ſucceſs; they perceive no particular ſummons to compoſition, except the ſound of the clock; they have no other rule than the law of the faſhion for admitting their thoughts or rejecting them; and about the opinion of poſterity they have little ſolicitude, for their productions are ſeldom intended to remain in the world longer than a week.

That ſuch authors are not to be rewarded with praiſe is evident, ſince nothing can be admired when it ceaſes to exiſt; but ſurely though they cannot aſpire to honour, they may be exempted from ignominy, and adopted in that order of men which deſerves our kindneſs, though not our reverence. Theſe papers of the day, the Ephemeræ of learning, have uſes more adequate to the purpoſes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes. If it is neceſſary for every man to be more acquainted with his contemporaries than with paſt generations, and to rather know the events which may immediately affect his fortune or quiet, than the revolutions of ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither poſſeſſions nor expectations; if it be pleaſing to hear of the preferment and diſmiſſion of ſtateſmen, the birth of heirs, and the marriage of beauties, the humble author of journals and gazettes muſt be conſidered as a liberal diſpenſer of beneficial knowledge.

Even the abridger, compiler, and tranſlator, though their labours cannot be ranked with thoſe of the diurnal hiſtoriographer, yet muſt not be raſhly doomed to annihilation. Every ſize of readers requires a genius of correſpondent capacity; ſome delight in abſtracts and epitomes, becauſe they want room in their memory for long details, and content themſelves with effects, without enquiry after cauſes; ſome minds are overpowered by ſplendor of ſentiment, as ſome eyes are offended by a glaring light; ſuch will gladly contemplate an author in an humble imitation, as we look without pain upon the ſun in the water.

As every writer has his uſe, every writer ought to have his patrons; and ſince no man, however high he may now ſtand, can be certain that he ſhall not be ſoon thrown down from his elevation by criticiſm or caprice, the common intereſt of learning requires that her ſons ſhould ceaſe from inteſtine hoſtilities, and inſtead of ſacrificing each other to malice and contempt, endeavour to avert perſecution from the meaneſt of their fraternity.

No. CXLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1751.

Sunt illic duo, treſve, qui revolvant
Noſtrarum tineas ineptiarum:
Sed cum ſponſio, fabulæque laſſæ
De ſcorpo fuerint incitato. MART.

'Tis poſſible that one or two
Theſe fooleries of mine may view;
But then the bettings muſt be o'er,
Nor Crab or Childers talk'd of more. F. LEWIS.

NONE of the projects or deſigns which exerciſe the mind of man are equally ſubject to obſtructions and diſappointments with the purſuit of fame. Riches cannot eaſily be denied to them who have ſomething of greater value to offer in exchange; he whoſe fortune is endangered by litigation, will not refuſe to augment the wealth of the lawyer; he whoſe days are darkened by languor, or whoſe nerves are excruciated by pain, is compelled to pay tribute to the ſcience of healing. But praiſe may be always omitted without inconvenience. When once a man has made celebrity neceſſary to his happineſs, he has put it in the power of the weakeſt and moſt timorous malignity, if not to take away his ſatisfaction, at leaſt to withhold it. His enemies may indulge their pride by airy negligence, and gratify their malice by quiet neutrality. They that could never have injured a character by invectives, may combine to annihilate it by ſilence; as the women of Rome threatened to put an end to conqueſt and dominion, by ſupplying no children to the commonwealth.

When a writer has with long toil produced a work intended to burſt upon mankind with unexpected luſtre, and withdraw the attention of the learned world from every other controverſy of enquiry; he is ſeldom contented to wait long without the enjoyment of his new praiſes. With an imagination full of his own importance, he walks out like a monarch in diſguiſe, to learn the various opinions of his his readers. Prepared to feaſt upon admiration; compoſed to encounter cenſures without emotion; and determined not to ſuffer his quiet to be injured by a ſenſibility too exquiſite of praiſe or blame, but to laugh with equal contempt at vain objections and injudicious commendations, he enters the place of mingled converſation, ſits down to his tea in an obſcure corner, and while he appears to examine a file of antiquated journals, catches the converſation of the whole room. He liſtens, but hears no mention of his book, and therefore ſuppoſes that he has diſappointed his curioſity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their converſation with ſuch a wonderful novelty, they had digreſſed to other ſubjects before his arrival. The company diſperſes, and their places are ſupplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careleſs. The ſame expectation hurries him to another place, from which the ſame diſappointment drives him ſoon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with reſtleſs curioſity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pick-pocket; is told by ſome of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle feaſt; is ſometimes provoked by importunate enquiries after the white bear, and ſometimes with praiſes of the dancing dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the Monument; invited to ſee a foot-race in the adjacent villages; deſired to read a ludicrous advertiſement; or conſulted about the moſt effectual method of making enquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is buſied in affairs, which he thinks below the notice of reaſonable creatures, and which are nevertheleſs ſufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

He reſolves at laſt to violate his own modeſty, and to recal the talkes from their folly by an enquiry after himſelf. He finds every one provided with an anſwer; one has ſeen the work advertiſed, but never met with any that

had read it; another has been ſo often impoſed upon by ſpecious titles, that he never buys a book till its character is eſtabliſhed; a third wonders what any man can hope to produce after ſo many writers of greater eminence; the next has enquired after the author, but can hear no account of him, and therefore ſuſpects the name to be fictitious; and another knows him to be condemned by indigence to write too frequently what he does not underſtand.

Many are the conſolations with which the unhappy author endeavours to allay his vexation, and fortify his patience. He has written with too little indulgence to the underſtanding of common readers; he has fallen upon an age in which ſolid knowledge, and delicate refinement, have given way to low merriment and idle buffoonery, and therefore no writer can hope for diſtinction, who has any higher purpoſe than to raiſe laughter. He finds that his enemies, ſuch as ſuperiority will always raiſe, have been induſtrious, while his performance was in the preſs, to vilify and blaſt it; and that the bookſeller, whom he had reſolved to enrich, has rivals that obſtruct the circulation of his copies. He at laſt repoſes upon the conſideration that the nobleſt works of learning and genius have always made their way ſlowly againſt ignorance and prejudice; and that reputation, which is never to be loſt, muſt be gradually obtained, as animals of longeſt life are obſerved not ſoon to attain their full ſtature and ſtrength.

By ſuch arts of voluntary deluſion does every man endeavour to conceal his own unimportance from himſelf. It is long before we are convinced of the ſmall proportion which every individual bears to the collective body of mankind; or learn how few can be intereſted in the fortune of any ſingle man; how little vacancy is left in the world for any new object of attention; to how ſmall extent the brighteſt blaze of merit can be ſpread amidſt the miſts of buſineſs and of folly; and how ſoon it is clouded by the intervention of other novelties. Not only the writer of books, but the commander of armies, and the deliverer of nations, will eaſily outlive all noiſy and popular reputation: he may be celebrated for a time by the publick voice, but his actions and his name will ſoon be conſidered as remote and unaffecting, and be rarely mentioned but by thoſe whoſe alliance gives them ſome vanity to gratify by frequent commemoration.

It ſeems not to be ſufficiently conſidered how little renown can be admitted in the world. Mankind are kept perpetually buſy by their fears or deſires, and have not more leiſure from their own affairs, than to acquaint themſelves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving ſome refuge from calamity, or in ſhortening the way to ſome new poſſeſſion, they ſeldom ſuffer their thoughts to wander to the paſt or future; none but a few ſolitary ſtudents have leiſure to enquire into the claims of ancient heroes or ſages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents ſhrink at laſt into cloiſters or colleges.

Nor is it certain, that even of theſe dark and narrow habitations, theſe laſt retreats of fame, the poſſeſſion will be long kept. Of men devoted to literature very few extend their views beyond ſome particular ſcience, and the greater part ſeldom enquire, even in their own profeſſion, for any authors but thoſe whom the preſent mode of ſtudy happens to force upon their notice; they deſire not to fill their minds with unfaſhionable knowledge, but contentedly reſign to oblivion thoſe books which they now find cenſured or neglected.

The hope of fame is neceſſarily connected with ſuch conſiderations as muſt abate the ardor of confidence, and repreſs the vigour of purſuit. Whoever claims renown from any kind of excellence, expects to fill the place which is now poſſeſſed by another; for there are already names of every claſs ſufficient to employ all that will deſire to remember them; and ſurely he that is puſhing his predeceſſors into the gulph of obſcurity, cannot but ſometimes ſuſpect, that he muſt himſelf ſink in like manner, and as he ſtands upon the ſame precipice, be ſwept away with the ſame violence.

It ſometimes happens, that fame begins when life is at an end; but far the greater number of candidates for applauſe have owed their reception in the world to ſome favourable caſualties, and have therefore immediately ſunk into neglect, when death ſtripped them of their caſual influence, and neither fortune nor patronage operated in their favour. Among thoſe who

have better claims to regard, the honour paid to their memory is commonly proportionate to the reputation which they enjoyed in their lives, though ſtill growing fainter, as it is at a greater diſtance from the firſt emiſſion; and ſince it is ſo difficult to obtain the notice of contemporaries, how little is it to be hoped from future times? What can merit effect by its own force, when the help of art or friendſhip can ſcarcely ſupport it?

No. CXLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1751.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva. HOR.

——You are of too quick a ſight,
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies. ROSCOMMON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS little things grow great by continual accumulation, I hope you will not think the dignity of your character impaired by an account of a ludicrous perſecution, which, though it produces no ſcenes of horror or of ruin, yet, by inceſſant importunity of vexation, wears away my happineſs, and conſumes thoſe years which nature ſeems particularly to have aſſigned to cheerfulneſs, in ſilent anxiety and helpleſs reſentment.

I am the eldeſt ſon of a gentleman, who having inherited a large eſtate from his anceſtors, and feeling no deſire either to increaſe or leſſen it, has from the time of his marriage generally reſided at his own ſeat; where, by dividing his time among the duties of a father, a maſter, and a magiſtrate, the ſtudy of literature, and the offices of civility, he finds means to rid himſelf of the day, without any of thoſe amuſements, which all thoſe with whom my reſidence in this place has made me acquainted, think neceſſary to lighten the burthen of exiſtence.

When my age made me capable of inſtruction, my father prevailed upon a gentleman, long known at Oxford for the extent of his learning and purity of his manners, to undertake my education. The regard with which I ſaw him treated, diſpoſed me to conſider his inſtructions as important, and I therefore ſoon formed a habit of attention, by which I made very quick advances in different kinds of learning, and heard, perhaps too often, very flattering compariſons of my own proficiency with that of others, either leſs docile by nature, or leſs happily forwarded by inſtruction. I was careſſed by all that exchanged viſits with my father; and as young men are with little difficulty taught to judge favourably of themſelves, began to think that cloſe application was no longer neceſſary, and that the time was now come when I was at liberty to read only for amuſement, and was to receive the reward of my fatigues in praiſe and admiration.

While I was thus banqueting upon my own perfections, and longing in ſecret to eſcape from tutorage, my father's brother came from London to paſs a ſummer at his native place. A lucrative employment which he poſſeſſed, and a fondneſs for the converſation and diverſions of the gay part of mankind, had ſo long kept him from rural excurſions, that I had never ſeen him ſince my infancy. My curioſity was therefore ſtrongly excited by the hope of obſerving a character more nearly, which I had hitherto reverenced only at a diſtance.

From all private and intimate converſation I was long withheld by the perpetual confluence of viſitants, with whom the firſt news of my uncle's arrival crowded the houſe; but was amply recompenſed by ſeeing an exact and punctilious practice of the arts of a courtier, in all the ſtratagems of endearment, the gradations of reſpect, and variations of courteſy. I remarked with what juſtice of diſtribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what addreſs he offered to every man an occaſion of indulging ſome favourite topick, or diſplaying ſome particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his enquiries after the abſent; and the care with which he ſhewed

all the companions of his early years how ſtrongly they were infixed in his memory, by the mention of paſt incidents, and the recital of puerile kindneſſes, dangers, and frolicks. I ſoon diſcovered that he poſſeſſed ſome ſcience of graciouſneſs and attraction which books had not taught, and of which neither I nor my father had any knowledge; that he had the power of obliging thoſe whom he did not benefit; that he diffuſed, upon his curſory behaviour and moſt trifling actions, a gloſs of ſoftneſs and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that by ſome occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, ſoftened the ſupercilious, and opened the reſerved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners which left me no hopes but not to offend, and at the inefficacy of ruſtick benevolence which gained no friends but by real ſervice.

My uncle ſaw the veneration with which I caught every accent of his voice, watched every motion of his hand, and the aukward diligence with which I endeavoured to imitate his embrace of fondneſs, and his bow of reſpect. He was, like others, eaſily flattered by an imitator by whom he could not fear ever to be rivalled, and repaid my aſſiduities with compliments and profeſſions. Our fondneſs was ſo increaſed by a mutual endeavour to pleaſe each other, that when he returned to London, he declared himſelf unable to leave a nephew ſo amiable and ſo accompliſhed behind him; and obtained my father's permiſſion to enjoy my company for a few months, by a promiſe to initiate me in the arts of politeneſs, and introduce me into publick life.

The courtier had little inclination to fatigue, and therefore, by travelling very ſlowly, afforded me time for more looſe and familiar converſation; but I ſoon found, that by a few enquiries which he was not well prepared to ſatisfy, I had made him weary of his young companion. His element was a mixed aſſembly, where ceremony and healths, compliments and common topicks, kept the tongue employed with very little aſſiſtance from memory or reflexion; but in the chariot, where he was neceſſitated to ſupport a regular tenour of converſation, without any relief from a new comer, or any power of ſtarting into gay digreſſions, or deſtroying argument by a jeſt, he ſoon diſcovered that poverty of ideas which had been hitherto concealed under the title of politeneſs. The firſt day he entertained me with the novelties and wonders with which I ſhould be aſtoniſhed at my entrance into London, and cautioned me with apparent admiration of his own wiſdom, againſt the arts by which ruſticity is frequently deluded. The ſame detail and the ſame advice he would have repeated on the ſecond day; but as I every moment diverted the diſcourſe to the hiſtory of the towns by which we paſſed, or ſome other ſubject of learning or of reaſon, he ſoon loſt his vivacity, grew peeviſh and ſilent, wrapped his cloak about him, compoſed himſelf to ſlumber, and reſerved his gaiety for fitter auditors.

At length I entered London, and my uncle was reinſtated in his ſuperiority. He awaked at once to loquacity as ſoon as our wheels rattled on the pavement, and told me the name of every ſtreet as we croſſed it, and owner of every houſe as we paſſed by. He preſented me to my aunt, a lady of great eminence for the number of her acquaintances, and ſplendor of her aſſemblies, and either in kindneſs or revenge conſulted with her, in my preſence, how I might be moſt advantageouſly dreſſed for my firſt appearance, and moſt expeditiouſly diſencumbered from my villatick baſhfulneſs. My indignation at familiarity thus contemptuous flushed in my face; they miſtook anger for ſhame, and alternately exerted their eloquence upon the benefits of publick education, and the happineſs of an aſſurance early acquired.

Aſſurance is indeed the only qualification to which they ſeem to have annexed merit, and aſſurance therefore is perpetually recommended to me as the ſupply of every defect and the ornament of every excellence. I never ſit ſilent in company when ſecret hiſtory is circulating, but I am reproached for want of aſſurance. If I fail to return the ſtated anſwer to a compliment; if I am diſconcerted by unexpected raillery; if I bluſh when I am diſcovered gazing on a beauty, or heſitate when I find myſelf embarraſſed in an argument; if I am unwilling to talk of what I do not underſtand, or timorous in undertaking offices which I cannot gracefully perform; if I ſuffer a more lively tatler

to recount the caſualties of a game, or a nimbler fop to pick up a fan, I am cenſured between pity and contempt, as a wretch doomed to grovel in obſcurity for want of aſſurance.

I have found many young perſons harraſſed in the ſame manner, by thoſe to whom age has given nothing but the aſſurance which they recommend; and therefore cannot but think it uſeful to inform them, that cowardice and delicacy are not to be confounded; and that he whoſe ſtupidity has armed him againſt the ſhafts of ridicule, will always act and ſpeak with greater audacity, than they whoſe ſenſibility repreſſes their ardor, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

No. CLXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1751.

Me pater ſævis oneret catenis
Quod viro clemens miſero peperci,
Me vel extremis Numidarum in oris
Claſſe releget. HOR.

Me let my father load with chains,
Or baniſh to Numidia's fartheſt plains!
My crime, that I a loyal wife,
In kind compaſſion ſpared my huſband's life. FRANCIS.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppreſſion is ſo heavy or laſting as that which is inflicted by the perverſion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be ſeized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be puniſhed or ſuppreſſed. But when plunder bears the name of impoſt, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial ſentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wiſdom confounded; reſiſtance ſhrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains ſecure in the robes of the magiſtrate.

Equally dangerous and equally deteſtable are the cruelties often exerciſed in private families, under the venerable ſanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the firſt moments of reaſon; which is guarded from inſult and violation of all that can impreſs awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable tranſgreſſions, before duty and piety will dare to ſeek redreſs, or think themſelves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than ſupplications by which inſolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no ſon could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no puniſhment appropriated to parricide. They ſeem likewiſe to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the ſupreme judicature in his own houſe, and put the lives of his offſpring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too haſtily in favour of human nature; they found that inſtinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the neareſt relation might be violated; and that power, to whomſoever intruſted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to ſupply and to change their inſtitutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital puniſhments from the parent to the magiſtrate.

There are indeed many houſes which it is impoſſible to enter familiarly, without diſcovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonſtrances but his own conſcience, will ſeldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying juſtice by his own will.

If in any ſituation the heart were acceſſible to malignity, it might be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently ſecured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occaſion of its exiſtence, produces an obligation to make that exiſtence happy. To ſee helpleſs infancy ſtretching out her hands and pouring out her cries in teſtimony of dependence without any powers to alarm jealouſy, or any guilt

to alienate affection, muſt ſurely awaken tenderneſs in every human mind; and tenderneſs once excited will be hourly increaſed by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercuſſion of communicated pleaſure, by the conſciouſneſs of the dignity of benefaction. I believe no generous or benevolent man can ſee the vileſt animal courting his regard, and ſhrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in diſtreſs, and flying to him in danger, without more kindneſs than he can perſuade himſelf to feel for the wild and unſocial inhabitants of the air and water. We naturally endear to ourſelves thoſe to whom we impart any kind of pleaſure, becauſe we imagine their affection and eſteem ſecured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is indeed another method by which the pride of ſuperiority may be likewiſe gratified. He that has extinguiſhed all the ſenſations of humanity, and has no longer any ſatisfaction in the reflection that he is loved as the diſtributor of happineſs, may pleaſe himſelf with exciting terror as the inflictor of pain: he may delight his ſolitude with contemplating the extent of his power and the force of his commands, in imagining the deſires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the diſcontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it: he may amuſe himſelf with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibition, and varieties of puniſhment; and ſwell with exultation when he conſiders how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the hiſtory of all abſolute kingdoms will inform us; and ſince, as Ariſtotle obſerves, 'ἡ ὁ ἰκονομικὴ μοναρχία—' the govern-' ment of a family is naturally monarchical,' it is like other monarchies too often arbitrarily adminiſtered. The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their ſlaves. The ſame paſſions cauſe the ſame miſeries; except that ſeldom any prince, however deſpotick, has ſo far ſhaken off all awe of the publick eye, as to venture upon thoſe freaks of injuſtice, which are ſometimes indulged under the ſecrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial deciſions, unequal allotments, diſtributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and puniſhments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the miſery of others no man will confeſs; and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be inſtigated by one man to the deſtruction of another; he may ſometimes think himſelf endangered by the virtues of a ſubject; he may dread the ſucceſsful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiſcations; and his guilt may whiſper that he can only be ſecure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppreſſion of thoſe who were born to his protection, of thoſe who can diſturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no ſpoils? Why cowards are cruel may eaſily be diſcovered; but for what reaſon, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppreſſion who has nothing to fear?

The unjuſtifiable ſeverity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that thoſe whom he injures are always in his ſight. The injuſtice of a prince is often exerciſed upon thoſe of whom he never had any particular knowledge; and the ſentence which he pronounces, whether of baniſhment, impriſonment or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domeſtick oppreſſor dooms himſelf to gaze upon thoſe faces which he clouds with terror and with ſorrow; and beholds every moment the effects of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to thoſe who ſurround him, and can walk with ſatisfaction in the gloom of his own preſence; he that can ſee ſubmiſſive miſery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands juſtice, will ſcarcely be amended by remonſtrance or admonition; he has found means of ſtopping the avenues of tenderneſs, and arming his heart againſt the force of reaſon.

Even though no conſideration ſhould be paid to the great law of ſocial beings, by which every individual is commanded to conſult the happineſs of others, yet the harſh parent is leſs to be vindicated than any other criminal, becauſe he leſs provides for the happineſs of himſelf. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to

live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he ſhall ſink back to imbecility, and muſt depend for eaſe and chearfulneſs upon the officiouſneſs of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the aſſiſtance of children, and whoſe bed muſt be ſurrounded in his laſt hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by ſtrangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is deſirable?

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocation, and thoſe who have been haraſſed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have ſuffered, ſo far as to perform the laſt duties with alacrity and zeal. But ſurely no reſentment can be equally painful with kindneſs thus undeſerved, nor can ſeverer puniſhment be imprecated upon a man not wholly loſt in meanneſs and ſtupidity, than, through the tediouſneſs of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindneſs of his own children, to receive not the tribute but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miſeries, not to gratitude but to mercy.

No. CXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1751.

Quod non ſit Pylades hoc tempore, non ſit Oreſtes
Miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.
Nec melior panis, turduſve dabatur Oreſti:
Sed par, atque eadem coena duobus erat.———
Te Cadmæa tyros, me pingnis Gallia veſtit:
Vis te purpurem, Marce, ſagatus emem?
Ut præſtem Pyladen, aliquis mihi præſtet Oreſtem:
Hoc non ſit verbis: Marce, ut ameris, ama.

You wonder now that no man ſees
Such friends as thoſe of ancient Greece.
Here lay the point——Oreſtes' meat
Was juſt the ſame his friends did eat;
Nor can it yet be found, his wine,
Was better, Pylades, than thine.
In home-ſpun ruſſet I am dreſt,
Your cloth is always of the beſt;
But, honeſt Marcus, if you pleaſe
To chuſe me for your Pylades,
Remember, words alone are vain;
Love——if you wou'd be lov'd again. F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently or juſtly cenſured than Ingratitude. There is indeed ſufficient reaſon for looking on thoſe that can return evil for good, and repay kindneſs and aſſiſtance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedneſs; nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deſerve to be numbered among ſocial beings; he has endeavoured to deſtroy confidence, to intercept ſympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himſelf.

There is always danger leſt the honeſt abhorrence of a crime ſhould raiſe the paſſions with too much violence againſt the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be aſcertained by ſtronger evidence. The charge againſt ingratitude is very general; almoſt every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon inſenſibility, and how much happineſs he has beſtowed without return; but perhaps, if theſe patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boaſt of having befriended, it would often appear that they conſulted only their pleaſure or vanity, and repaid themſelves their petty donatives by gratifications of inſolence and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened that much of my time has been paſſed in a dependent ſtate, and

conſequently I have received many favours in the opinion of thoſe at whoſe expence I have been maintained; yet I do not feel in my heart any burning gratitude or tumultuous affection; and, as I would not willingly ſuppoſe myſelf leſs ſuſceptible of virtuous paſſions than the reſt of mankind, I ſhall lay the hiſtory of my life before you, that you may, by your judgment of my conduct, either reform or confirm my preſent ſentiments.

My father was the ſecond ſon of a very ancient and wealthy family. He married a lady of equal birth, whoſe fortune, joined to his own, might have ſupported his poſterity in honour; but being gay and ambitious, he prevailed on his friends to procure him a poſt, which gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his elegance and politeneſs. My mother was equally pleaſed with ſplendor, and equally careleſs of expence; they both juſtified their profuſion to themſelves, by endeavouring to believe it neceſſary to the extenſion of their acquaintance, and improvement of their intereſt; and whenever any place became vacant, they expected to be repaid. In the midſt of theſe hopes my father was ſnatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleaſure but in dreſs, equipage, aſſemblies, and compliments, finding that ſhe could live no longer in her accuſtomed rank, ſunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and diſcontent.

I was ſent with a ſiſter, one year younger than myſelf, to the elder brother of my father. We were not yet capable of obſerving how much fortune influences affection, but flattered ourſelves on the road with the tenderneſs and regard with which we ſhould be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant; we were introduced to our young couſins, and for the firſt month more frequently conſoled than upbraided; but in a ſhort time we found our prattle repreſſed, our dreſs neglected, our endearments unregarded, and our requeſts referred to the houſe-keeper.

The forms of decency were now violated, and every day produced new inſults. We were ſoon brought to the neceſſity of receding from our imagined equality with our couſins, to whom we ſunk into humble companions without choice or influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their deſires, and accompany their rambles. It was unfortunate that our early introduction into polite company, and habitual knowledge of the arts of civility, had given us ſuch an appearance of ſuperiority to the aukward baſhfulneſs of our relations, as naturally drew reſpect and preference from every ſtranger; and my aunt was forced to aſſert the dignity of her own children while they were ſculking in corners for fear of notice, and hanging down their head in ſilent confuſion, by relating the indiſcretion of our father, diſplaying her own kindneſs, lamenting the miſery of birth without eſtate, and declaring her anxiety for our future proviſion, and the expedients ſhe had formed to ſecure us from thoſe follies and crimes, to which the conjunction of pride and want often gives occaſion. In a ſhort time care was taken to prevent ſuch vexatious miſtakes; we were told, that fine clothes would only fill our heads with falſe expectations, and our dreſs was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not eaſily dejected or mortified. We felt no laſting pain from inſolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whoſe intereſt did not prompt them to diſcountenance us, preſerved our vivacity and ſpirit to years of greater ſenſibility. It then became irkſome and diſguſting to live without any principle of action but the will of another, and we often met in the garden to lament our condition, and to eaſe our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peeviſhneſs, and affront.

There are innumerable modes of inſult and tokens of contempt, for which it is not eaſy to find a name, which vaniſh to nothing in an attempt to deſcribe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day paſs after day in ſorrow and in terror. Phraſes of curſory compliment and eſtabliſhed ſalutation may, by a different modulation of the voice, or caſt of the countenance, convey contrary meanings and be changed from indications of reſpect to expreſſions of ſcorn. The dependent who cultivates delicacy in himſelf very little conſults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment diſcovering ſome petulance of accent, or arrogance of mien, ſome vehemence of interrogation, or quickneſs of reply, that

recals my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely as I know not how to reſent it.

You are not however to imagine, that I think myſelf diſcharged from the duties of gratitude, only becauſe my relations do not adjuſt their looks, or tune their voices, to my expectation. The inſolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeneſs or obliquities of inſult. I am often told in expreſs terms of the miſeries from which charity has ſnatched me, while multitudes are ſuffered by relations equally near to devolve upon the pariſh; and have more than once heard it numbered among other favours, that I am admitted to the ſame table with my couſins.

That I ſit at the firſt table I muſt acknowledge, but I ſit there only that I may feel the ſtings of inferiority. My enquiries are neglected, my opinion is overborne, my aſſertions are controverted; and as inſolence always propagates itſelf, the ſervants overlook me, in imitation of their maſter; if I call modeſtly, I am not heard; if loudly, my uſurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and ſometimes deſired to riſe upon very ſlight pretences.

The incivilities to which I am expoſed would give me leſs pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my ſiſter, whom the young ladies are hourly tormenting with every art of feminine perſecution. As it is ſaid of the ſupreme magiſtrate of Venice, that he is a prince in one place and a ſlave in another; my ſiſter is a ſervant to her couſins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table. Her wit and beauty draw ſo much regard away from them, that they never ſuffer her to appear with them in any place where they ſolicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are viſited by neighbouring ladies, and paſs their hours in domeſtick amuſements, ſhe is ſometimes called to fill a vacancy, inſulted with contemptuous freedoms, and diſmiſſed to her needle when her place is ſupplied. The heir has of late, by the inſtigation of his ſiſters, begun to haraſs her with clowniſh jocularity; he ſeems inclined to make his firſt rude eſſays of waggery upon her; and by the connivance, if not the encouragement of his father, treats her with ſuch licentious brutality, as I cannot bear, though I cannot puniſh it.

I beg to be informed, Mr. Rambler, how much we can be ſuppoſed to owe to beneficence exerted on terms like theſe? to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly ſaid to pander to pride? I would willingly be told, whether inſolence does not reward its own liberalities, and whether he that exacts ſervility can with juſtice at the ſame time expect affection?

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPERDULUS.

No. CL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1751.

O munera nondum
Intellecta deum! LUCAN.

——Thou chiefeſt good!
Beſtow'd by Heav'n, but ſeldom underſtood.
ROWE.

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor eſcaped by flight; neither awed by greatneſs, nor eluded by obſcurity; philoſophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by perſuading us that moſt of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverſeneſs, and that nature has annexed to every viciſſitude of external circumſtances ſome advantage ſufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

This attempt may perhaps be juſtly ſuſpected of reſemblance to the practice of phyſicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, deſtroy ſenſibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyriſts of calamity have more frequently gained applauſe to their wit, than acquieſcence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the moſt muſical oratory or ſubtle ratiocination has

been able long to overpower the anguiſh of oppreſſion, the tedioufneſs of languor, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that where much has been attempted, ſomething has been performed; though the diſcoveries or acquiſitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at leaſt ſufficient to animate his induſtry. The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By ſuffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we ſecure ourſelves from vain and immoderate diſquiet; we preſerve for better purpoſes that ſtrength which would be unprofitably waſted in wild efforts of deſperation, and maintain that circumſpection which may enable us to ſeize every ſupport, and improve every alleviation. This calmneſs will be more eaſily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to thoſe accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every ſtate.

Senecca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almoſt to allure us to it, by repreſenting it as neceſſary to the pleaſures of the mind. 'He that never was acquainted 'with adverſity, ſays he, 'has ſeen the world 'but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the 'ſcenes of nature.' He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the paſſenger to their coaſts, by promiſing that he ſhall return πλείονα εἰδὼς, with increaſe of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curioſity is, in great and generous minds, the firſt paſſion and the laſt; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the ſtrength of the contemplative faculties. He who eaſily comprehends all that is before him, and ſoon exhauſts any ſingle ſubject, is always eager for new enquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider proſpect, it muſt be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excurſions; nor perhaps can there be propoſed to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to the pleaſures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reaſon.

When Jaſon, in Valerius Flaccus, would incline the young Prince Acaſtus to accompany him in the firſt eſſay of navigation, he diſperſes his apprehenſions of danger by repreſentations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would ſpread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they ſhall have ſeen, and the toils which they have ſurmounted.

O quantum terræ, quantum cognoſcere cæli,
Permiſſum eſt! pelagus quantos aperimus in uſus!
Nunc forſan grave reris opus: ſed læta recurret
Cum ratis, et caram cum jam mihi reddet Iolcon!
Quis pudor heu noſtros tibi tunc audire labores!
Quam referam viſas tua per ſuſpiria gentes!

Led by our ſtars, what tracts immenſe we trace!
From ſeas remote, what funds of ſcience raiſe!
A pain to thought! but when th' heroick band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domeſtick you will then deplore,
And ſigh, while I deſcribe the various ſhore.

EDW. CAVE.

Acaſtus was ſoon prevailed upon by his curioſity to ſet rocks and hardſhips at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the ſame motives have in all ages had the ſame effect upon thoſe whom the deſire of fame or wiſdom has diſtinguiſhed from the lower order of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that diſtreſs is neceſſary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy ſituation hides from us ſo large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the ſight of affluence and ſplendor will be much diminiſhed; for ſuch is the delight of mutual ſuperiority, that none on whom nature or ſtudy have conferred it, would purchaſe the gifts of fortune by its loſs.

It is certain, that however the rhetorick of Seneca may have dreſſed adverſity with extrinſick ornaments, he has juſtly repreſented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted that to eſcape misfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without

thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and haraſs him, if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight is of itſelf only eaſe, and is incapable of ſatisfying the mind without the ſuperaddition of diverſified amuſements.

Proſperity, as is truly aſſerted by Seneca, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers by unactive ſpeculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at beſt be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which therefore the true value cannot be aſſigned. 'He that traverſes the liſts without an adverſary, may receive,' ſays the philoſopher, 'the reward of victory, but he has no pretenſions to the honour.' If it be the higheſt happineſs of man to contemplate himſelf with ſatisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conſcience, he whoſe courage has made way amidſt the turbulence of oppoſition, and whoſe vigour has broken through the ſnares of diſtreſs, has many advantages over thoſe that have ſlept in the ſhades of indolence, and whoſe retroſpect of time can entertain them with nothing but day riſing upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their ſubjects, find it neceſſary to ſteal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have power or doing good or harm, nothing is ſhown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reaſonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm ſuſpicion, or excite reſentment, is carefully ſuppreſſed, and nothing appears but uniformity of ſentiments and ardour of affection. It may be obſerved that the unvaried complaiſance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature; proſperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore muſt be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is ſcarcely to be heard, but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it.

No. CLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1751.

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἀνθρώ-
πων φρεσὶν ἀμπλακίαι
ἀναρίθμητοι κρέμανται·
τοῦτο δ' ἀμήχανον εὑρεῖν
Ὅτι νῦν, καὶ ἐντελευ-
τὰ φέρτατον ἀνδρὶ τυχεῖν. PIND.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliſs is ever inſecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the preſent ſhall endure? WEST.

THE writers of medicine and phyſiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the conſtitution, and the ſeveral ſtages by which animal life makes its progreſs from infancy to decrepitude. Though their obſervations have not enabled them to diſcover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet ſurely, if they be conſidered only as the amuſements of curioſity,

they are of equal importance with conjectures on things more remote, with catalogues of the fixed ſtars, and calculations of the bulk of planets.

It had been a taſk worthy of the moral philoſophers to have conſidered with equal care the climactericks of the mind; to have pointed out the time at which every paſſion begins and ceaſes to predominate, and noted the regular variations of deſire, and the ſucceſſion of one appetite to another.

The periods of mental change are not to be ſtated with equal certainty: our bodies grow up under the care of nature, and depend ſo little on our own management, that ſomething more than negligence is neceſſary to diſcompoſe their ſtructure, or impede their vigour. But our minds are committed in a great meaſure firſt to the direction of others, and afterwards of ourſelves. It would be difficult to protract the weakneſs of infancy beyond the uſual time, but the mind may be very eaſily hindered from its ſhare of improvement, and the bulk and ſtrength of manhood muſt, without the aſſiſtance of education and inſtruction, be informed only with the underſtanding of a child.

Yet amidſt all the diſorder and inequality which variety of diſcipline, example, converſation, and employment, produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is ſtill diſcovered by a vigilant ſpectator, ſuch a general and remote ſimilitude, as may be expected in the ſame common nature affected by external circumſtances indefinitely varied. We all enter the world in equal ignorance, gaze round about us on the ſame objects, and have our firſt pains and pleaſures, our firſt hopes and fears, our firſt averſions and deſires, from the ſame cauſes; and though, as we proceed farther, life opens wider proſpects to our view, and accidental impulſes determine us to different paths; yet as every mind, however vigorous or abſtracted, is neceſſitated, in its preſent ſtate of union, to receive its informations, and execute its purpoſes, by the intervention of the body, the uniformity of our corporeal nature communicates itſelf to our intellectual operations; and thoſe whoſe abilities or knowledge incline them moſt to deviate from the general round of life, are recalled from eccentricity by the laws of their exiſtence.

If we conſider the exerciſes of the mind, it will be found that in each part of life ſome particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treaſures of knowledge are firſt opened before us; while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined ſeems of equal value, the power of the ſoul is principally exerted in a vivacious and deſultory curioſity. She applies by turns to every object, enjoys it for a ſhort time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up looſe and unconnected ideas, but ſtarts away from ſyſtems and complications which would obſtruct the rapidity of her tranſitions, and detain her long in the ſame purſuit.

When a number of diſtinct images are collected by theſe erratick and haſty ſurveys, the fancy is buſied in arranging them; and combines them into pleaſing pictures with more reſemblance to the realities of life as experience advances, and new obſervations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed, and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters: but in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourſelves with living nature, we are ſooner diſguſted with copies in which there appears no reſemblance. We firſt diſcard abſurdity and impoſſibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at laſt become cold and inſenſible to the charms of falſehood, however ſpecious, and from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itſelf.

Now commences the reign of judgment or reaſon; we begin to find little pleaſure in comparing arguments, ſtating propoſitions, diſentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing conſequences. The painted vales of imagination are deſerted, and our intellectual activity is exerciſed in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy and toiling with firm and cautious ſteps up the narrow tracks of demonſtration. Whatever may lull vigilance, or miſlead attention, is contemptuouſly rejected, and every diſguiſe in which error may be concealed is carefully obſerved, till by degrees a certain number

of inconteſtible or unſuſpected propoſitions are eſtabliſhed, and at laſt concatenated into arguments, or compacted into ſyſtems.

At length wearineſs ſucceeds to labour, and the mind lies at eaſe in the contemplation of her own attainments without any deſire of new conqueſts or excurſions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are ſettled, and the avenues of apprehenſion ſhut againſt any new intelligence; the days that are to follow muſt paſs in the inculcation of precepts already corrected, and aſſertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward ſo odious as oppoſition, ſo inſolent as doubt, or ſo dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the paſſions uſurp the ſeparate command of the ſucceſſive periods of life. To the happineſs of our firſt years nothing more ſeems neceſſary than freedom from reſtraint; every man may remember that if he was left to himſelf, and indulged in the diſpoſal of his own time, he was once content without the ſuperadddition of any actual pleaſure. The new world is itſelf a banquet; and till we have exhauſted the freſhneſs of life, we have always about us ſufficient gratifications: the ſun-ſhine quickens us to play, and the ſhade invites us to ſleep.

But we ſoon become unſatisfied with negative felicity, and are ſolicited by our ſenſes and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taſte of him who has ſatisfied his hunger muſt be excited by artificial ſtimulations. The ſimplicity of natural amuſement is now paſt, and art and contrivance muſt improve our pleaſures; but in time, art, like nature, is exhauſted, and the ſenſes can no longer ſupply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleaſure to intereſt, in which pleaſure is perhaps included, though diffuſed to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame: wealth, to which, however variouſly denominated, every man at ſome time or other aſpires; power, which all wiſh to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wiſe or ignorant, was yet able to deſpiſe. Now prudence and foreſight exert their influence: no hour is devoted wholly to any preſent enjoyment, no act or purpoſe terminates in itſelf, but every motion is referred to ſome diſtant end; the accompliſhment of one deſign begins another, and the ultimate wiſh is always puſhed off to its former diſtance.

At length fame is obſerved to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man whoſe vigour and alacrity begin to forſake him, by degrees contracts his deſigns, remits his former multiplicity of purſuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than his power. Avarice is generally the laſt paſſion of thoſe lives of which the firſt part has been ſquandered in pleaſure, and the ſecond devoted to ambition. He that ſinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder buſineſs of ſaving it.

I have in this view of life conſidered men as actuated only by natural deſires, and yielding to their own inclinations, without regard to ſuperior principles by which the force of external agents may be counteracted, and the temporary prevalence of paſſions reſtrained. Nature will indeed always operate, human deſires will be always ranging; but theſe motions, though very powerful, are not reſiſtleſs; nature may be regulated, and deſires governed; and to contend with the predominance of ſucceſſive paſſions, to be endangered firſt by one effection, and then by another, is the condition upon which we are to paſs our time, the time of our preparation for that ſtate which ſhall put an end to experiment, to diſappointment, and to change.

No. CLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1751.

Triſtia mæſtum
Vultum verba decent, iratum plena minrum. HOR.

Diſaſtrous words can beſt diſaſter ſhow;
In angry phraſe the angry paſſions glow. ELPHINSTON.

'IT was the wiſdom,' ſays Seneca, 'of ancient times, to conſider what is moſt uſeful as moſt illuſtrious.' If this rule be applied to works of genius, ſcarcely any ſpecies of compoſition deſerves more to be cultivated than the Epiſtolary ſtyle, ſince none is of more various or frequent uſe, through the whole ſubordination of human life.

It has yet happened that, among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to thoſe of any other country, very few have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the publication of letters, except ſuch as were written in the diſcharge of publick truſts, and during the tranſaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the miniſter, and memorials to the hiſtorian, are of no uſe as examples of the familiar ſtyle, or models of private correſpondence.

If it be enquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themſelves with ſo little danger in ſpeaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it muſt be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due ſenſe of the dignity of the publick? We do not think it reaſonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the buſy, or the amuſements of the gay, ſhould give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of abſence expreſſions, of fondneſs, or declarations of fidelity.

A ſlight peruſal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have ſignalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be diſcouraged from the like attempts by the conſciouſneſs of inability; for ſurely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory profeſſions, accumulate ſervile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the deſpicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life muſt be paſſed in affairs conſiderable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleaſure which our condition allows muſt be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is neceſſary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the neceſſary intercourſe of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if ſuch of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating inſignificance, had ſupplied us with a few ſallies of innocent gaiety, effuſions of honeſt tenderneſs or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been poſterior to performance. The art of compoſing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of thoſe who performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewiſe few criticiſms upon the epiſtolary ſtyle. The obſervation with which Walſh has introduced his pages of inanity, are ſuch as give him little claim to the rank aſſigned him by Dryden among the criticks. 'Letters,' ſays he, 'are intended as reſemblances of converſation, and the chief excellencies of converſation are good-humour and good-breeding.' This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquieſcence in his own diſcovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to pleaſe muſt appear pleaſed, and he who would not provoke rudeneſs muſt not practiſe it. But the queſtion among thoſe who eſtabliſh rules for an epiſtolary performance is how gaiety or civility may be pro-

perly expreſſed; as among the criticks in hiſtory it is not conteſted whether truth ought to be preſerved, but by what mode of diction it is beſt adorned.

As letters are written on all ſubjects, in all ſtates of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to ſettled rules, or deſcribed by any ſingle characteriſtick; and we may ſafely diſentangle our minds from critical embarraſſments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refuſed admiſſion, which would be proper in any other method of treating the ſame ſubject. The qualities of the epiſtolary ſtyle more frequently required are eaſe and ſimplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artful arrangement of obvious ſentiments. But theſe directions are no ſooner applied to uſe, than their ſcantineſs and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at reſt and in diſtreſs, in ſport and in paſſion. Nothing can be more improper than eaſe and laxity of expreſſion, when the importance of the ſubject impreſſes ſolicitude, or the dignity of the perſon exacts reverence.

That letters ſhould be written with ſtrict conformity to nature is true, becauſe nothing but conformity to nature can make any compoſition beautiful or juſt. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occaſions not familiar. Whatever elevates the ſentiments will conſequently raiſe the expreſſion; whatever fills us with hope and terror, will produce ſome perturbation of images, and ſome figurative diſtortions of phraſe. Wherever we are ſtudious to pleaſe, we are afraid of truſting our firſt thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by ſtudied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of ſtyle.

If the perſonages of the comick ſcene be allowed by Horace to raiſe their language in the tranſports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epiſtolary writer may likewiſe without cenſure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the ſolemnity of an hiſtorian, deduce them from their cauſes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their conſequences. If a diſputed poſition is to be eſtabliſhed, or a remote principle to be inveſtigated, he may detail his reaſonings with all the nicety of ſyllogiſtick method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may without any violation of the edicts of criticiſm, call every power of rhetorick to his aſſiſtance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correſpondents are more properly regulated by critical precepts, becauſe the matter and ſtyle are equally arbitrary, and rules are more neceſſary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, ſome conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; ſome model them by the ſonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the ſoft lapſe of calm melliſluence; others adjuſt them by the epigram, and expect pointed ſentences and forcible periods. The one part conſider exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the moſt diſguſting fault; one avoids cenſure, the other aſpires to praiſe; one is always in danger of inſipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the ſubject has no intrinſick dignity, it muſt neceſſarily owe its attractions to artificial embelliſhments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can ſupply. He that, like Pliny, ſends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or addreſs, find means of exciting gratitude, and ſecuring acceptance; but he that has no preſent to make but a garland, a ribbon, or ſome petty curioſity, muſt endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpoſe for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or buſineſs tranſacted, is to preſerve in the minds of the abſent either love or eſteem; to excite love we muſt impart pleaſure, and to raiſe eſteem we muſt diſcover abilities. Pleaſure will generally be given, as abilities are diſplayed by ſcenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected ſallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no ſtrength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble muſt be poliſhed with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought ſurely to be laboured, when they are intended to ſtand for things.

No. CLIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1751.

Turba remi ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, et odit
Damnatos. JUV.

The fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes;
Wealth ſtill finds followers, and misfortune foes.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THERE are occaſions on which all apology is rudeneſs. He that has an unwelcome meſſage to deliver, may give ſome proof of tenderneſs and delicacy, by a ceremonial introduction and gradual diſcovery, becauſe the mind upon which the weight of ſorrow is to fall, gains time for the collection of its powers; but nothing is more abſurd than to delay the communication of pleaſure, to torment curioſity by impatience, and to delude hope by anticipation.

I ſhall therefore forbear the arts by which correſpondents generally ſecure admiſſion, for I have too long remarked the power of vanity, to doubt that I ſhall approve, when I declare that my narrative has no other tendency than to illuſtrate and corroborate your own obſervations.

I was the ſecond ſon of a gentleman, whoſe patrimony had been waſted by a long ſucceſſion of ſquanderers, till he was unable to ſupport any of his children, except his heir, in the hereditary dignity of idleneſs. Being therefore obliged to employ that part of life in ſtudy which my progenitors had devoted to the hawk and hound, I was in my eighteenth year diſpatched to the univerſity, without any rural honours. I had never killed a ſingle woodcock, nor partaken one triumph over a conquered fox.

At the univerſity I continued to enlarge my acquiſitions with little envy of the noiſy happineſs which my elder brother had the fortune to enjoy, and having obtained my degree, retired to conſider at leiſure to what profeſſion I ſhould confine that application which had hitherto been diſſipated in general knowledge. To deliberate upon a choice which cuſtom and honour forbid to be retracted, is certainly reaſonable, yet to let looſe the attention equally to the advantages and inconveniences of every employment, is not without danger; new motives are every moment operating on every ſide; and mechanicks have long ago diſcovered, that contrariety of equal attractions is equivalent to reſt.

While I was thus trifling in uncertainty, an old adventurer, who had been once the intimate friend of my father, arrived from the Indies with a large fortune; which he had ſo much haraſſed himſelf in obtaining, that ſickneſs and infirmity left him no other deſire than to die in his native country. His wealth eaſily procured him an invitation to paſs his life with us; and being incapable of any amuſement but converſation, he neceſſarily became familiarized to me, whom he found ſtudious and domeſtick. Pleaſed with an opportunity of imparting my knowledge, and eager of any intelligence that might increaſe it, I delighted his curioſity with hiſtorical narratives and explications of nature, and gratified his vanity by enquiries after the products of diſtant countries, and the cuſtoms of their inhabitants.

My brother ſaw how much I advanced in the favour of our gueſt, who being without heirs, was naturally expected to enrich the family of his friend, but neither attempted to alienate me, nor to ingratiate himſelf. He was indeed little qualified to ſolicit the affection of a traveller, for the remiſſneſs of his education had left him without any rule of action but his preſent humour. He often forſook the old gentleman in the midſt of an adventure, becauſe the horn ſounded in a court-yard, and would have loſt an opportunity, not only of knowing the hiſtory, but ſharing the wealth of the Mogul, for the trial of a new pointer, or the ſight of a horſe-race.

It was therefore not long before our new friend declared his intention of bequeathing to me the profits of his commerce, as the only man in the family by whom he could expect them to be rationally enjoyed. This diſtinction drew upon me the envy not only of my brother but my father.

As no man is willing to believe that he ſuffers by his own fault, they imputed the preference which I had obtained to adulatory compliances, or malignant calumnies. To no purpoſe did I call npon my patron to atteſt my innocence, for who will believe his wiſhes to be falſe? In the heat of diſappointment they forced their inmate by repeated inſults to depart from the houſe, and I was ſoon, by the ſame treatment, obliged to follow him.

He choſe his reſidence in the confines of London, where reſt, tranquillity, and medicine reſtored him to part of the health he had loſt. I pleaſed myſelf with perceiving that I was not likely to obtain an immediate poſſeſſion of which no labour of mine had contributed to acquire; and that he, who had thus diſtinguiſhed me, might hope to end his life without a total fruſtration of thoſe bleſſings which, whatever be their real value, he had ſought with ſo much diligence, and purchaſed with ſo many viciſſitudes of danger and fatigue.

He indeed left me no reaſon to repine at his recovery, for he was willing to accuſtom me early to the uſe of money, and ſet apart to my expences ſuch a revenue as I had ſcarcely dared to image. I can yet congratulate myſelf that fortune has ſeen her golden cup once taſted without any inebriation. Neither my modeſty nor prudence were overwhelmed by affluence; my elevation was without inſolence, and my expence without profuſion. Employing the influence which money always confers to the improvement of my underſtanding, I mingled in parties of gaiety, and in conferences of learning, appeared in every place where inſtruction was to be found, and imagined that by ranging through all the diverſities of life, I had acquainted myſelf fully with human nature, and learned all that was to be known of the ways of men.

It happened, however, that I ſoon diſcovered how much was wanted to the completion of my knowledge, and found that, according to Senaca's remark, I had hitherto ſeen the world but on one ſide. My patron's confidence in his increaſe of ſtrength tempted him to careleſsneſs and irregularity; he caught a fever by riding in the rain, of which he died delirious on the third day. I buried him without any of the heir's affected grief or ſecret exultation; then preparing to take a legal poſſeſſion of his fortune, opened his cloſet, where I found a will, made at his firſt arrival, by which my father was appointed the chief inheritor, and nothing was left me but a legacy ſufficient to ſupport me in the proſecution of my ſtudies.

I had not yet found ſuch charms in proſperity as to continue it by any acts of forgery or injuſtice, and made haſte to inform my father of the riches which had been given him, not by the preference of kindneſs, but by the delays of indolence, and cowardice of age. The hungry family flew like vultures on their prey, and ſoon made my diſappointment publick by the tumult of their claims, and the ſplendor of their ſorrow.

It was now my part to conſider how I ſhould repair the diſappointment. I could not but triumph in my long liſt of friends, which compriſed almoſt every name that power or knowledge intitled to eminence, and in the proſpect of the innumerable roads to honour and preferment, which I had laid open to myſelf by the wiſe uſe of temporary riches. I believed nothing neceſſary but that I ſhould continue that acquaintance to which I had been ſo readily admitted, and which had hitherto been cultivated on both ſides with equal ardour.

Full of theſe expectations, I one morning ordered a chair, with an intention to make my uſual circle of morning viſits. Where I firſt ſtopped I ſaw two footmen ſtanding at the door, who told me, without any change of poſture or collection of countenance, that their maſter was at home; and ſuffered me to open the inner door without aſſiſtance. I found my friend ſtanding, and as I was tattling with my former freedom, was formally intreated to ſit down; but did not ſtay to be favoured with any further condeſcenſions.

My next experiment was made at the levee of a ſtateſman, who received me with an embrace of tenderneſs, that he might with more decency publiſh my change of fortune to the ſycophants about him. After he had enjoyed the triumph of condolence, he turned to a wealthy ſtockjobber, and left me expoſed to the ſcorn of thoſe who had lately courted my notice, and ſolicited my intereſt.

I was then ſet down at the door of another, who upon my entrance adviſed me with great ſolemnity to think of ſome ſettled proviſion for life. I left him, and

hurried away to an old friend, who profeſſed himſelf unſuſceptible of any impreſſions from proſperity or misfortune and begged that he might ſee me when he was more at leiſure.

At ſixty-ſeven doors at which I knocked in the firſt week after my appearance in a mourning dreſs, I was denied admiſſion at forty-ſix: was ſuffered at fourteen to wait in the outer room till buſineſs was diſpatched; at four was entertained with a few queſtions about the weather; at one heard the footman rated for bringing my name; and at two was informed in the flow of caſual converſation, how much a man of rank degrades himſelf by mean company.

My curioſity now led me to try what reception I ſhould find among the ladies; but I found that my patron had carried all my power of pleaſing to the grave. I had formerly been celebrated as a wit, and not perceiving any languor in my imagination, I eſſayed to revive that gaiety which had hitherto broken out involuntarily before my ſentences were finiſhed. My remarks were now heard with a ſteady countenance, and if a girl happened to give way to habitual merriment, her forwardneſs was repreſſed with a frown by her mother or her aunt.

Wherever I come I ſcatter infirmity and diſeaſe; every lady whom I meet in the Mall is too weary too walk; all whom I entreat to ſing are troubled with colds: if I propoſe cards, they are afflicted with the head-ach; if I invite them to the gardens, they cannot bear a crowd.

All this might be endured; but there is a claſs of mortals who think my underſtanding impaired with my fortune, exalt themſelves to the dignity of advice, and whenever we happen to meet, preſume to preſcribe my conduct, regulate my economy, and direct my purſuits. Another race, equally impertinent and equally deſpicable, are every moment recommending to me an attention to my intereſt, and think themſelves entitled, by their ſuperior prudence, to reproach me if I ſpeak without regard to profit.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is the power of wealth, that it commands the ear of greatneſs and the eye of beauty; gives ſpirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous, and leaves him from whom it departs, without virtue and without underſtanding, the ſport of caprice, the ſcoff of inſolence, the ſlave of meanneſs, and the pupil of ignorance.

I am, &c.

No. CLIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1751.

——Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſclos'd in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring. DRYDEN.

THE direction of Ariſtotle to thoſe that ſtudy politicks, is, firſt to examine and underſtand what has been written by the ancients upon government; then to caſt their eyes round the world, and conſider by what cauſes the proſperity of communities is viſibly influenced, and why ſome are worſe, and others better adminiſtered.

The ſame method muſt be purſued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The firſt taſk is to ſearch books, the next to contemplate nature. He muſt firſt poſſeſs himſelf of the intellectual treaſures which the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavour to increaſe them by his own collections.

The mental diſeaſe of the preſent generation is impatience of ſtudy, contempt of the great maſters of ancient wiſdom, and a diſpoſition to rely wholly upon unaſſiſted genius and natural ſagacity. The wits of theſe happy days have diſcovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious anceſtors durſt never attempt; they cut the knots of ſophiſtry which it was formerly the buſineſs of years to untie, ſolve

difficulties by ſudden irradiations of intel ligence, and comprehend long proceſſes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themſelves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waſte their lives over books, as a race of inferior beings condemned by nature to perpetual pupillage, and fruitleſſly endeavouring to remedy their barrenneſs by inceſſant cultivation, or ſuccour their feebleneſs by ſubſidiary ſtrength. They preſume that none would be more induſtrious than they, if they were not more ſenſible of deficiencies; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers, owes his modeſty only to his weakneſs.

It is however certain, that no eſtimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than thoſe by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It generally happens at our entrance into the world, that by the natural attraction of ſimilitude, we aſſociate with men like ourſelves, young, ſprightly, and ignorant, and rate our accompliſhments by compariſon with theirs; when we have once obtained an acknowledged ſuperiority over our acquaintances, imagination and deſire eaſily extend it over the reſt of mankind; and if no accident forces us into new emulations, we grow old, and die in admiration of ourſelves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominion, readily liſtens to the voice of idleneſs, and ſoothes the ſlumber of life with continual dreams of excellence and greatneſs. A man elated by confidence in his natural vigour of fancy and ſagacity of conjecture, ſoon concludes that he already poſſeſſes whatever toil and enquiry can confer. He then liſtens with eagerneſs to the wild objections which folly has raiſed againſt the common means of improvement; talks of the dark chaos of indigeſted knowledge; deſcribes the miſchievous effects of heterogeneous ſciences fermenting in the mind; relates the blunders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on the heroick merit of thoſe who deviate from preſcription, or ſhake off authority; and gives vent to the inflations of his heart by declaring that he owes nothing to pedants and univerſities.

All theſe pretenſions, however confident, are very often vain. The laurels which ſuperficial acuteneſs gains in triumphs over ignorance unſupported by vivacity, are obſerved by Locke to be loſt whenever learning and rational diligence appear againſt her; the ſallies of gaiety are ſoon repreſſed by calm confidence; and the artifices of ſubtilty are readily detected by thoſe who, having carefully ſtudied the queſtion, are not eaſily confounded or ſurpriſed.

But though the contemner of books had neither been deceived by others nor himſelf, and was really born with a genius ſurpaſſing the ordinary abilities of mankind; yet ſurely ſuch gifts of Providence may be more properly urged as incitements to labour, than encouragements to negligence. He that neglects the culture of ground, naturally fertile, is more ſhamefully culpable than he whoſe field would ſcarcely recompenſe his huſbandry.

Cicero remarks, that not to know what has been tranſacted in former times, is to continue always a child. If no uſe is made of the labours of paſt ages, the world muſt remain always in the infancy of knowledge. The diſcoveries of every man muſt terminate in his own advantage, and the ſtudies of every age be employed on queſtions which the paſt generation had diſcuſſed and determined. We may with as little reproach borrow ſcience as manufactures from our anceſtors; and it is as rational to live in caves till our hands have erected a palace, as to reject all knowledge of architecture which our underſtandings will not ſupply.

To the ſtrongeſt and quickeſt mind it is far eaſier to learn than to invent. The principles of arithmetick and geometry may be comprehended by a cloſe attention in a few days; yet who can flatter himſelf that the ſtudy of a long life would have enabled him to diſcover them, when he ſees them yet unknown to ſo many nations, whom he cannot ſuppoſe leſs liberally endowed with natural reaſon, than the Grecians or Egyptians?

Every ſcience was thus far advanced towards perfection, by the emulous diligence of contemporary ſtudents, and the gradual diſcoveries of one age improving on another. Sometimes unexpected flaſhes of inſtruction were ſtruck out by the fortuitous colliſion of happy incidents, or an involuntary concurrence of ideas, in which the philoſopher to whom they happened had no other merit than that of knowing their value,

tranſmitting, unclouded to poſterity, and that light which had been kindled by cauſes out of his power. The happineſs of theſe caſual illuminations no man can promiſe to himſelf, becauſe no endeavours can procure them; and therefore whatever be our abilities or application, we muſt ſubmit to learn from others what perhaps would have lain hid for ever from human penetration, had not ſome remote enquiry brought it to view; as treaſures are thrown up by the ploughman and the digger in the rude exerciſe of their common occupations.

The man whoſe genius qualifies him for great undertakings, muſt at leaſt be content to learn from books the preſent ſtate of human knowledge; that he may not aſcribe to himſelf the invention of arts generally known; weary his attention with experiments of which the event has been long regiſtered; and waſte, in attempts which have already ſucceeded or miſcarried, that time which might have been ſpent with uſefulneſs and honour upon new undertakings.

But though the ſtudy of books is neceſſary, it is not ſufficient to conſtitute literary eminence. He that wiſhes to be counted among the benefactors of poſterity, muſt add by his own toil to the acquiſitions of his anceſtors, and ſecure his memory from neglect by ſome valuable improvement. This can only be effected by looking out upon the waſtes of the intellectual world, and extending the power of learning over regions yet undiſciplined and barbarous; or by ſurveying more exactly her ancient dominions; and driving ignorance from the fortreſſes and retreats where ſhe ſkulks undetected and undiſturbed. Every ſcience has its difficulties which yet call for a ſolution before we attempt new ſyſtems of knowledge; as every country has its foreſts and marſhes, which it would be wiſe to cultivate and drain, before diſtant colonies are projected as a neceſſary diſcharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whatever hopes for the veneration of mankind muſt have invention in the deſign or the execution; either the effect muſt itſelf be new, or the means by which it is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown muſt be diſcovered, or thoſe which are already known enforced by ſtronger evidence, facilitated by clearer method, or elucidated by brighter illuſtrations.

Fame cannot ſpread wide or endure long that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to reſiſt the blaſt of malignity, and ſtand firm againſt the attacks of time, muſt contain in itſelf ſome original principle of growth. The reputation which ariſes from the detail or tranſpoſition of borrowed ſentiments, may ſpread for a while, like ivy, on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident or contempt, and ſuffered to rot unheeded on the ground.

No. CLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1751.

——Steriles tranſmiſimus annos,
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies, hæc limina vitæ. STAT.

——Our barren years are paſt;
Be this of life the firſt, of ſloth the laſt. ELPHINSTONE.

NO weakneſs of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadverſion, than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however flagrant, and the eaſineſs with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It ſeems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot ſee itſelf, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own ſtate, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which like innumerable other poſtulates, an enquirer finds himſelf inclined to admit upon very little evidence, becauſe it affords a ready ſolution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greateſt abilities frequently fail to promote the happineſs of thoſe who poſſeſs them; why thoſe who can diſtinguiſh with the utmoſt nicety the boundaries of vice and virtue ſuffer them to be confounded in their own conduct;

why the active and vigilant reſign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one ſigh of ſolicitude or ſtruggle for eſcape.

When a poſition teems thus with commodious conſequences, who can without regret confeſs it to be falſe? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a diſpoſition to deſcribe the dominion of the paſſions to extend beyond the limits that nature aſſigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourſelves, but perſuades us that they eſcape the notice of others, and diſpoſes us to reſent cenſures leſt we ſhould confeſs them to be juſt. We are ſecretly conſcious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the publick eye, and pleaſe ourſelves with innumerable impoſtures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimneſs of our internal ſight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the ſucceſs of the moſt abſurd and incredible flattery, and the reſentment always raiſed by advice, however ſoft, benevolent and reaſonable. But flattery, if its operation is nearly examined, will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it conſoles our wants than diſplays our poſſeſſions. He that ſhall ſolicit the favour of his patron by praiſing him for qualities which he can find in himſelf, will be defeated by the more daring panegyriſt who enriches him with adſcititious excellence. Juſt praiſe is only a debt, but flattery is a preſent. The acknowledgement of thoſe virtues on which conſcience congratulates us, is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of thoſe which we only feign or deſire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confeſſion of ſovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable deciſion of diſputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offenſive, not becauſe it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had eſcaped our notice, but becauſe it ſhows us that we are known to others as well as to ourſelves; and the officious monitor is perſecuted with hatred, not becauſe his accuſation is falſe, but becauſe he aſſumes that ſuperiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we deſired to conceal.

For this reaſon advice is commonly ineffectual. If thoſe who follow the call of their deſires, without enquiry whither they are going, had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wiſdom, and were ruſhing upon dangers unforeſeen, they would readily liſten to information that recals them from their errors, and catch the firſt alarm by which deſtruction or infamy is denounced. Few that wander in the wrong way miſtake it for the right, they only find it more ſmooth and flowery, and indulge their own choice rather than approve it: therefore few are perſuaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, ſince it impreſſes no new conviction, nor confers any powers of action or reſiſtance. He that is gravely informed how ſoon profuſion will annihilate his fortune, hears with little advantage what he knew before, and catches at the next occaſion of expence, becauſe advice has no force to ſuppreſs his vanity. He that is told how certainly intemperance will hurry him to the grave, runs with his uſual ſpeed to a new courſe of luxury, becauſe his reaſon is not invigorated, nor his appetite weakened.

The miſchief of flattery is, not that it perſuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it ſuppreſſes the influence of honeſt ambition, by raiſing an opinion that honour may be gained without the toil of merit; and the benefit of advice ariſes commonly, not from any new light imparted to the mind, but from the diſcovery which it affords of the publick ſuffrages. He that could withſtand conſcience is frighted at infamy, and ſhame prevails when reaſon was defeated.

As we all know our own faults, and know them commonly with many aggravations which human perſpicacity cannot diſcover, there is, perhaps, no man, however hardened by impudence or diſſipated by levity, ſheltered by hypocriſy or blaſted by diſgrace, who does not intend ſome time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed attack him, new invitations are offered by pleaſure and intereſt, and the hour of reformation is

always delayed; every delay gives vice another opportunity of fortifying itſelf by habit; and the change of manners, though ſincerely intended and rationally planned, is referred to the time when ſome craving paſſion ſhall be fully gratified, or ſome powerful allurement ceaſe its importunity.

Thus procraſtination is accumulated on procraſtination, and one impediment ſucceeds another, till age ſhatters our reſolution, or death intercepts the project of amendment. Such is often the end of ſalutary purpoſes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeaſed that diſquiet which every mind feels from known miſconduct, when the attention is not diverted by buſineſs or by pleaſure.

Nothing ſurely can be more unworthy of a reaſonable nature, than to continue in a ſtate ſo oppoſite to real happineſs, as that all the peace of ſolitude, and felicity of meditation, muſt ariſe from reſolutions of forſaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men who paſs months and years in continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by paſſion, into practices which they cloſed and opened their eyes with purpoſes to avoid; purpoſes which, though ſettled on conviction, the firſt impulſe of momentary deſire totally overthrows.

The influence of cuſtom is indeed ſuch, that to conquer it will require the utmoſt efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any men more worthy of veneration and renown, than thoſe who have burſt the ſhackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroick as the objects of guilty gratification are more familiar, and the recurrence of ſolicitation more frequent. He that from experience of the folly of ambition reſigns his offices, may ſet himſelf free at once from temptation to ſquander his life in courts, becauſe he cannot regain his former ſtation. He who is enſlaved by an amorous paſſion, may quit his tyrant in diſguſt, and abſence will, without the help of reaſon, overcome by degrees the deſire of returning. But thoſe appetites to which every place affords their proper object, and which require no preparatory meaſures or gradual advances, are more tenaciouſly adheſive; the wiſh is ſo near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes conſideration, and before the powers of reaſon can be ſummoned, the time for employing them is paſt.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which thoſe whom it once infects are ſeldom reformed. Every other ſpecies of luxury operates upon ſome appetite that is quickly ſatiated, and requires ſome concurrence of art or accident which every place will not ſupply; but the deſire of eaſe acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increaſed. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapſe of indolence is ſoft and imperceptible, becauſe it is only a mere ceſſation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, becauſe it implies a change from reſt to motion from privation to reality.

Facilis deſcenſus Averni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. VIRG.

The gates of Hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
DRYDEN.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conſcious; we all know our own ſtate, if we could be induced to conſider it; and it might perhaps be uſeful to the conqueſt of all theſe enſnarers of the mind, if at certain ſtated days life was reviewed. Many things neceſſary are omitted, becauſe we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unſettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can ſcarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorſe. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himſelf a deſire to diſtinguiſh every ſtage of his exiſtence by ſome improvement, and delight himſelf with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new ſeries of virtue and felicity.

No. CLVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1751.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud ſapientia dicit. JUV.

For wiſdom ever echoes nature's voice.

EVERY government, ſays the politician, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it muſt be reſcued at certain periods by the reſuſcitation of its firſt principles, and the re-eſtabliſhment of its original conſtitution. Every animal body, according to the methodick phyſicians, is, by the predominance of ſome exuberant quality, continually declining towards diſeaſe and death, which muſt be obviated by a ſeaſonable reduction of the peccant humour to the juſt equipoiſe which health requires.

In the ſame manner the ſtudies of mankind, all at leaſt which, not being ſubject to rigorous demonſtration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confuſion. Of the great principles of truth which the firſt ſpeculatiſts diſcovered, the ſimplicity is embarraſſed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obſcured by inaccurate argumentation; and as they deſcend from one ſucceſſion of writers to another, like light tranſmitted from room to room, they loſe their ſtrength and ſplendour, and fade at laſt in total evaneſcence.

The ſyſtems of learning therefore muſt be ſometimes reviewed, complications analyſed into principles, and knowledge diſentangled from opinion. It is not always poſſible, without a cloſe inſpection, to ſeparate the genuine ſhoots of conſequential reaſoning, which grow out of ſome radical poſtulate, from the branches which art has engrafted on it. The accidental preſcriptions of authority, when time has procured them veneration, are often confounded with the laws of nature, and thoſe rules are ſuppoſed coeval with reaſon, of which the firſt riſe cannot be diſcovered.

Criticiſm has ſometimes permitted fancy to dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be reſtrained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her ſuperintendence of others has betrayed her to negligence of herſelf; and, like the ancient Scythians, by extending her conqueſts over diſtant regions, ſhe has left her throne vacant to her ſlaves.

Among the laws of which the deſire of extending authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge, has prompted the preſcription, all which writers have received, had not the ſame original right to our regard. Some are to be conſidered as fundamental and indiſpenſable, others only as uſeful and convenient; ſome as dictated by reaſon and neceſſity, others as enacted by deſpotick antiquity; ſome as invincibly ſupported by their conformity to the order of nature and operation of the intellect; others as formed by accident, or inſtituted by example, and therefore always liable to diſpute and alteration.

That many rules have been advanced without conſulting nature or reaſon, we cannot but ſuſpect, when we find it peremptorily derived by the ancient maſters, that *only three ſpeaking perſonages ſhould appear at once upon the ſtage*; a law, which, as the variety and intricacy of modern plays has made it impoſſible to be obſerved, we now violate without a ſcruple, and, as experience proves, without inconvenience.

The original of this precept was merely accidental. Tragedy was a monody or ſolitary ſong in honour of Bacchus, improved afterwards into a dialogue by the addition of another ſpeaker; but the ancients remembering that the tragedy was at firſt pronounced only by one, durſt not for ſome time venture beyond two; at laſt, when cuſtom and impunity had made them daring, they extended their liberty to the admiſſion of three, but reſtrained themſelves by a critical edict from further exorbitance.

By what accident the number of acts was limited to five, I know not that any author has informed us; but certainly it is not determined by any neceſſity ariſing either from the nature of action or propriety of exhibition. An act is only the repreſentation of ſuch a part of the

part of the buſineſs of the play as proceeds in an unbroken tenor, or without any intermediate pauſe. Nothing is more evident than that of every real, and by conſequence of every dramatick action, the intervals may be more or fewer than five; and indeed the rule is upon the Engliſh ſtage every day broken in effect, without any other miſchief than that which ariſes from an abſurd endeavour to obſerve it in appearance. Whenever the ſcene is ſhifted the act ceaſes, ſince ſome time is neceſſarily ſuppoſed to elapſe while the perſonages of the drama change their place.

With no greater right to our obedience have the criticks confined the dramatick action to a certain number of hours. Probability requires that the time of action ſhould approach ſomewhat nearly to that of exhibition, and thoſe plays will always be thought moſt happily conducted which crowd the greateſt variety into the leaſt ſpace. But ſince it will frequently happen that ſome deluſion muſt be admitted, I know not where the limits of imagination can be fixed. It is rarely obſerved that minds, not prepoſſeſſed by mechanical criticiſm, feel any offence from the extenſion of the intervals between the acts; nor can I conceive it abſurd or impoſſible, that he who can multiply three hours into twelve or twenty-four, might image with equal eaſe a greater number.

I know not whether he that poſſeſſes to regard no other laws than thoſe of nature, will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own laurels have hitherto ſhaded from the fulminations of criticiſm. For what is there in the mingled drama which impartial reaſon can condemn? The connexion of important with trivial incidents, ſince it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may ſurely be allowed upon the ſtage, which pretends only to be the mirrour of life. The impropriety of ſuppreſſing paſſions before we have raiſed them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation from an event which we keep ſuſpended only to raiſe it, may be ſpeciouſly urged. But will not experience ſhew this objection to be rather ſubtle than juſt? Is it not certain that the tragick and comick affections have been moved alternately with equal force, and that no plays have oftner filled the eye with tears, and the breaſt with palpitation, than thoſe which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do however think it ſafe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The reſiſtleſs viciſſitudes of the heart, the alternate prevalence of merriment and ſolemnity, may ſometimes be more properly aſcribed to the vigour of the writer than the juſtneſs of the deſign and inſtead of vindicating tragi-comedy by the ſucceſs of Shakeſpeare, we ought perhaps to pay new honours to that tranſcendent and unbounded genius that could preſide over the paſſions in ſport; who, to actuate the affections, needed not the ſlow gradation of common means, but could fill the heart with inſtantaneous jollity or ſorrow, and vary our diſpoſition as he changed his ſcenes. Perhaps the effects even of Shakeſpeare's poetry might have been yet greater, had he not counteracted himſelf; and we might have been more intereſted in the diſtreſſes of his heroes, had we not been ſo frequently diverted by the jokes of his buffoons.

There are other rules more fixed and obligatory. It is neceſſary that of every play the chief action ſhould be ſingle; for ſince a play repreſents ſome tranſaction, through its regular maturation to its final event, two actions equally important muſt evidently conſtitute two plays.

As the deſign of tragedy is to inſtruct by moving the paſſions, it muſt always have a hero, a perſonage apparently and inconteſtably ſuperior to the reſt, upon whom the attention may be fixed, and the anxiety ſuſpended. For though of two perſons oppoſing each other with equal abilities and equal virtue, the auditor will inevitably in time chooſe his favourite, yet as that choice muſt be without any cogency of conviction, the hopes or fears which it raiſes will be faint and languid. Of two heroes acting in confederacy againſt a common enemy, the virtues or dangers will give little emotion, becauſe each claims our concern with the ſame right, and the heart lies at reſt between equal motives.

It ought to be the firſt endeavour of a writer to diſtinguiſh nature from cuſtom; or that which is eſtabliſhed becauſe it is right, from that which is right only becauſe it is eſtabliſhed;

that he may neither violate eſſential principles by a deſire of novelty, nor debar himſelf from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needleſs fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

No. CLVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1751.

——Οἱ ἀιδὼς
Ῥίγιοται, ἢ ἄνδρας μεγα σίνεται ἠδ' ὀνινησιν. HOM.

Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind. ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH one of your correſpondents has preſumed to mention with ſome contempt that preſence of attention and eaſineſs of addreſs, which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and eſteem, yet I cannot be perſuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that, as we ſeldom value rightly what we have never known the miſery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happineſs; and that a natural exuberance of aſſurance has hindered him from diſcovering its excellence and uſe.

This felicity, whether beſtowed by conſtitution, or obtained by early habitudes, I can ſcarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge, and the happineſs of virtue. By frequency of admonition, and confidence of aſſertion, he prevailed upon me to believe, that the ſplendour of literature would always attract reverence, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore purſued my ſtudies with inceſſant induſtry, and avoided every thing which I had been taught to conſider either vicious or tending to vice, becauſe I regarded guilt and reproach as inſeparably united, and thought a tainted reputation the greateſt calamity.

At the univerſity, I found no reaſon for changing my opinion; for though many among my fellow ſtudents took the opportunity of a more remiſs diſcipline to gratify their paſſions; yet virtue preſerved her natural ſuperiority, and thoſe who ventured to neglect, were not ſuffered to inſult her. The ambition of petty accompliſhments found its way into the receptacles of learning, but was obſerved to ſeize commonly on thoſe who either neglected the ſciences, or could not attain them; and I was therefore confirmed in the doctrines of my old maſter, and thought nothing worthy of my care but the means of gaining or imparting knowledge.

This purity of manners, and intenſeneſs of application, ſoon extended my renown, and I was applauded by thoſe whoſe opinion I then thought unlikely to deceive me, as a young man that gave uncommon hopes of future eminence. My performances in time reached my native province, and all my relations congratulated themſelves upon the new honours that were added to their family.

I returned home covered with academical laurels, and fraught with criticiſm and philoſophy. The wit and the ſcholar excited curioſity, and my acquaintance was ſolicited by innumerable invitations. To pleaſe will always be the will of benevolence, to be admired muſt be the conſtant aim of ambition; and I therefore conſidered myſelf as about to receive the reward of my honeſt labours, and to find the efficacy of learning and virtue.

The third day after my arrival I dined at the houſe of a gentleman who had ſummoned a multitude of his friends to the annual celebration of his wedding-day. I ſet forward with great exultation, and thought myſelf happy that I had an opportunity of diſplaying my knowledge to ſo numerous an aſſembly. I felt no ſenſe of my own inſufficiency, till going up ſtairs to the dining-room, I heard the mingled roar of obſtreperous merriment. I was however diſguſted rather than terrified, and went forward without dejection. The whole company roſe at my entrance; but when I ſaw ſo many eyes fixed at once upon me, I was blaſted with a ſudden imbecility, I was

quelled by ſome nameleſs power which I found impoſſible to be reſiſted. My ſight was dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my perceptions were confounded; I was haraſſed by the multitude of eager ſalutations, and returned the common civilities with heſitation and impropriety; the ſenſe of my own blunders increaſed my confuſion, and before the exchange of ceremonies allowed me to ſit down, I was ready to ſink under the oppreſſion of ſurprize; my voice grew weak, and my knees trembled.

The aſſembly then reſumed their places, and I ſat with my eyes fixed upon the ground. To the queſtions of curioſity, or the appeals of complaiſance, I could ſeldom anſwer but with negative monoſyllables, or profeſſions of ignorance; for the ſubjects on which they converſed were ſuch as are ſeldom diſcuſſed in books, and were therefore out of my range of knowledge. At length an old clergyman, who rightly conjectured the reaſon of my conciſeneſs, relieved me by ſome queſtions about the preſent ſtate of natural knowledge, and engaged me, by an appearance of doubt and oppoſition, in the explication and defence of the Newtonian philoſophy.

The conſciouſneſs of my own abilities rouſed me from depreſſion, and long familiarity with my ſubject enabled me to diſcourſe with eaſe and volubility; but however I might pleaſe myſelf, I found very little added by my demonſtrations to the ſatisfaction of the company; and my antagoniſt, who knew the laws of converſation too well to detain their attention long upon an unpleaſing topick, after he had commended my acuteneſs and comprehenſion, diſmiſſed the controverſy, and reſigned me to my former inſignificance and perplexity.

After dinner, I received from the ladies, who had heard that I was a wit, an invitation to the tea-table. I congratulated myſelf upon an opportunity to eſcape from the company, whoſe riety began to be tumultuous, and among hom ſeveral hints had been dropped of the eleſſneſs of univerſities, the folly of book-rning, and the aukwardneſs of ſcholars. To e ladies therefore I flew, as a refuge from mour, inſult, and ruſticity; but found my art ſink as I approached their apartment, and s again diſconcerted by the ceremonies of trance, and confounded by the neceſſity of countering ſo many eyes at once.

When I ſat down I conſidered that ſomething pretty was always ſaid to the ladies, and reſolved to recover my credit by ſome elegant obſervation or graceful compliment. I applied myſelf to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praiſe of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate ſome claſſical compliment to the preſent occaſion. I ſunk into profound meditation, revolved the characters of the heroines of old, conſidered whatever the poets have ſung in their praiſe, and after having borrowed and invented, choſen and rejected a thouſand ſentiments, which, if I had uttered them, would not have been underſtood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry by the ſervant who diſtributed the tea.

There are not many ſituations more inceſſantly uneaſy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to ſpeak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he reſolves to give a ſpecimen of his abilities, always finds ſome reaſon or other for delaying it to the next minute. I was aſhamed of ſilence, yet could find nothing to ſay of elegance or importance equal to my wiſhes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themſelves not qualified to propoſe any ſubject of prattle to a man ſo famous for diſpute, and there was nothing on either ſide but impatience and vexation.

In this conflict of ſhame, as I was reaſſembling my ſcattered ſentiments, and reſolving to force my imagination to ſome ſprightly ſally, had juſt found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I ſuffered the ſaucer to drop from my hand. The cup was broken, the lap-dog was ſcalded, a brocaded petticoat was ſtained, and the whole aſſembly was thrown into diſorder. I now conſidered all hopes of reputation at an end, and while they were conſoling and aſſiſting one another, ſtole away in ſilence.

The miſadventures of this unhappy day are not yet at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meaneſt of them that triumphed over me in this ſtate of ſtupidity and contempt, and feel the ſame terrors encroaching upon my heart at the ſight of thoſe who once impreſſed them. Shame, above any other paſſion, propagates itſelf. Before thoſe who have ſeen me confuſed, I can never appear without new confuſion, and the remembrance of the weakneſs which

I formerly diſcovered, hinders me from acting or ſpeaking with my natural force.

But is this miſery, Mr. Rambler, never to ceaſe? Have I ſpent my life in ſtudy only to become the ſport of the ignorant, and debarred myſelf from all the common enjoyments of youth to collect ideas which muſt ſleep in ſilence, and form opinions which I muſt not divulge? Inform me, dear Sir, by what means I may reſcue my faculties from theſe ſhackles of cowardice, how I may riſe to a level with my fellow-beings, recal myſelf from this languor of involuntary ſubjection to the free exertion of my intellects, and add to the power of reaſoning the liberty of ſpeech.

I am,

Sir, &c.

VERECUNDULUS.

No. CLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1751.

Grammatici certant, et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt. HOR.

———Critics yet contend,
And of their vain diſputings find no end. FRANCIS.

CRITICISM, though dignified from the earlieſt ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and ſagacity, and, ſince the revival of polite literature, the favourite ſtudy of European ſcholars, has not yet attained the certainty and ſtability of ſcience. The rules hitherto received are ſeldom drawn from any ſettled principle or ſelf-evident poſtulate, or adapted to the natural and invariable conſtitution of things; but will be found upon examination the arbitrary edicts of legiſlators, authoriſed only by themſelves, who, out of various means by which the ſame end may be attained, ſelected ſuch as happened to occur to their own reflexion, and then, by a law which idleneſs and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, reſtrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to purſue the path of the Meonian eagle.

This authority may be more juſtly oppoſed, as it is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to controul; for we owe few of the rules of writing to the acuteneſs of criticks, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have obſerved the arrangement of their expreſſion, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented: ſo that practice has introduced rules, rather than rules have directed practice.

For this reaſon the laws of every ſpecies of writing have been ſettled by the ideas of him who firſt raiſed it to reputation, without enquiry whether his performances were not yet ſuſceptible of improvement. The excellencies and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to poſterity; and ſo far has blind reverence prevailed, that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the firſt authors of lyrick poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extenſive. Living in an age when ſcience had been little cultivated, and when the minds of their auditors, not being accuſtomed to accurate inſpection, were eaſily dazzled by glaring ideas, they applied themſelves to inſtruct, rather by ſhort ſentences and ſtriking thoughts, than by regular argumentation; and finding attention more ſucceſsfully excited by ſudden ſallies and unexpected exclamations, than by the more artful and placid beauties of methodical deduction, they looſed their genius to its own courſe, paſſed from one ſentiment to another without expreſſing the intermediate ideas, and roved at large over the ideal world with ſuch lightneſs and agility, that their footſteps are ſcarcely to be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the ancient writers the criticks deduce the rules of lyrick poetry, which they have ſet free from all the laws by which other compoſitions are confined, and allow to neglect the niceties of tranſition, to ſtart into remo-

digreſſions, and to wander without reſtraint from one ſcene of imagery to another.

A writer of later times has, by the vivacity of his eſſays reconciled mankind to the ſame licentiouſneſs in ſhort diſſertations; and he therefore who wants ſkill to form a plan, or diligence to purſue it, needs only entitle his performance an eſſay, to acquire the right of heaping together the collections of half his life, without order, coherence, or propriety.

In writing, as in life, faults are endured without diſguſt when they are aſſociated with tranſcendent merit, and may be ſometimes recommended to weak judgments by the luſtre which they obtain from their union with excellence; but it is the buſineſs of thoſe who preſume to ſuperintend the taſte or morals of mankind, to ſeparate deluſive combinations, and diſtinguiſh that which may be praiſed from that which can only be excuſed. As vices never promote happineſs, though when overpowered by more active and more numerous virtues, they cannot totally deſtroy it; ſo confuſion and irregularity produce no beauty, though they cannot always obſtruct the brightneſs of genius and learning. To proceed from one truth to another, and connect diſtant propoſitions by regular conſequences, is the great prerogative of man. Independent and unconnected ſentiments flaſhing upon the mind in quick ſucceſſion, may, for a time, delight by their novelty, but they differ from ſyſtematical reaſoning, as ſingle notes from harmony, as glances of lightening from the radiance of the ſun.

When rules are thus drawn, rather from precedents than reaſon, there is danger not only from the faults of an author, but from the errors of thoſe who criticiſe his works; ſince they may often miſlead their pupils by falſe repreſentations, as the Ciceronians of the ſixteenth century were betrayed into barbariſms by corrupt copies of their darling writer.

It is eſtabliſhed at preſent, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general ſubject is propoſed, muſt be void of glitter and embelliſhment. 'The firſt lines of Paradiſe Loſt,' ſays Addiſon, 'are perhaps as plain, ſimple, 'and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in 'which particular the author has conformed 'himſelf to the example of Homer, and the 'precept of Horace.'

This obſervation ſeems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without conſideration either of the precept or example. Had Horace been conſulted, he would have been found to direct only what ſhould be compriſed in the propoſition, not how it ſhould be expreſſed, and to have commended Homer in oppoſition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expanſion of his plan; for diſplaying unpromiſed events, not for producing unexpected elegancies.

———*Specioſa dehinc miracula promit,*
Antiphaten Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charibdim.
But from a cloud of ſmoke he breaks to light,
And pours his ſpecious miracles to ſight;
Antiphates his hideous feaſt devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

FRANCIS.

If the exordial verſes of Homer be compared with the reſt of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainneſs or ſimplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρά μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλαγχθη, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πτολίεθρον ἔπερσε.
Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἰδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω
Πολλὰ δ' ὅγ ἐν πόντῳ πάθεν ἄλγεα ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν,
Ἀρνύμενος ἥν τε ψυχὴν καὶ νόστον ἑταίρων·
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς ἑτάρους ἐρρύσατο ἱέμενός περ·
Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο,
Νήπιοι οἱ κατὰ βοῦς ὑπερίονος Ἠελίοιο
Ἤσθιον· αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφείλετο νόστιμον ἦμαρ.
Τῶν ἁμόθεν γε, θεά, θύγατερ Διὸς, εἰπὲ καὶ ἡμῖν.

The man for wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, O muſe! reſound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,
Wand'ring from clime to clime obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd,
On ſtormy ſeas, unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day:
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbleſs'd) to touch that natal ſhore.
O ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from fate,
Celeſtial muſe! and to our world relate.

POPE.

The firſt verſes of the Iliad are in like manner particularly ſplendid, and the propoſition of the Eneid cloſes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raiſe expectation, and ſuſpend it; ſomething therefore muſt be diſcovered, and ſomething concealed; and the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown, may properly recommend himſelf by the grace of his language.

He that reveals too much, or promiſes too little; he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or that immediately ſatiates it, equally defeats his own purpoſe. It is neceſſary to the pleaſure of the reader, that the events ſhould not be anticipated; and how then can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expreſſion?

No. CLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1751.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſis et magnam morbi deponere partem. HOR.

The pow'r of words, and ſoothing ſounds, appeaſe
The raging pain, and leſſen the diſeaſe. FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which Verecundulus complains that the preſence of a numerous aſſembly freezes his faculties, is particularly incident to the ſtudious part of mankind, whoſe education neceſſarily ſecludes them in their earlier years from mingled converſe, till at their diſmiſſion from ſchools and academies they plunge at once into the tumult of the world, and coming forth from the gloom of ſolitude are overpowered by the blaze of publick life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by nature, that, as the feathers and ſtrength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till ſhe is able to fly, ſo ſome proportion ſhould be preſerved in the human kind between judgment and courage; the precipitation of inexperience is therefore reſtrained by ſhame, and we remain ſhackled by timidity, till we have learned to ſpeak and act with propriety.

I believe few can review the days of their youth, without recollecting temptations, which ſhame, rather than virtue, enabled them to reſiſt; and opinions which, however erroneous in their principles, and dangerous in their conſequences, they have panted to advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred, when they found themſelves irreſiſtibly depreſſed by a languid anxiety, which ſeized them at the moment of utterance, and ſtill gathered ſtrength from their endeavours to reſiſt it.

It generally happens that aſſurance keeps an even pace with ability, and the fear of miſcarriage, which hinders our firſt attempts, is gradually diſſipated as our ſkill advances towards certainty of ſucceſs. That baſhfulneſs therefore which prevents diſgrace, that ſhort and temporary ſhame which ſecures us from the danger of laſting reproach, cannot be properly counted among our misfortunes.

Baſhfulneſs, however it may incommode for a moment, ſcarcely ever produces evils of long continuance; it may fluſh the cheek, flutter in the heart, deject the eyes and unchain the tongue, but its miſchiefs ſoon paſs off without remembrance. It may ſometimes exclude pleaſure, but ſeldom opens any avenue to ſorrow or remorſe.

It is obſerved ſomewhere, that *few have repented of having forborne to ſpeak.*

To excite oppoſition, and inflame malevolence, is the unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by conſciouſneſs of ſtrength. No man finds in himſelf any inclination to attack or oppoſe him who confeſſes his ſuperiority by bluſhing in his preſence. Qualities exerted with apparent fearfulneſs, receive applauſe from every voice, and ſupport from every hand. Diffidence may check reſolution, and obſtruct performance, but compenſates its embarraſſments by more important advantages; it conciliates the proud, and ſoftens the ſevere, averts envy from excellence, and cenſure from miſcarriage.

It may indeed happen that knowledge and virtue remain too long congealed by this frigorifick power, as the principles of vegetation are ſometimes obſtructed by lingering froſts. He that enters into a publick ſtation, though with all the abilities requiſite to the diſcharge of his duty, will find his powers at firſt impeded by a timidity which he himſelf knows to be vicious, and muſt ſtruggle long againſt dejection and reluctance, before he obtains the full command of his own attention, and adds the gracefulneſs of eaſe to the dignity of merit.

For this diſeaſe of the mind I know not whether any remedies of much efficacy can be found. To adviſe a man unaccuſtomed to the eyes of multitudes to mount a tribunal without perturbation, to tell him whoſe life has paſt in the ſhades of contemplation, that he muſt not be diſconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a ſplendid aſſembly, is to adviſe an inhabitant of Braſi or Sulmatra not to ſhiver at an Engliſh winter, or him who always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to ſuppoſe cuſtom inſtantaneouſly controllable by reaſon, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can beſtow.

He that hopes by philoſophy and contemplation alone to fortify himſelf againſt that awe which all, at their firſt appearance on the ſtage of life, muſt feel from the ſpectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his reſolution; and I doubt whether the preſervatives which Plato relates Alcibiades to have received from Socrates, when he was about to ſpeak in publick, proved ſufficient to ſecure him from the powerful faſcination.

Yet as the effects of time may by art and induſtry be accelerated or retarded, it cannot be improper to conſider how this troubleſome inſtinct may be oppoſed when it exceeds its juſt proportion, and inſtead of repreſſing petulance and temerity, ſilences eloquence, and debilitates force; ſince, though it cannot be hoped that anxiety ſhould be immediately diſſipated, it may be at leaſt ſomewhat abated; and the paſſions will operate with leſs violence, when reaſon riſes againſt them, than while ſhe either ſlumbers in neutrality, or, miſtaking her intereſt, lends them her aſſiſtance.

No cauſe more frequently produces baſhfulneſs than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that imagines an aſſembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and huſhed with attention, eaſily terrifies himſelf with the dread of diſappointing them, and ſtrains his imagination in purſuit of ſomething that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and ſhew that his reputation was not gained by chance. He conſiders that what he ſhall ſay or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are ſuſpended upon every ſyllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the teſt of time. Under ſuch ſolicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed, and by ſtruggling with attempts above her ſtrength quickly ſinks into languiſhment and deſpondency?

The moſt uſeful medicines are often unpleaſing to the taſte. Thoſe who are oppreſſed by their own reputation, will perhaps not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unneceſſary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the reſt of the world. He that conſiders how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himſelf. While we ſee multitudes paſſing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deſerve our notice, or excite our ſympathy, we ſhould remember, that we likewiſe are loſt in the ſame throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmoſt which we can reaſonably hope or fear is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

No. CLX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1751.

——Inter ſe convenit urſis.

JUV.

Beaſts of each kind their fellows ſpare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

'THE world,' ſays Locke, 'has people 'of all ſorts.' As in the general hurry produced by the ſuperfluities of ſome, and neceſſities of others, no man need to ſtand ſtill for want of employment, ſo in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endleſs varieties of ſtudy and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to diſcharge it.

Such is probably the natural ſtate of the univerſe, but it is ſo much deformed by intereſt and paſſion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of thoſe who ſet their ſervices to ſale, inclines them to boaſt of qualifications which they do not poſſeſs, and attempt buſineſs which they do not underſtand; and they who have the power of aſſigning to others the taſk of life, are ſeldom honeſt or ſeldom happy in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credulity, or overpowered by reſiſtleſs ſolicitation. They are ſometimes too ſtrongly influenced by honeſt prejudices of friendſhip, or the prevalence of virtuous compaſſion. For, whatever cool reaſon may direct, it is not eaſy for a man of tender and ſcrupulous goodneſs to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions, by turning his eyes upon remoter conſequences, and to do that which muſt give preſent pain, for the ſake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or ſecuring advantage in time to come. What is diſtant is in itſelf obſcure, and, when we have no wiſh to ſee it, eaſily eſcapes our notice, or takes ſuch a form as deſire or imagination beſtows on it.

Every man might for the ſame reaſon, in the multitudes that ſwarm about him, find ſome kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendſhip; yet we ſee many ſtraggling ſingle about the world, unhappy for want of an aſſociate, and pining with the neceſſity of confining their ſentiments to their own boſoms.

This inconvenience ariſes in like manner from ſtruggles of the will againſt the underſtanding. It is not often difficult to find a ſuitable companion, if every man would be content with ſuch as he is qualified to pleaſe. But if vanity tempts him to forſake his rank, and poſt himſelf among thoſe with whom no common intereſt or mutual pleaſure can ever unite him, he muſt always live in a ſtate of unſocial ſeparation, without tenderneſs and without truſt.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain diſtance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, ſeem to ſtart back from each other by ſome invincible repulſion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as ſoon as they meet. Every man, whom either buſineſs or curioſity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many inſtances of fondneſs and diſlike, which have

forced themſelves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of diſpoſitions to court ſome and avoid others, when he could aſſign no reaſon for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his paſſions; of influence that acted inſtantaneouſly upon his mind, and which no arguments or perſuaſions could ever overcome.

Among thoſe with whom time and intercourſe have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows ſome whom he cannot induce himſelf to truſt, though he has no reaſon to ſuſpect that they would betray him; thoſe to whom he cannot complain, though he never obſerved them to want compaſſion; thoſe in whoſe preſence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and thoſe from whom he cannot be content to receive inſtruction, though they never inſulted his ignorance by contempt or oſtentation.

That much regard is to be had to thoſe inſtincts of kindneſs and diſlike, or that reaſon ſhould blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate: it is very certain that by indulgence we may give them ſtrength which they have not from nature, and almoſt every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happineſs to thoſe who are very unworthy of ſo great a truſt. But it may deſerve to be remarked, that ſince few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to ſolicit the good-will of thoſe whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiouſneſs may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at laſt be diſmiſſed with coldneſs, or diſcouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of ſtealing upon the affections, of exciting univerſal benevolence, and diſpoſing every heart to fondneſs and friendſhip. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different diſpoſitions; they ſometimes obtain unexpected careſſes from thoſe whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and ſometimes exhauſt all their arts of pleaſing without effect. To theſe it is neceſſary to look round and attempt every breaſt in which they find virtue ſufficient for the foundation of friendſhip; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on ſome temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the duſt collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thouſand particles of other ſubſtances.

Every man muſt have remarked the facility with which the kindneſs of others is ſometimes gained by thoſe to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almoſt into different ſpecies, which regard one another for the moſt part with ſcorn and malignity. Each of theſe claſſes of the human race has deſires, fears, and converſation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itſelf; cares which another cannot feel; pleaſures which he cannot partake, and modes of expreſſing every ſenſation which he cannot underſtand. That frolick which ſhakes one man with laughter, will convulſe another with indignation; the ſtrain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raiſe eſteem we muſt benefit others; to procure love we muſt pleaſe them. Ariſtotle obſerves, that old men do not readily form friendſhips, becauſe they are not eaſily ſuſceptible of pleaſure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal guſt the favourite amuſement, he whoſe mind is employed on the ſame objects, and who therefore never haraſſes the underſtanding with unaccuſtomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unleſs he deſtroys thoſe recommendations by faults with which peace and ſecurity cannot conſiſt.

It were happy if, in forming friendſhips, virtue could concur with pleaſure; but the greateſt part of human gratifications approach ſo nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid diſingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that ſuffers himſelf to be driven or allured from virtue miſtakes his own intereſt, ſince he gains ſuccour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wiſe, muſt ſcorn him, and for which at laſt he muſt ſcorn himſelf.

No. CLXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1751.

Οἵη γαρ φύλλων γενέη, τοίηδε καὶ Ἀνδρῶν.

HOM.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the ſprays,
Like them man flouriſhes, like them decays.

MR. RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have formerly obſerved that curioſity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to ſtudy and enquiry rather by the uneaſineſs of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of leſs importance to any preſent intereſt than the fortune of thoſe who have been long loſt in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouſe the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is neceſſary than to mention a name which mankind have conſpired to forget; he will make his way to remote ſcenes of action through obſcurity and contradiction, as Tully ſought amidſt buſhes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not eaſy to diſcover how it concerns him that gathers the produce, or receives the rent of an eſtate, to know through what families the land has paſſed, who is regiſtered in the Conqueror's ſurvey as its poſſeſſor, how often it has been forfeited by treaſon, or how often ſold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the preſent inhabitants of a country cannot be much increaſed by an enquiry after the names of thoſe barbarians, who deſtroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in conteſts for the ſhelter of woods or convenience of paſturage. Yet we ſee that no man can be at reſt in the enjoyment of a new purchaſe till he has learned the hiſtory of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the pariſh, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their anceſtors, however bloody, ſavage, and rapacious.

The ſame diſpoſition, as different opportunities call it forth, diſcovers itſelf in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wiſe man to ſlumber in total inactivity, only becauſe he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my cuſtom to apply my attention to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the hiſtory and antiquities of the ſeveral garrets in which I have reſided.

Quantulacunque eſtis, vos ego magna voco.

How ſmall to others, but how great to me!

Many of theſe narratives my induſtry has been able to extend to a conſiderable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the houſe, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaiſterer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-waſh, all the ſmoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philoſophers, and poets.

When I firſt cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that ſhe hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the firſt floor had ſtipulated that the upper rooms ſhould not be occupied by a noiſy trade. I very readily promiſed to give no diſturbance to her family, and ſoon diſpatched a bargain on the uſual terms.

I had not ſlept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predeceſſors, and found my landlady, whoſe imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curioſity, like all other deſires, produces pain as well as pleaſure. Before ſhe began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and diſcoveries, of elegance in diſguiſe, and learning in diſtreſs; and was ſomewhat mortified when I heard that the firſt tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was truſted to cut

out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at laſt received viſits ſo frequently from a couſin in Cheapſide, that ſhe brought the reputation of the houſe into danger, and was therefore diſmiſſed with good advice.

The room then ſtood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that ſhe had judged hardly, and often wiſhed for ſuch another lodger. At laſt an elderly man of a grave aſpect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very firſt price that was aſked. He lived in cloſe retirement, ſeldom went out till evening, and then returned early, ſometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchaſed, he never had ſmall money in his pocket, and though cool and temperate on other occaſions, was always vehement and ſtormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactneſs, and ſeldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a ſupper. At laſt, ſuch is the fate of human felicity, the houſe was alarmed at midnight by the conſtable, who demanded to ſearch the garrets. My landlady aſſuring him that he had miſtaken the door, conducted him up ſtairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty houſe, and eſcaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honeſt man, and wonders why any body ſhould be hanged for making money when ſuch numbers are in want of it. She however confeſſes that ſhe ſhall for the future always queſtion the character of thoſe who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teazed for ſeven weeks by innumerable paſſengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five ſtories, and then diſliked the proſpect, hated the noiſe of a public ſtreet, thought the ſtairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with freſh paper, aſked queſtions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living ſo far from their acquaintance, wiſhed the windows had looked to the ſouth rather than to the weſt, told how the door and chimney might have been better diſpoſed, bid her half the price that ſhe aſked, or promiſed to give her earneſt the next day, and came no more.

At laſt, a ſhort meagre man, in a tarniſhed waiſtcoat, deſired to ſee the garret, and when he had ſtipulated for two long ſhelves, and a larger table, hired it a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great ſatisfaction, and repeated ſome words which the woman did not underſtand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took poſſeſſion of his room, and lived very inoffenſively, except that he frequently diſturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unſeaſonable noiſes. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he ſometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, ſometimes ſtamped as in rage, ſometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then ſat down in deep thought, and again burſt out into loud vociferations; ſometimes he would ſigh as oppreſſed with miſery, and ſometimes ſhake with convulſive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely ſpoke, except that as he went up ſtairs he often repeated—

——'Ος ὑπέρτατα δώματα νάιει,

This habitant th' aerial regions boaſt,

hard words, to which his neighbours liſtened ſo often, that they learned them without underſtanding them. What was his employment ſhe did not venture to aſk him, but at laſt heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often adviſed to beware of this ſtrange man, who, though he was quiet for the preſent, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as ſhe was punctually paid, ſhe could not find any ſufficient reaſon for diſmiſſing him, till one night he convinced her, by ſetting fire to his curtains, that it was not ſafe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for ſix weeks a ſucceſſion of tenants, who left the houſe on Saturday, and inſtead of paying their rent, ſtormed at their landlady. At laſt ſhe took in two ſiſters, one of whom had ſpent her little fortune in procur-

ing remedies for a lingering diſeaſe, and was now ſupported and attended by the other: ſhe climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where ſhe languiſhed eight weeks without impatience, or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her ſiſter ſuffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The ſiſter followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of uſeleſs ſorrow, and returning to the buſineſs of common life, reſigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have happened in the narrow ſpace where my preſent fortune has fixed my reſidence. So true it is that amuſement and inſtruction are always at hand for thoſe who have ſkill and willingneſs to find them; and ſo juſt is the obſervation of Juvenal, that a ſingle houſe will ſhew whatever is done or ſuffered in the world. I am, Sir, &c.

No. CLXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1751.

Orbus es, et locuples, et Bruto conſule natus,
Eſſe tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; ſed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas,
Quis novus eſt, mortem diligit ille tuam.

MART.

What! old, and rich, and childleſs too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to thoſe belong,
To thoſe who lov'd you poor and young;
But, truſt me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly——in your grave.

F. LEWIS.

ONE of the complaints uttered by Milton's Sampſon, in the anguiſh of blindneſs, is, that he ſhall paſs his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but muſt lie at the mercy of thoſe who undertake to guide him.

There is no ſtate more contrary to the dignity of wiſdom than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the underſtanding lies uſeleſs, and every motion is received from external impulſe. Reaſon is the great diſtinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to ſome degree of aſſociation with celeſtial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in it's operations, not to have reaſon, and to have it uſeleſs and unemployed, is nearly the ſame.

Such is the weakneſs of man, that the eſſence of things is ſeldom ſo much regarded as external and accidental appendages. A ſmall variation of trifling circumſtances, a ſlight change of form by an artificial dreſs, or a caſual difference of appearance, by a new light and ſituation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to purſue or to avoid. Every man conſiders a neceſſity of compliance with any will but his own, as the loweſt ſtate of ignominy and meanneſs; few are ſo far loſt in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouſe at the firſt inſult of tyranny, and exert all their force againſt him who uſurps their property, or invades any privilege of ſpeech or action. Yet we ſee often thoſe who never wanted ſpirit to repel encroachment or oppoſe violence, at laſt, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortreſs which they defended againſt aſſault, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they graſped the harder for every attempt to wreſt them from their hands. Men eminent for ſpirit and wiſdom often reſign themſelves to voluntary pupillage, and ſuffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by preſumptuous ſtupidity.

This unreſiſting acquieſcence in the determination of others may be the conſequence of application to ſome ſtudy remote from the beaten track of life, ſome employment which does not allow leiſure for ſufficient inſpection of thoſe petty affairs by which nature has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more

eligible to repoſe on the prudence of another, than to be expoſed every moment to ſlight interruptions. The ſubmiſſion which ſuch confidence requires, is paid without pain, becauſe it implies no confeſſion of inferiority. The buſineſs from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We pleaſe our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourſelves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate ſubordinate agents by a ſlight and diſtant ſuperintendence. But whatever vanity or abſtraction may ſuggeſt, no man can ſafely do that by others which might be done by himſelf; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that truſts without reſerve will at laſt be deceived.

It is however impoſſible but that, as the attention tends ſtrongly towards one thing, it muſt retire from another; and he that omits the care of domeſtic buſineſs, becauſe he is engroſſed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at leaſt the merit of ſuffering in a good cauſe. But there are many who can plead no ſuch extenuation of their folly; who ſhake off the burthen of their ſtation, not that they may ſoar with leſs incumbrance to the heights of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter at eaſe and ſleep in quiet; and who ſelect for friendſhip and confidence not the faithful and the virtuous, but the ſoft, the civil, and compliant.

This openneſs to flattery is the common diſgrace of declining life. When men feel weakneſs increaſing on them, they naturally deſire to reſt from the ſtruggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reaſoning, the anxiety of circumſpection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diſeaſes, they are unable to bear any new diſturbance, and conſider all oppoſition as an addition to miſery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus deſirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man ſeldom enquires after any other qualities in thoſe whom he careſſes, than quickneſs in conjecturing his deſires, activity in ſupplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to diſturb him, flexibility to his preſent humour, ſubmiſſion to haſty petulance, and attention to wearieſome narrations. By theſe arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of merit, and to enrich themſelves with preſents and legacies.

Thraſybulus inherited a large fortune, and augmented it by the revenues of ſeveral lucrative employments, which he diſcharged with honour and dexterity. He was at laſt wiſe enough to conſider, that life ſhould not be devoted wholly to accumulation, and therefore retiring to his eſtate, applied himſelf to the education of his children, and the cultivation of domeſtic happineſs.

He paſſed ſeveral years in this pleaſing amuſement, and ſaw his care amply recompenſed: his daughters were celebrated for modeſty and elegance, and his ſons for learning, prudence, and ſpirit. In time the eagerneſs with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to reſign his daughters to other families; the vivacity and curioſity of his ſons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world, from which they had not ſoon an inclination to return. This however he had always hoped; he pleaſed himſelf with the ſucceſs of his ſchemes, and felt no inconvenience from ſolitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thraſybulus had now no companion; and the maladies of increaſing years having taken from him much of the power of procuring amuſement for himſelf, he thought it neceſſary to procure ſome inferior friend who might eaſe him of his economical ſolicitudes, and divert him by cheerful converſation. All theſe qualities he ſoon recollected in Vafer, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly preſided. Vafer was invited to viſit his old patron, and being by his ſtation acquainted with the preſent modes of life, and by conſtant practice dextrous in buſineſs, entertained him with ſo many novelties, and ſo readily diſentangled his affairs, that he was deſired to reſign his clerkſhip, and accept a liberal ſalary in the houſe of Thraſybulus.

Vafer having always lived in a ſtate of dependance, was well verſed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or heſitation accommodate himſelf to every caprice, and echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted oppoſition but to flatter Thraſybulus with the

pleaſure of a victory. By this practice he found his way into his patron's heart, and having firſt made himſelf agreeable, ſoon became important. His inſidious diligence, by which the lazineſs of age was gratified, engroſſed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility, and occaſional interceſſions, perſuaded the tenants to conſider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their repreſentations of hard years, and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thraſybulus had now banqueted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harſhneſs of remonſtrance, or the inſipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion ſhocked him like a violation of ſome natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inſpection was dreaded by him as a ſummons to torture. His children were alarmed by the ſudden riches of Vafer, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the reſult of a conſpiracy againſt his quiet, and a deſign to condemn him, for their own advantage, to groan out his laſt hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the ſon continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obſtinacy. Vafer triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himſelf in authority, at the death of his maſter purchaſed an eſtate, and bade defiance to equity and juſtice.

No. CLXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1751.

Mitte ſuperba pati faſtidia, ſpemque caducam
Deſpice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi.

SENECA.

Bow to no patron's inſolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die.

F. LEWIS.

NONE of the cruelties exerciſed by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance is more miſchievous in its conſequences, or more frequently practiſed with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depreſſion of the heart by needleſs viciſſitudes of hope and diſappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his deſires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wiſhes is therefore equally deſtructive to happineſs with the diminution of poſſeſſion; and he that teaches another to long for what he never ſhall obtain, is no leſs an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But repreſentations thus refined exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendſhip; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and ſwell the ſhout of popularity, and to be diſmiſſed with contempt and ignominy, when their lea r has ſucceeded or miſcarried, when he is ſick of ſhow, and weary of noiſe. While a man, infatuated with the promiſes of greatneſs, waſtes his hours and days in attendance and ſolicitation, the honeſt opportunities of improving his condition paſs by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren ſoil, becauſe he expects every moment to be placed in regions of ſpontaneous fertility; and is ſeldom rouſed from his deluſion, but by the gripe of diſtreſs which he cannot reſiſt, and the ſenſe of evils which cannot be remedied.

The puniſhment of Tantalus in the infernal regions affords a juſt image of hungry ſervility, flattered with the approach of advantage, doomed to loſe it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always ſinking back to his former wants.

Καί μὲν Τάνταλον εἰσεῖδον χαλεπῶ᾽ ἄλγε᾽ ἔχοντα
Ἑστάοτ᾽, ἐν λίμνῃ, ἡ δὲ προσέπλαζε γενείῳ·
Στεῦτο δὲ διψάων· πιέειν δ᾽ οὐκ εἶχεν ἕλεσθαι.
Ὁσσάκι γὰρ κύψει ὁ γέρων πιέειν μενεαινων.
Τοσσαχ᾽ ὕδωρ ἀχολέσκετ ἀναβροχθὲν· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
Γαῖα μέλαινα Φάνεσκε· καταζήνασκε δὲ δαίμων.
Δένδρεα δ᾽ ὑψιπέτηλα καταχρῆθεν χέε καρπὸν.
Ὄγχναι, καί ῥοιαὶ, καὶ μηλέαι ἀλαοκάρπων.
Συκαῖ τέ γλυκεραὶ, καὶ ἐλαῖαι τηλεθόωσαι.
Τῶν ὁπότ᾽ ἴθυσει ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσασθαι
Τὰς δ᾽ ἄνεμος ῥιπάσκε πρὸς νέφεα σκιόεντα.

'I ſaw,' ſays Homer's Ulyſſes, 'the ſevere 'puniſhment of Tantalus. In a lake whoſe 'waters approached to his lips, he ſtood burn-'ing with thirſt, without the power to drink. 'Whenever he inclined his head to the ſtream, 'ſome deity commanded it to be dry, and the 'dark earth appeared at his feet. Around him 'lofty trees ſpread their fruits to view; the 'pear, the pomegranate, and the apple, the 'green olive, and the luſcious fig, quivered 'before him, which whenever he extended his 'hand to ſeize them, were ſnatched by the 'winds into clouds and obſcurity.'

This image of miſery was perhaps originally ſuggeſted to ſome poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of ſplendor which he never muſt partake, by fruitleſs attempts to catch at interdicted happineſs, and by the ſudden evaneſcence of his reward, when he thought his labours almoſt at an end. To groan with poverty, when all about him was opulence, riot, and ſuperfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deſerve, ſquandered at laſt on nameleſs ignorance, was to thirſt with water flowing before him, and to ſee the fruits to which his hunger was haſtening, ſcattered by the wind. Nor can my correſpondent, whatever he may have ſuffered, expreſs with more juſtneſs of force the vexations of dependence.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of compoſition at the univerſity, I began to hope that I ſhould obtain the ſame diſtinction in every other place, and determined to forſake the profeſſion to which I was deſtined by my parents, and in which the intereſt of my family would have procured me a very advantageous ſettlement. The pride of wit fluttered in my heart, and when I prepared to leave the college, nothing entered my imagination but honours, careſſes, and rewards, riches without labour, and luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a time, to finiſh the performance by which I was to draw the firſt notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed, I hurried to London, and conſidered every moment that paſſed before its publication as loſt in a kind of neutral exiſtence, and cut off from the golden hours of happineſs and fame. The piece was at laſt printed and diſſeminated by a rapid ſale; I wandered from one place of concourſe to another, feaſted from morning to night on the repetition of my own praiſes, and enjoyed the various conjectures of criticks, the miſtaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuſcript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had ſeen it in a ſtate ſo imperfect, that they could not forbear to wonder at its preſent excellence; ſome had converſed with the author at the coffee-houſe; and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

I knew that no performance is ſo favourably read as that of a writer who ſuppreſſes his name, and therefore reſolved to remain concealed, till thoſe by whom literary reputation is eſtabliſhed had given their ſuffrages too publickly to retract them. At length my bookſeller informed me that Aurantius, the ſtanding patron of merit, had ſent enquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to Aurantius with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my deſtiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeneſs made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confuſion, I proſecuted the converſation with ſuch livelineſs and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his eſteem of my abilities, and was diſmiſſed with the utmoſt ardour of profeſſion, and raptures of fondneſs.

I was ſoon ſummoned to dine with Aurantius, who had aſſembled the moſt judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of ſentiment and expreſſion, and again found every eye ſparkling with delight, and every tongue ſilent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of Aurantius, but could never, in his moſt private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of eſteem, or endearments of tenderneſs, which included no particular

promiſe, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reſerve ſomewhat diſguſted me; and when he complained of three days abſence, I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindneſs I had been detained by his rival Pollio.

Aurantius now conſidered his honour as endangered by the deſertion of a wit; and leſt I ſhould have an inclination to wander, told me that I could never find a friend more conſtant or zealous than himſelf; that indeed he had made no promiſes, becauſe he hoped to ſurpriſe me with advancement, but had been ſilently promoting my intereſt, and ſhould continue his good offices, unleſs he found the kindneſs of others more deſired.

If you, Mr. Rambler, have ever ventured your philoſophy within the attraction of greatneſs, you know the force of ſuch language introduced with a ſmile of gracious tenderneſs, and impreſſed at the concluſion with an air of ſolemn ſincerity. From that inſtant I gave myſelf up wholly to Aurantius; and as he immediately reſumed his former gaiety, expected every morning a ſummons to ſome employment of dignity and profit. One month ſucceeded another, and in defiance of appearances I ſtill fancied myſelf nearer to my wiſhes, and continued to dream of ſucceſs, and to wake to diſappointment. At laſt the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I hitherto thought neceſſary to the company with whom I aſſociated, and the rank to which I ſhould be raiſed. Aurantius, from the moment in which he diſcovered my poverty, conſidered me as fully in his power, and afterwards rather permitted my attendance than invited it; thought himſelf at liberty to refuſe my viſits whenever he had other amuſements within reach, and often ſuffered me to wait, without pretending any neceſſary buſineſs. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank equal to his own was preſent, he took occaſion to mention my writings, and commend my ingenuity, by which he intended to apologize for the confuſion of diſtinctions, and the improper aſſortment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with my productions, as a ſportſman delights the ſquires of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horſe, or the obedience of his ſpaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impoſe taſks upon me, by requiring me to write upon ſuch ſubjects as he thought ſuſceptible of ornament and illuſtration. With theſe extorted performances he was little ſatiſfied, becauſe he rarely found in them the ideas which his own imagination had ſuggeſted, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeneſs and inſult ſoon enter the breach. He now found that he might ſafely haraſs me with vexation, that he had fixed the ſhackles of patronage upon me, and that I could neither reſiſt him nor eſcape. At laſt, in the eighth year of my ſervitude, when the clamour of creditors was vehement, and my neceſſity known to be extreme, he offered me a ſmall office; but hinted his expectation that I ſhould marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not ſo far depreſſed by my calamities as to comply with his propoſal; but knowing that complaints and expoſtulations would but gratify his inſolence, I turned away with that contempt with which I ſhall never want ſpirit to treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtleſs to maintain the ſhow of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happineſs, and life.

I am, Sir, &c.

LIBERALIS.

No. CLXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

———*Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.* MART.

Gaurus pretends to Cato's fame;
And proves———by Cato's vice, his claim.

DISTINCTION is ſo pleaſing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleaſure of life ariſes from the gratification or diſappointment of an inceſſant wiſh for ſu-

periority, from the ſucceſs or miſcarriage of ſecret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conſcious except ourſelves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praiſe is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeleſs his pretenſions may appear to all but himſelf, has ſome project by which he hopes to riſe to reputation; ſome art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; ſome quality, good or bad, which diſcriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be perſuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The aſcents of honour, however ſteep, never appear inacceſſible; he that deſpairs to ſcale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, diſcovers ſome by-path, or eaſier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the ſummit, will yet enable him to overlook thoſe with whom he is now contending for eminence, and we ſeldom require more to the happineſs of the preſent hour, than to ſurpaſs him that ſtands next before us.

As the greater part of human kind ſpeak and act wholly by imitation, moſt of thoſe who aſpire to honour and applauſe propoſe to themſelves ſome example which ſerves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almoſt every man, if cloſely examined, will be found to have enliſted himſelf under ſome leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have ſome hero or other, living or dead, in his view, whoſe character he endeavours to aſſume, and whoſe performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well choſen and judiciouſly copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to diſcover new poſſibilities of excellence, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleneſs often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which are moſt illuſtrious, but thoſe which are of eaſieſt attainment, are ſelected for imitation; and the honours and rewards which publick gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt ſome petty ſingularities, of which thoſe from whom they are borrowed were ſecretly aſhamed.

No man riſes to ſuch a height as to become conſpicuous, but he is on one ſide cenſured by undiſcerning malice, which reproaches him for his beſt actions, and ſlanders his apparent and inconteſtable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be obſerved, that he by whoſe intimacy his acquaintances imagine themſelves dignified, generally diffuſes among them his mien and his habits; and indeed without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minuter parts of behaviour, it is not eaſy, when we converſe much with one whoſe general character excites our veneration, to eſcape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or diſguſt had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally conſorted with knowledge or with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, ſometimes ſteal ſecretly and imperceptibly upon the wiſe and virtuous, but by injudicious fondneſs or thoughtleſs vanity are adopted with deſign. There is ſcarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, inſtead of producing ſhame and diſcontent, its natural effects, has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praiſe, and been diſplayed with oſtentatious induſtry by thoſe who ſought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by ſimilitude of deformity.

In conſequence of this perverſe ambition, every habit which reaſon condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided with his faults, he may indeed be pardoned if he endeavours to run for ſhelter to ſome celebrated name; but it is not to be ſuffered that, from the retreats to which he fled from infamy, he ſhould iſſue again with the confidence of conqueſts, and call upon mankind for praiſe. Yet we ſee men that waſte their patrimony in luxury, deſtroy their health with debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleneſs, becauſe there

have been ſome whom luxury never could ſink into contempt, nor idleneſs hinder from the praiſe of genius.

This general inclination of mankind to copy characters in the groſs, and the force which the recommendation of illuſtrious examples adds to the allurements of vice, ought to be conſidered by all whoſe character excludes them from the ſhades of ſecrecy, as incitements to ſcrupulous caution and univerſal purity of manners. No man, however enſlaved to his appetites, or hurried by his paſſions, can, while he preſerves his intellects unimpaired, pleaſe himſelf with promoting the corruption of others. He whoſe merit has enlarged his influence, would ſurely wiſh to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet ſuch will be the effect of his reputation, while he ſuffers himſelf to indulge any favourite fault, that they who have no hope to reach his excellence will catch at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to juſtify the copiers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of thoſe who conſign illuſtrious names to poſterity, to take care leſt their readers be miſled by ambiguous examples. That writer may be juſtly condemned as an enemy to goodneſs, who ſuffers fondneſs or intereſt to confound right with wrong, or to ſhelter the faults which even the wiſeſt and the beſt have committed from that ignominy which guilt ought always to ſuffer, and with which it ſhould be more deeply ſtigmatized when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncommon worth, ſince we ſhall be in danger of beholding it without abhorrence, unleſs its turpitude be laid open, and the eye ſecured from the deception of ſurrounding ſplendour.

No. CLXV. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1751.

Ἦν νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης; νῦν γηρῶν, πλούσιός εἰμι.
Ὦ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις,
Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲ ἐν εἶχον.
Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, πότ' ἔχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder caſe than mine was never told;
Bleſt with the pow'r to uſe them—I had none;
Loaded with riches now, the pow'r is gone. F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromiſing taſk of moderating deſire, exert all the power of their eloquence to ſhew that happineſs is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples proved the inſtability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have ſet before our eyes all the calamities to which we are expoſed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the ſtratagems of malice; they have terrified greatneſs with conſpiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticiſm, and beauty with diſeaſe.

All the force of reaſon, and all the charms of language, are indeed neceſſary to ſupport poſitions which every man hears with a wiſh to confute them. Truth finds an eaſy entrance into the mind when ſhe is introduced by deſire, and attended by pleaſure; but when ſhe intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and ſorrow in her train, the paſſes of the intellect are barred againſt her by prejudice and paſſion; if ſhe ſometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, ſhe ſeldom long keeps poſſeſſion of her conqueſts, but is ejected by ſome favourite enemy, or at beſt obtains only a nominal ſovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is ſhort we are all convinced, and yet ſuffer not that conviction to repreſs our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miſerable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we ſhall feel it no longer. But to hope happineſs and immortality is equally vain. Our ſtate may indeed be more or leſs imbittered, as our duration may be more or leſs contracted; yet the utmoſt felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of miſery, and we ſhall always feel more

pain from our wants than pleaſure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will ſhew, that to deſtroy the effect of all our ſucceſs, it is not neceſſary that any ſingle calamity ſhould fall upon us, that we ſhould be haraſſed by implacable perſecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brighteſt hours of proſperity have their clouds, and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions, will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

My father reſolving not to imitate the folly of his anceſtors, who had hitherto left the younger ſons incumbrances on the eldeſt, deſtined me to a lucrative profeſſion; and I being careful to loſe no opportunity of improvement, was, at the uſual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exerciſe of the buſineſs which I had choſen.

My eagerneſs to diſtinguiſh myſelf in public, and my impatience of the narrow ſcheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not ſuffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a reſolution to return no more, till I ſhould be able to dazzle with my ſplendour thoſe who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward thoſe who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to ſhew all who had ſuffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they miſtook their intereſt in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I ſallied forth into the unknown world, in queſt of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very ſhort time; for what could withhold them from induſtry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will be diſappointed. Reputation I very ſoon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myſelf yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity. I had however in time ſurmounted the obſtacles by which envy and competition obſtruct the firſt attempts of a new claimant, and ſaw my opponents and cenſurers tacitly confeſſing their deſpair of ſucceſs, by courting my friendſhip and yielding to my influence. They who once purſued me, were now ſatisfied to eſcape from me; and they who had before thought me preſumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmoſt wiſh, if they were permitted at no great diſtance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquiſitions increaſed; and the time came at length, when I thought myſelf enabled to gratify all reaſonable deſires, and when, therefore, I reſolved to enjoy that plenty and ſerenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither cruſhed by age into infirmity, nor ſo habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new ſtudies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profeſſion, and to ſet myſelf at once free from all importunities to reſume it, changed my reſidence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amuſement. Amidſt innumerable projects of pleaſure which reſtleſs idleneſs incited me to form, and of which moſt, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, ſome accident revived in my imagination the pleaſing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to viſit thoſe from whom I had been ſo long abſent, in ſuch a manner as was conſiſtent with my former reſolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had ſo long delayed my own happineſs.

Full of the admiration which I ſhould excite, and the homage which I ſhould receive, I dreſſed my ſervants in a more oſtentatious livery, purchaſed a magnificent chariot, and reſolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatneſs.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not eaſily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I ſolaced my impatience with imaging the various cenſures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which ſome would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would ſtrike on others; the awkward reſpect with which I ſhould be accoſted by timorous officiouſneſs; and the diſtant reverence with which others, leſs familiar to ſplendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I ſhould immediately deſcend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condeſcenſion more grateful by a gentle tranſition from haughtineſs and reſerve. At length I determined to forget ſome of my companions, till they diſcovered themſelves by ſome indubi-

table token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune with indifference, to ſhow that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purpoſed to reward with ſix hogſheads of ale, and a roaſted ox, and then recommend to them to return to their work.

At laſt all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wiſhed to have ended in the ſame moment; but my horſes felt none of their maſter's ardour, and I was ſhaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town, and having graciouſly let fall the glaſſes, that my perſon might be ſeen, paſſed ſlowly through the ſtreet. The noiſe of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At laſt I alighted, and my name, I ſuppoſe, was told by my ſervants, for the barber ſtept from the oppoſite houſe, and ſeized me by the hand with honeſt joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had preſcribed to myſelf, I repreſſed with a frigid graciouſneſs. The fellow, inſtead of ſinking into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to conſider how the ſecond ſalutation ſhould be received. The next friend was better treated, for I ſoon found that I muſt purchaſe by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by inſolence.

There was yet no ſmoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no ſhout of crowds, nor that of joy; the buſineſs of the day went forward as before, and after having ordered a ſplendid ſupper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from taſting, I went to bed, where the vexation of diſappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from ſleep.

I roſe ſo much humbled by thoſe mortifications, as to inquire after the preſent ſtate of the town, and found that I had been abſent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whoſe compliments I expected, ſome had long ago moved to diſtant provinces, ſome had loſt in the maladies of age all ſenſe of another's proſperity, and ſome had forgotten our former intimacy amidſt care and diſtreſſes. Of three whom I had reſolved to puniſh for their former offences by a longer continuance of neglect, one was, by his own induſtry, raiſed above my ſcorn, and two were ſheltered from it in the grave. All thoſe whom I loved, feared or hated, all whoſe envy or whoſe kindneſs I had hopes of contemplating with pleaſure, were ſwept away, and their place was filled by a new generation with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few diſtinctions in my native place.

I am, Sir, &c.

SEROTINUS.

No. CLXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1751.

Pauper eris ſemper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dantur opes nullis nunc niſi divitibus.

MART.

Once poor, my friend, ſtill poor you muſt remain;
The rich alone have all the means of gain. EDW. CAVE.

NO complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages than that of the neglect of merit aſſociated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleaſing qualities force themſelves into view, when they are obſcured by indigence. It has been long obſerved, that native beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune beſtows, and that to want the favour of others is often ſufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day diſcovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty ſtill continues to produce contempt, and ſtill obſtructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher ſtations, and ſeldom deſcends to examine the actions of thoſe who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in diſtant regions and lower ſituations are ſtruggling with diſtreſs,

or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with inſuperable calamity, it is common to find thoſe whom a very little aſſiſtance would enable to ſupport themſelves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they ſee hourly laviſhed in oſtentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reaſons why poverty does not eaſily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indiſputable right to reverence and kindneſs, they will not be diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are caſt aſide like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſick value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed and their incruſtations rubbed away.

The groſſneſs of vulgar habits obſtructs the efficacy of virtue, as impurity and harſhneſs of ſtyle impairs the force of reaſon, and rugged numbers turn off the mind from artifice of diſpoſition, and fertility of invention. Few have ſtrength of reaſon to over-rule the perceptions of ſenſe; and yet fewer have curioſity or benevolence to ſtruggle long againſt the firſt impreſſion: he therefore who fails to pleaſe in his ſalutation and addreſs, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of ſhowing his latent excellencies, or eſſential qualities.

It is indeed not eaſy to preſcribe a ſucceſsful manner of approach to the diſtreſſed or neceſſitous, whoſe condition ſubjects every kind of behaviour equally to miſcarriage. He whoſe confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent ſenſe of inferiority the eyes of thoſe who flattered themſelves with their own dignity, is conſidered as an inſolent leveller, impatient of the juſt prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to uſurp the ſtation to which he has no right, and to confound the ſubordinations of ſociety; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that ſpirit which even want and calamity are not able to reſtrain from rudeneſs and rebellion.

But no better ſucceſs will commonly be found to attend ſervility and dejection, which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A requeſt made with diffidence and timidity is eaſily denied, becauſe the petitioner himſelf ſeems to doubt its fitneſs.

Kindneſs is generally reciprocal; we are deſirous of pleaſing others, becauſe we receive pleaſure from them; but by what means can the man pleaſe whoſe attention is engroſſed by his diſtreſſes, and who has no leiſure to be officious; whoſe will is reſtrained by his neceſſities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whoſe temper is perhaps vitiated by miſery, and whoſe underſtanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offenſive diſcouragement, that the ſame actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and inſtead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It ſometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important ſervices are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they ſeldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of thoſe who deſcend to their aſſiſtance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in ſome reſpect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raiſes one whom they have always been accuſtomed to think below them, but ſatisfy themſelves with faint praiſe and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the ſervices of thoſe who can be ſuppoſed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindneſs but intereſt; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, eaſily diſregarded as arts of inſinuation, or ſtratagems of ſelfiſhneſs. Benefits which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high ſtation is celebrated for ſuperfluous goodneſs, would in a meaner condition have barely been confeſſed to have done his duty.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for the utmoſt benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the diſadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of wealth, ſuch expectations

are commonly formed as no zeal or induſtry can ſatisfy; and what regard can he hope who has done leſs than was demanded from him?

There are indeed kindneſſes conferred which were never purchaſed by precedent favours, and there is an affection not ariſing from gratitude or groſs intereſt, by which ſimilar natures are attracted to each other, without proſpect of any other advantage than the pleaſure of exchanging ſentiments, and the hope of confirming their eſteem of themſelves by the approbation of each other. But this ſpontaneous fondneſs ſeldom riſes at the ſight of poverty, which every one regards with habitual contempt, and of which the applauſe is no more courted by vanity, than the countenance is ſolicited by ambition. The moſt generous and diſintereſted friendſhip muſt be reſolved at laſt into the love of ourſelves; he therefore whoſe reputation or dignity inclines us to conſider his eſteem as a teſtimonial of deſert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day ſee men of eminence followed with all the obſequiouſneſs of dependance, and courted with all the blandiſhments of flattery, by thoſe who want nothing from them but profeſſions of regard, and who think themſelves liberally rewarded by a bow, a ſmile, or embrace.

But thoſe prejudices which every mind feels more or leſs in favour of riches, ought, like other opinions which only cuſtom and example have impreſſed upon us, to be in time ſubjected to reaſon. We muſt learn how to ſeparate the real character from extraneous adheſions and caſual circumſtances, to conſider cloſely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out thoſe virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want of opportunity, and thoſe vices that lurk unſeen by the abſence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly ſhooting in the ſhades of obſcurity, we may let in light and ſunſhine upon it, and ripen barren volition into efficacy and power.

No. CLXVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

Candida perpetuo reſide concordia lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipſa ſenem quondam, ſed et ipſa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART.

Their nuptial bed may ſmiling concord dreſs,
And Venus ſtill the happy union bleſs!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is not common to envy thoſe with whom we cannot eaſily be placed in compariſon. Every man ſees without malevolence the progreſs of another in the tracks of life which he has himſelf no deſire to tread, and hears, without inclination to cavils or contradiction, the renown of thoſe whoſe diſtance will not ſuffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The ſailor never thinks it neceſſary to conteſt the lawyer's abilities; nor would the Rambler, however jealous of his reputation, be much diſturbed by the ſucceſs of rival wits at Agra or Iſpahan.

We do not therefore aſcribe to you any ſuperlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we may inform you of our change of condition without danger of malignant faſcination; and that when you read of the marriage of your correſpondents Hymenæus and Tranquilla, you will join your wiſhes to thoſe of their other friends for the happy event of an union in which caprice and ſelfiſhneſs had ſo little part.

There is at leaſt this reaſon why we ſhould be leſs deceived in our connubial hopes than many who enter into the ſame ſtate, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreaſonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies, in the ſoft hours of courtſhip, with viſions of felicity which human power cannot beſtow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain.

That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inſpect the manners of all whom we have known was never ſo much overpowered by our paſſion, but that we diſcovered ſome faults and weakneſſes in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniencies likewiſe to be endured; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we muſt find different opinions and oppoſite inclinations.

We however flatter ourſelves, for who is not flattered by himſelf as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleaſure. Our birth is without any ſuch remarkable diſparity as can give either an opportunity of inſulting the other with pompous names and ſplendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any domeſtick controverſy, the overbearing aſſiſtance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally ſuitable, ſo that we meet without any of thoſe obligations which always produce reproach, or ſuſpicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the firſt month, no delicacy will always ſuppreſs, or of which the ſuppreſſion muſt be conſidered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameneſs and ſubmiſſion, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the deſire of pleaſing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The ſettlements cauſed no delay; for we did not truſt our affairs to the negociation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying ſtipulations. Tranquilla ſcorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whoſe hands ſhe delivered up her perſon; and Hymenæus thought no act of baſeneſs more criminal than his who enſlaves his wife by her own generoſity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at laſt boaſts his liberality, by granting what only the indiſcretion of her kindneſs enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reſerved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for thoſe excellencies which he has yet been able to diſcover only in Tranquilla.

We did not paſs the weeks of courtſhip like thoſe who conſider themſelves as taking the laſt draught of pleaſure, and reſolve not to quit the bowl without a ſurfeit, or who know themſelves about to ſet happineſs to hazard, and endeavour to loſe their ſenſe of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amuſement, and whirl round the gulph before they ſink. Hymenæus often repeated a medical axiom, that *the ſuccours of ſickneſs ought not to be waſted in health.* We know that however our eyes may yet ſparkle, and our hearts bound at the preſence of each other, the time of liſtleſſneſs and ſatiety, of peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, muſt come at laſt, in which we ſhall be driven for relief to ſhows and recreations; that the uniformity of life muſt be ſometimes diverſified, and the vacuities of converſation ſometimes ſupplied. We rejoice in the reflection that we have ſtores of novelty yet unexhauſted, which may be opened when repletion ſhall call for change, and gratifications yet untaſted, by which life, when it ſhall become vapid or bitter, may be reſtored to its former ſweetneſs and ſprightlineſs, and again irritate the appetite, and again ſparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be leſs taſteleſs than that of thoſe whom the authority and avarice of parents unites almoſt without their conſent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainments. Such we have often ſeen riſing in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doſe, whoſe happineſs was celebrated by their neighbours, becauſe they happened to grow rich by parſimony, and to be kept quiet by inſenſibility, and agreed to eat and to ſleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no ſtrangers to the faults and virtues, the deſigns and competitions, the hopes and fears, of our cotemporaries. We have both amuſed our leiſure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wiſdom. Every occurrence furniſhes us with ſome hint which one or the other can improve; and if it ſhould happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving ſolitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a diſtance, exhibit this general reſemblance, yet a nearer inſpection diſcovers ſuch a diſſimilitude of our

habitudes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia diſcors*, that ſuitable diſagreement which is always neceſſary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diverſity of ideas which admits no participation of the ſame delight, and there may likewiſe be ſuch a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the deciſions of the other. With ſuch contrariety there can be no peace, with ſuch ſimilarity there can be no pleaſure. Our reaſonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Our thoughts, like rivulets iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, are each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other, yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervеſcence of contrary qualities.

Theſe benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converſe without reſerve, becauſe we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from avowed expences, no habits to be indulged by the private interviews of needy relations, no intelligence with ſpies placed upon each other. We conſidered marriage as the ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip, a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed for ever, and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardor of deſire, which the firſt ſight of pleaſure naturally produces, have long ceaſed to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has ſhewn us that few gratifications are too valuable to be ſacrificed to complaiſance. We have thought it convenient to reſt from the fatigue of pleaſure, and now only continue that courſe of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, ſupported in our reſolution by mutual encouragement, and aſſiſted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is our proſpect of life; a proſpect which, as it is beheld with more attention, ſeems to open more extenſive happineſs, and ſpreads by degrees into the boundleſs regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one inſtance more of the uncertainty of human diſcernment, we ſhall comfort ourſelves amidſt our diſappointments, that we were not betrayed but by ſuch deluſions as caution could not eſcape, ſince we ſought happineſs only in the arms of virtue. We are, Sir, your humble ſervants,

HYMENÆUS,
TRANQUILLA.

No. CLXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1751.

——Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.

PHÆDRUS.

The tinſel gliſter, and the ſpecious mien,
Delude the moſt; few pry behind the ſcene.

IT has been obſerved by Boileau, that 'a 'mean or common thought expreſſed in 'pompous diction, generally pleaſes more than 'a new or noble ſentiment delivered in low and 'vulgar language; becauſe the number is 'greater of thoſe whom cuſtom has enabled to 'judge of words, than whom ſtudy has quali-'fied to examine things.'

This ſolution might ſatisfy, if ſuch only were offended with meanneſs of expreſſion as are unable to diſtinguiſh propriety of thought, and to ſeparate propoſitions or images from the vehicles by which they are conveyed to the underſtanding. But this kind of diſguſt is by no means confined to the ignorant or ſuperficial; it operates uniformly and univerſally upon readers of all claſſes; every man, however profound or abſtracted, perceives himſelf irreſiſtibly alienated by low terms; they who profeſs the moſt zealous adherence to truth, are forced to admit that ſhe owes part of her charms to her ornaments; and loſes much of her power over the ſoul, when ſhe appears by a dreſs uncouth or ill-adjuſted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not diſguſted alike by the ſame compoſitions, be-

cauſe we do not all agree to cenſure the ſame terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinſically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrarily and capriciouſly eſtabliſhed, depends wholly upon accident and cuſtom. The cottager thinks thoſe apartments ſplendid and ſpacious, which an inhabitant of palaces will deſpiſe for their inelegance; and to him who has paſſed moſt of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expreſſions will ſeem ſordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to diſpleaſe him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably deſpiſed, though he who is poor in the eyes of ſome may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occaſions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who uſe them; and the diſguſt which they produce ariſes from the revival of thoſe images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe, a phraſe happens to occur which has been ſucceſsfully employed in ſome ludicrous narrative, the graveſt auditor finds it difficult to reſtrain from laughter, when they who are not prepoſſeſſed by the ſame accidental aſſociation are utterly unable to gueſs the reaſon of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are baniſhed from elegant writing or converſation in another, becauſe they are in time debaſed by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleaſing images.

When Mackbeth is confirming himſelf in the horrid purpoſe of ſtabbing his king, he breaks out amidſt his emotions into a wiſh natural to a murderer.

——————Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold!

In this paſſage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies ſentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps ſcarce any man now peruſes it without ſome diſturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the preſence of night, inveſted not in common obſcurity, but in the ſmoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is deſtroyed by the inſertion of an epithet now ſeldom heard but in the ſtable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we ſtart into raptures when ſome hero of the Iliad tells us that δορυμάινεται—his lance rages with eagerneſs to deſtroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the ſoldiers commanded by Cæſar to hew down the ſacred grove, who dreaded, ſays Lucan, leſt the axe aimed at the oak ſhould fly back upon the ſtriker—

——*Si robora ſacra ferirent,*
In ſua credebant redituras membra ſecures,

None dares with impious ſteel the grove to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtin'd ſtroke deſcend;

we cannot ſurely but ſympathiſe with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his maſter, his friend, his benefactor, who ſuſpects that the weapon will refuſe its office, and ſtart back from the breaſt which he is preparing to violate. Yet this ſentiment is weakened by the name of an inſtrument uſed by butchers and cooks in the meaneſt employments; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*; or who does not, at laſt, from the long habit of connecting a knife with ſordid offices, feel averſion rather than terror?

Mackbeth proceeds to wiſh, in the madneſs of guilt, that the inſpection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkneſs, eſcape the eye of Providence. This is the utmoſt extravagance of determined wickedneſs, yet this is ſo debaſed by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impreſs on my reader the energy of the ſentiment, I can ſcarce check my riſibility when the expreſſion forces itſelf upon my mind; for who, without ſome relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket?*

Theſe imperfections of diction are leſs obvious to the reader, as he is leſs acquainted with common uſages; they are therefore wholly im-

perceptible to a foreigner, who learns our language from books, and will ſtrike a ſolitary academick leſs forcibly than a modiſh lady.

Among the numerous requiſites that muſt concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The ſeeds of knowledge may be planted in ſolitude, but muſt be cultivated in public. Argumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement, but the artifice of embelliſhment, and the powers of attraction, can be gained only by general converſe.

An acquaintance with prevailing cuſtoms and faſhionable elegance is neceſſary likewiſe for other purpoſes. The injury that grand imagery ſuffers from unſuitable language, perſonal merit may fear from rudeneſs and indelicacy. When the ſucceſs of Æneas depended on the favour of the queen upon whoſe coaſts he was driven, his celeſtial protectreſs thought him not ſufficiently ſecured againſt rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever deſires, for his writings or himſelf, what none can reaſonably contemn, the favour of mankind, muſt add grace to ſtrength, and make his thoughts ageeeable as well as uſeful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of ſcience or virtue ſhould be ſolicitous to diſcover excellencies, which they who poſſeſs them ſhade and diſguiſe. Few have abilities ſo much needed by the reſt of the world as to be careſſed on their own terms; and he that will not condeſcend to recommend himſelf by external embelliſhments, muſt ſubmit to the fate of juſt ſentiment meanly expreſſed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is underſtood.

No. CLXIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751.

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues.

PERSIUS.

No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew;
But, churn'd like ſpittle, from the lips they flew. DRYDEN.

NATURAL hiſtorians aſſert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives ſlowly to its maturity. Thus the firmeſt timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The ſame obſervation may be extended to the offſpring of the mind. Haſty compoſitions, however they pleaſe at firſt by flowery luxuriance, and ſpread in the ſunſhine of temporary favour, can ſeldom endure the change of ſeaſons, but periſh at the firſt blaſt of criticiſm, or froſt of neglect. When Apelles was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the inceſſant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condeſcended to make no other anſwer, than that *he painted for perpetuity*.

No vanity can more juſtly incur contempt and indignation than that which boaſts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims ſuch ſuperiority to the reſt of his ſpecies, as to imagine that mankind are at leiſure for attention to his extemporary ſallies, and that poſterity will repoſit his caſual effuſions among the treaſures of ancient wiſdom?

Men have ſometimes appeared of ſuch tranſcendent abilities, that their ſlighteſt and moſt curſory performances excel all that labour and ſtudy can enable meaner intellects to compoſe; as there are regions of which the ſpontaneous products cannot be equalled in other ſoils by care and culture. But it is no leſs dangerous for any man to place himſelf in this rank of underſtanding, and fancy that he is born to be illuſtrious without labour, than to omit the cares of huſbandry, and expect from his ground the bloſſoms of Arabia.

The greateſt part of thoſe who congratulate themſelves upon their intellectual dignity, and uſurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themſelves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or

entitled to veneration and immortality on eaſy terms. This ardour of confidence is uſually found among thoſe who, having not enlarged their notions by books or converſation, are perſuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the ſummit of excellence, becauſe they diſcover none higher than themſelves; and who acquieſce in the firſt thoughts that occur, becauſe their ſcantineſs of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowneſs of their views affords them no glimpſe of perfection of that ſublime idea which human induſtry has from the firſt ages been vainly toiling to approach. They ſee a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their ſphere of viſion, as the Patuecos of Spain, who inhabited a ſmall valley, conceived the ſurrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more diſtinctly conceived, the pleaſure of contemplating our own performances will be leſſened; it may therefore be obſerved, that they who moſt deſerve praiſe are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances; they know how much is ſtill wanting to their completion, and waiting with anxiety and terror the determination of the publick. 'I pleaſe every one elſe,' ſays Tully, 'but never ſatisfy myſelf.'

It has often been inquired, why, notwithſtanding the advances of latter ages in ſcience, and the aſſiſtance which the infuſion of ſo many new ideas has given us, we ſtill fall below the ancients in the art of compoſition. Some part of their ſuperiority may be juſtly aſcribed to the graces of their language, from which the moſt poliſhed of the preſent European tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they may gain merely by priority, which put them in poſſeſſion of the moſt natural ſentiments, and left us nothing but ſervile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praiſe ſeems to have been the juſt reward of modeſty and labour. Their ſenſe of human weakneſs confined them commonly to one ſtudy, which their knowledge of the extent of every ſcience engaged them to proſecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except Statius who ventures to mention the ſpeedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did Statius, when he conſidered himſelf as a candidate for laſting reputation, think a cloſer attention unneceſſary, but amidſt all his pride and indigence, the two great haſteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the Thebaid, and thinks his claim to renown propertionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciati lima,
Tentat, audaci fide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

Poliſh'd with endleſs toil, my lays
At length aſpire to Mantuan praiſe.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his baniſhment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leiſure to poliſh them as an addition to his calamities; and was ſo far from imagining reviſals and corrections unneceſſary, that at his departure from Rome, he threw his Metamorphoſes into the fire, leſt he ſhould be diſgraced by a book which he could not hope to finiſh.

It ſeems not often to have happened that the ſame writer aſpired to reputation in verſe and proſe; and of thoſe few that attempted ſuch diverſity of excellence, I know not that even one ſucceeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a ſingle mind able to ſupport, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their firſt fondneſs to thruſt into the world, but conſidering the impropriety of ſending forth inconſiderately that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cooled after the raptures of invention, and the glare of novelty had ceaſed to dazzle the judgment.

There were in thoſe days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, et multa litura*, much time, and many raſures, were conſidered as indiſpenſable requiſites; and that no other method of attaining laſting praiſe has been yet diſcovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuſcripts of Milton now remaining, and from the tardy emiſſion of Pope's compoſitions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were ſecure from his ſatire, and, what to

an honeſt mind muſt be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him whoſe eagerneſs of praiſe hurries his productions ſoon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furniſhes the materials, as well as regulates their diſpoſition, and nothing depends upon ſearch or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the ſubject diſmiſſed for a time appears with a new train of dependent images, the accidents of reading or converſation ſupply new ornaments or alluſions, or mere intermiſſion of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excurſions. But all thoſe benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, ſnatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as ſoon as impatience and pride perſuaded him to conclude it.

One of the moſt pernicious effects of haſte, is obſcurity. He that teems with a quick ſucceſſion of ideas, and perceives how one ſentiment produces another, eaſily believes that he can clearly expreſs what he ſo ſtrongly comprehends; he ſeldom ſuſpects his thoughts of embarraſſment, while he preſerves in his own memory the ſeries of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one ſenſe is preſent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abſtruſe or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpſe of his own meaning, and that to explain it to thoſe whom he deſires to inſtruct, he muſt open his ſentiments, diſentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always ſuffer ſome infatuation, from which only abſence can ſet them free; and every man ought to reſtore himſelf to the full exerciſe of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

No. CLXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1751.

Confiteor; ſi quid prodeſt delicta fateri.

OVID.

I grant the charge; forgive the fault confeſs'd.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of thoſe beings, from whom many, that melt at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation, dooms to ſuffer without complaint, and periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation and ſecurity of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently ſupport. A wealthy relation, as he travelled from London to his country ſeat, condeſcending to make him a viſit, was touched with compaſſion of his narrow fortune, and reſolved to eaſe him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himſelf. Diſtreſs on one ſide, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondneſs, and the little family paſſed in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years old, and without knowing for what purpoſe, I was called to my great couſin, endeavoured to recommend myſelf by my beſt courteſy, ſung him my prettieſt ſong, told the laſt ſtory that I had read, and ſo much endeared myſelf by my innocence, that he declared his reſolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common ſtruggles at the thought of parting, and *ſome natural tears they dropped, but wip'd them ſoon.* They conſidered, not without that falſe eſtimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raiſed to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother ſold ſome of her ornaments to dreſs me in ſuch a manner as might ſecure me from contempt at my firſt arrival; and when ſhe diſmiſſed me, preſſed me to her boſom with an embrace that I ſtill feel, gave me ſome precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not

forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happineſs, of which I have not yet ceaſed to hope that they will at laſt be granted.

My ſiſters envied my new finery, and ſeemed not much to regret our ſeparation; my father conducted me to the ſtage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderneſs; and in a very ſhort time I was tranſported to ſplendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to ſhow, noiſe, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a bleſſing on her family with her laſt breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a ſorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore ſoon ceaſed to reflect much upon my loſs. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom ſome fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I ſhould have ſhared the increaſe of his fortune, and had once a portion aſſigned me in his will; but my couſin aſſuring him that all care for me was needleſs, ſince he had reſolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongſt my ſiſters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependence without reſource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be ſupported in my former character, but at conſiderable expence; ſo that, partly leſt I ſhould waſte money, and partly leſt my appearance might draw too many compliments and aſſiduities, I was inſenſibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head ſervant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that reſentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little ſervices and active officiouſneſs, and for a time preſerved myſelf from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and ſtudying to pleaſe rather than to ſhine. But my intereſt, notwithſtanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my couſin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and conſult me about the alterations of a caſt gown.

I was now completely depreſſed; and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward cheerfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might eſcape from perpetual mortification. At laſt my ſchemes and ſorrows were interrupted by a ſudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occaſion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me ſuffer myſelf no longer to be inſulted, but aſſume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He aſſured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters ſhould never hurt me; and, accompanying his profeſſions with a purſe of gold, ordered me to beſpeak a rich ſuit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and inſinuate that my other friends ſupplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not then underſtand, he filled me with tenderneſs and gratitude, compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport, and produced a neceſſity of private converſation. He often appointed interviews at the houſe of an acquaintance, and ſometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſance; and though I ſaw his kindneſs grow every day more fond, I did not ſuffer any ſuſpicion to enter my thoughts. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promiſes had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority ſubdued.

I know not why it ſhould afford ſubject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the reſolution, or ſurpriſe the caution of a girl; but of all the boaſters that deck themſelves in the ſpoils of innocence and beauty, they ſurely have the leaſt pretenſions to triumph, who ſubmit to owe their ſucceſs to ſome caſual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of underſtanding, in their attempts; they cannot pleaſe their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their addreſs, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themſelves as poſſeſſed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They ſurmount no obſtacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only thoſe who

cannot reſiſt, and are often content to poſſeſs the body, without any ſolicitude to gain the heart.

Many of theſe deſpicable wretches does my preſent acquaintance with infamy and wickedneſs enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery; reptiles whom their own ſervants would have deſpiſed, had they not been their ſervants, and with whom beggary would have diſdained intercourſe, had ſhe not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or ſhivering in the ſtreets, have been corrupted, not by arts of gallantry which ſtole gradually upon the affections and laid prudence aſleep, but by the fear of loſing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring reſentment which they could not eſcape; ſome have been frighted by maſters, and ſome awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its uſual conſequence, and he ſoon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was diſtracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all diſcovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himſelf ſaw in my countenance; but at laſt mingled his aſſurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total deſertion, if in the moments of perturbation I ſhould ſuffer his ſecret to eſcape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus paſſed the diſmal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had ſent for me to a diſtant country, and I entered upon a ſtate which ſhall be deſcribed in my next letter.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISELLA.

No. CLXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 5, 1751.

Tædet coeli convexa tueri.

VIRG.

Dark is the ſun, and loathſome is the day.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now ſits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf, and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the diſtraction, heſitation, and delays, which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were ſuch as heightened my abhorrence of myſelf; for I was not ſo far abandoned as to ſink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondneſs, but viſited me ſo often, that I was ſometimes afraid leſt his aſſiduity ſhould expoſe him to ſuſpicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore leſs delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expoſtulations upon the unreaſonableneſs of my ſorrow, and innumerable proteſtations of everlaſting regard, he at laſt found that I was more affected with the loſs of my innocence, than the danger of my fame; and that he might not be diſturbed by my remorſe, began to lull my conſcience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were ſuch as my courſe of life has ſince expoſed me often to the neceſſity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at firſt confounded me with their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the ſincerity of my repentance, without ſubſtituting any other ſupport. I liſtened a while to his impious

gabble, but its influence was ſoon overpowered by natural reaſon and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baſeneſs completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempeſts drive ſhips upon their coaſt, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches thus mercileſs in their depredations ought to be deſtroyed by a general inſurrection of all ſocial beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him who, in the agitations of remorſe, cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of Heaven which would direct her to return! I had hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary, and in a few weeks congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs, but forbore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdneſs. He told me, at laſt, with an appearance of ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to my former ſtate were for ever precluded; that chance had diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained but to ſeek a retreat more private, where curioſity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expreſſed. I was in ſo much dread of reproach and infamy, which he repreſented as purſuing me with full cry, that I yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal, and was removed, with a thouſand ſtudied precautions, through by-ways and dark paſſages to another houſe, where I haraſſed him with perpetual ſolicitations for a ſmall annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obſcurity and innocence.

This demand he at firſt evaded with ardent profeſſions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and diſtruſt; and having one day endeavoured to ſooth me with uncommon expreſſions of tenderneſs, when he found my diſcontent immoveable, left me with ſome inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleaſed that he was at laſt rouſed to ſenſibility, and expecting that at his next viſit he would comply with my requeſt, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. I then ſent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in Ireland.

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the ſale of my clothes, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would bring me relief. Thus I paſſed ſeven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and diſtreſs, emaciated with diſcontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At laſt, my landlady, after many hints of the neceſſity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my abſence to ſearch my boxes, and miſſing ſome of my apparel, ſeized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonſtrate againſt legal cruelty was vain; to ſupplicate obdurate brutality was hopeleſs. I went away, I knew not whither, and wandered about without any ſettled purpoſe, unacquainted with the uſual expedients of miſery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had ſeen me before, and

hopeleſs of relief from thoſe who were ſtrangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midſt of my diſtraction, and I ſtill continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to ſhelter myſelf in a covered paſſage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean houſe, and employed my landlady to enquire for a ſervice. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my miſtreſs that I had only one gown, and that of ſilk, ſhe was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to ſupport myſelf by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a ſhop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me ſo much reputation, that I was truſted to make up a head of ſome value, one of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a proſecution.

Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I lived upon the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under pent-houſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs; and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of evening, accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refuſed him with heſitation; he ſeized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring houſe, where when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me from him, and bade me cant and whine in ſome other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk further, when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion, and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſtreſs of a brothel, at another begging in the ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wickedneſs; without any hope in the day but of finding ſome whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but ſuch as guilt and terror impreſs upon me.

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty and ſecurity could viſit for an hour the diſmal receptacles to which the proſtitute retires from her nocturnal excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtly with famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome with diſeaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them againſt compaſſion, or to repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediately feel to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings from a ſtate ſo dreadful.

It is ſaid that in France they annually evacuate their ſtreets, and ſhip their proſtitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infeſt this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcaping from their miſeries, I believe very little force would be neceſſary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the moſt ſervile employments, and thoſe perhaps would require the care of a magiſtrate to hinder them from following the ſame practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the neceſſity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open proſtitution, and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISELLA.

No. CLXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1751.

Sæpe rogare ſoles qualis ſim, Priſce, futurus,
Si fiam locuples; ſimque repente potens.
Quemquam poſſe putas mores narrare futuros?
Dic mihi, ſi fias tu leo, qualis eris.

MART.

Priſcus, you've often aſk'd me how I'd live,
Shou'd fate at once both wealth and honour give.
What ſoul his future conduct can foreſee?
Tell me what ſort of lion you wou'd be.

F. LEWIS.

NOTHING has been longer obſerved, than that a change of fortune cauſes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we ſee in a low condition, how he would act if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the ſun-ſhine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than bloſſom into goodneſs.

Many obſervations have concurred to eſtabliſh this opinion, and it is not likely ſoon to become obſolete, for want of new occaſions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low ſtations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their deſires, or as they are more or leſs reſtrained by human cenſures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquiſition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and exceſs?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not ſo nearly to univerſality, as ſome have aſſerted in the bitterneſs of reſentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever riſes above thoſe who once pleaſed themſelves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain ſooner than others that which all purſue with the ſame ardour, and to which all imagine themſelves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When thoſe who ſtarted with us in the race of life leave us ſo far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our diſappointment by remarks, on the arts of ſupplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they poſſeſs it. Of them whoſe riſe we could not hinder, we ſolace ourſelves by prognoſticating the fall.

It is impoſſible for human purity not to betray to an eye, thus ſharpened by malignity, ſome ſtains which lay concealed and unregarded while none thought it their intereſt to diſcover them; nor can the moſt circumſpect attention, or ſteady rectitude, eſcape blame from cenſors, who have no inclination to approve. Riches therefore perhaps do not ſo often produce crimes as incite accuſers.

The common charge againſt thoſe who riſe above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain that ſucceſs naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendſhip, and a thouſand cauſes, which concur in every event with human contrivance or interpoſition, the part which they may juſtly claim in his advancement. We rate ourſelves by our fortune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiouſneſs and jealouſy are likewiſe eaſily offended, and to him who ſtudiouſly looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will ſupply it; freedom will be rudeneſs, and reſerve ſullenneſs; mirth will be negligence, and ſeriouſneſs formality: when he is received with ceremony, diſtance and reſpect are inculcated; if he is treated with familiarity, he concludes himſelf inſulted by condeſcenſions.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that as all-ſuf-

den changes are dangerous, a quick tranſition from poverty to abundance can ſeldom be made with ſafety. He that has long lived within ſight of pleaſures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to loſe his reaſon in unbounded riot, when they are firſt put into his power.

Every poſſeſſion is endeared by novelty; every gratification is exaggerated by deſire. It is difficult not to eſtimate what is lately gained above its real value; it is impoſſible not to annex greater happineſs to that condition from which we are unwillingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to obtain. For this reaſon, the remote inheritor of an unexpected fortune may be generally diſtinguiſhed from thoſe who are enriched in the common courſe of lineal deſcent, by his greater haſte to enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dreſs, the pomp of his equipage, the ſplendor of his furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thouſand things which familiarity diſcovers to be of little value, have power for a time to ſeize the imagination. A Virginian king, when the Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was ſo delighted to find his ſubjects admitted or excluded with ſuch facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in uſe, are inclined to laugh at the American amuſement; yet I doubt whether this paper will have a ſingle reader that may not apply the ſtory to himſelf, and recollect ſome hours of his life in which he has been equally overpowered by the tranſitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has ſuddenly tranſported into new regions, where unaccuſtomed luſtre dazzles his eyes, and untaſted delicacies ſolicit his appetite. Let him not be conſidered as loſt in hopeleſs degeneracy, though he for a while forgets the regard due to others, to indulge the contemplation of himſelf, and in the extravagance of his firſt raptures expects that his eye ſhould regulate the motions of all that approach him, and his opinion be received as deciſive and oraculous. His intoxication will give way to time; the madneſs of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the ſenſe of his inſufficiency will ſoon return; he will remember that the co-operation of others is neceſſary to his happineſs, and learn to conciliate their regards by reciprocal beneficence.

There is, at leaſt, one conſideration which ought to alleviate our cenſures of the powerful and rich. To imagine them chargeable with all the guilt and folly of their own actions, is to be very little acquainted with the world.

De l' abſolu pouvoir vous ignorez l' yvreſſe,
Et du lache flateur la voix enchantereſſe.

Thou haſt not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor ſervile flatteries which enchant the great.
Miſs A. W.

He that can do much good or harm, will not find many whom ambition or cowardice will ſuffer to be ſincere. While we live upon the level with the reſt of mankind, we are reminded of our duty by the admonitions of friends, and reproaches of enemies; but men who ſtand in the higheſt ranks of ſociety, ſeldom hear of their faults; if by any accident an opprobrious clamour reaches their ears, flattery is always at hand to pour in her opiates, to quiet conviction, and obtund remorſe.

Favour is ſeldom gained but by conformity to vice. Virtue can ſtand without aſſiſtance, and conſiders herſelf as very little obliged by countenance and approbation: but vice, ſpiritleſs and timorous, ſeeks the ſhelter of crowds, and ſupport of confederacy. The ſycophant, therefore, neglects the good qualities of his patron, and employs all his art on his weakneſſes and follies, regales his reigning vanity, or ſtimulates his prevalent deſires.

Virtue is ſufficiently difficult with any circumſtances, but the difficulty is increaſed when reproof and advice are frighted away. In common life, reaſon and conſcience have only the appetites and paſſions to encounter; but in higher ſtations they muſt oppoſe artifice and adulation. He, therefore, that yields to ſuch temptations, cannot give thoſe who look upon his miſcarriage much reaſon for exultation, ſince few can juſtly preſume that from the ſame ſnare they ſhould have been able to eſcape.

No. CLXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error? HOR.

Now ſay, where virtue ſtops, and vice begins?

AS any action or poſture, long continued, will diſtort and disfigure the limbs; ſo the mind likewiſe is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the ſame ſet of ideas. It is eaſy to gueſs the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his ſhoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal profeſſions, whoſe minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whoſe converſation does not quickly diſcover to what claſs of the community they belong.

Theſe peculiarities have been of great uſe in the general hoſtility which every part of mankind exerciſes againſt the reſt, to furniſh inſults and ſarcaſms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom cuſtom has not reconciled to its ſound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a ſlight miſapplication, or unneceſſary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the ſuperciliouſneſs of learning, is that of pedantry; a cenſure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to thoſe who cannot underſtand him, and by which the modeſt and timorous are ſometimes frighted from the diſplay of their acquiſitions, and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is ſo formidable to young men when they firſt ſally from their colleges, and is ſo liberally ſcattered by thoſe who mean to boaſt their elegance of education, eaſineſs of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it ſeems to require particular conſideration; ſince, perhaps, if it were once underſtood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehenſions, and many a tongue delivered from reſtraint.

Pedantry is the unſeaſonable oſtentation of learning. It may be diſcovered either in the choice of a ſubject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry who, when he has made himſelf maſter of ſome abſtruſe and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and diſcoveries upon thoſe whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applauſe.

To this error the ſtudent is ſometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleaſure which every man receives from the recollection of pleaſing images, and the deſire of dwelling upon topicks on which he knows himſelf able to ſpeak with juſtneſs. But becauſe we are ſeldom ſo far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to ſearch out for palliations, this failure of politeneſs is imputed always to vanity; and the harmleſs collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and inſtruction, or at worſt only ſpoke without ſufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is cenſured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of ſociety, and the laws of converſation.

All diſcourſe of which others cannot partake, is not only an irkſome uſurpation of the time devoted to pleaſure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen reſentment, an inſolent aſſertion of ſuperiority, and a triumph over leſs enlightened underſtandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with wearineſs, but malignity; and thoſe who conceive themſelves inſulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciouſly it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, ſcholars ſometimes diveſt themſelves with too much haſte of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their ſtyle to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they underſtand, and ſink into inſipidity of ſentiment and meanneſs of expreſſion.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of ſcience is particu-

larly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever deſires to be well received in female aſſemblies, muſt qualify himſelf by a total rejection of all that is ſerious, rational, or important; muſt conſider argument or criticiſm as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Students often form their notions of the preſent generation from the writings of the paſt, and are not very early informed of thoſe changes which the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, or the ſudden caprice of faſhion, produces in the world. Whatever might be the ſtate of female literature in the laſt century, there is now no longer any danger leſt the ſcholar ſhould want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it neceſſary to regulate his converſation by antiquated rules, will be rather deſpiſed for his futility than careſſed for his politeneſs.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehenſion of thoſe whom we addreſs, is unqueſtionable pedantry; but ſurely complaiſance requires, that no man ſhould, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the higheſt elevation of his fancy, or the utmoſt extent of his knowledge. It is always ſafer to err in favour of others than of ourſelves, and therefore we ſeldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at leaſt to be the care of learning, when ſhe quits her exaltation, to deſcend with dignity. Nothing is more deſpicable than the airineſs and jocularity of a man bred to ſevere ſcience, and ſolitary meditation. To trifle agreeably is a ſecret which ſchools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down reſiſtance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who, having ſpent his firſt years among the duſt of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpliant attention and eſtabliſhed habits.

It is obſerved in the panegyrick on Fabricius the mechaniſt, that, though forced by public employments into mingled converſation, he never loſt the modeſty and ſerioufneſs of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himſelf by an affected imitation of faſhionable life. To the ſame praiſe every man devoted to learning ought to aſpire. If he attempts the ſofter arts of pleaſing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the inſinuating accent and the general ſmile, he will loſe the reſpect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophraſtus was diſcovered not to be a native of Athens, by ſo ſtrict an adherence to the Attic dialect, as ſhewed that he had learned it not by cuſtom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unneceſſary anxiety of behaviour. It is as poſſible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troubleſome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more juſtly cenſurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowneſs of converſe inclines him to think unuſual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under viſible reſtraint; is ſolicitous to anticipate enquiries by needleſs explanations; and endeavours to ſhade his own abilities, leſt weak eyes ſhould be dazzled with their luſtre.

No. CLXXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1751.

Fœnum habit in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico.

HOR.

Yonder he drives——avoid that furious beaſt:
If he may have his jeſt, he never cares
At whoſe expence; nor friend nor patron ſpares.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

THE laws of ſocial benevolence require, that every man ſhould endeavour to aſſiſt others by his experience. He that has at laſt eſcaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the guſts of oppoſition, ought to make ſome improvement in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been daſhed, and the ſhallows where he has been ſtranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when cuſtom firſt gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the ſprightly, the fearleſs, and the gay; to all whoſe ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their deſigns, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who ſeldom count the coſt of pleaſure, or examine the diſtant conſequences of any proſpect that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the uſual juvenile ambition, and deſired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I conſidered as below my care; for I ſaw ſuch multitudes grow rich without underſtanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquiſition eaſy to induſtry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aſide as a ſecondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wiſh ſhould be ſatisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence univerſally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in public, and exerciſed my meditations in ſolitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topicks for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I ſoon found, that wit, like every other power, has its boundaries; that its ſucceſs depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impreſſions; and that as ſome bodies, indiſſoluble by heat, can ſet the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of ſentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myſelf with a ſet of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was neceſſary than the power of ſtriking out a jeſt. Among thoſe I fixed my reſidence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of diſturbing the neighbours every night with the obſtreperous applauſe which my ſallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increaſed, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new ſolicitations for admiſſion into our ſociety.

To ſupport this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourſe, cultivated the acquaintance of all the faſhionable race, and paſſed the day in a continual ſucceſſion of viſits, in which I collected a treaſure of pleaſantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could diſcover, whatever weakneſs was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapſe was ſuffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diverſion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to ſignalize themſelves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the enſuing day with ſcandal and vexation, with merriment and ſhame.

I can ſcarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been ſo far deluded with petty praiſe, as to divulge the ſecrets of truſt, and to expoſe the levities of frank-

neſs; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and ſurprize the ſecurity of the thoughtleſs. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing with any other curioſity than after ſome failure that might furniſh out a jeſt.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or intereſted inſidiouſneſs. I had no other purpoſe than to heighten the pleaſure of laughter by communication, nor ever raiſed any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakneſs and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myſelf with their perplexities and diſtreſſes; and violated every law of friendſhip, with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of ſmartneſs and waggery.

I would not be underſtood to charge myſelf with any crimes of the atrocious or deſtructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gameſters, or a girl to debauchees; never intercepted the kindneſs of a patron, or ſported away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty miſchief and momentary vexations, and my acuteneſs was employed not upon fraud and oppreſſion which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmleſs ignorance or abſurdity, prejudice or miſtake.

This enquiry I purſued with ſo much diligence and ſagacity, that I was able to relate, of every man I knew, ſome blunder or miſcarriage; to betray the moſt circumſpect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant paſſion; or expoſe him to contempt, by placing him in circumſtances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been poſſeſſed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my cuſtom to let any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My impatience of applauſe brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I ſeldom failed to lay a ſcheme with the ſmall knot that firſt gathered round me, by which ſome of thoſe whom we expected might be made ſubſervient to our ſport. Every man has ſome favourite topick of converſation, on which by a feigned ſerioufneſs of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has ſome habitual contortion of body, or eſtabliſhed mode of expreſſion which never fails to raiſe mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By promotions of theſe particularities I ſecured our pleaſantry. Our companion entered with his uſual gaiety, and began to partake of our noiſy cheerfulneſs, when the converſation was imperceptibly diverted to a ſubject which preſſed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected ſhrug, the cuſtomary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burſt from all that were admitted to the ſtratagem. Our mirth was often increaſed by the triumph of him that occaſioned it; for as we do not haſtily form concluſions againſt ourſelves, ſeldom any one ſuſpected, that he had exhilarated us otherwiſe than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little ſurprize, that by this conduct I had in a ſhort time united mankind againſt me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I ſoon perceived myſelf regarded with malevolence or diſtruſt, but wondered what had been diſcovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of thoſe attemps which provoke the jealouſy of ambition, or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who careſſed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he, who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would conſider, in a cooler hour, that the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; or that, even where there is no ſenſe of danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who by general cenſures lays claim to general ſuperiority.

I was convinced, by a total deſertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found ſilence and dejection, coldneſs and terror. No one would venture to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould lay himſelf open to unfavourable repreſentations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the ſhame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If thoſe whom I had thus offended, could have contented themſelves with repaying one inſult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of ſarcaſms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But theſe wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they ſpread by their ſolicitude to eſcape me, excludes me from all friendſhip and from all pleaſure: I am condemned to paſs a long interval of my life in ſolitude, as a man ſuſpected of infection is refuſed admiſſion into cities; and muſt linger in obſcurity, till my conduct ſhall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, &c.

DICACULUS.

No. CLXXV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1751.

Rara quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis oſtia Nili. JUV.

Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile;
Yet Thebes more gates could ſhew, more mouths the Nile.

CREECH.

NONE of the axioms of wiſdom which recommend the ancient ſages to veneration, ſeem to have required leſs extent of knowledge, or perſpicacity of penetration, than the remark of Bias, that 'οἱ πλέονες κακοὶ—the 'majority are wicked.'

The depravity of mankind is ſo eaſily diſcoverable, that nothing but the deſert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undeſired. They whom their abſtraction from common occurrences hinders from ſeeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn its corruption in his cloſet. For what are treatiſes of morality, but perſuaſives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be neceſſary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of hiſtory, but narratives of ſucceſſive villanies, of treaſons and uſurpations, maſſacres and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphoriſms conſiſts not ſo much in the expreſſion of ſome rare or abſtruſe ſentiment, as in the comprehenſion of ſome obvious and uſeful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly, not becauſe the true principles of action are not known, but becauſe, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be juſtly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into ſhort ſentences, that may be eaſily impreſſed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

However thoſe who have paſſed through half the life of man may now wonder that any ſhould require to be cautioned againſt corruption, they will find that they have themſelves purchaſed their conviction by many diſappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have ſpared them; and may ſee, on every ſide, ſome entangling themſelves in perplexities, and ſome ſinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of Bias.

Every day ſends out, in queſt of pleaſure and diſtinction, ſome heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a ſpirit unacquainted with ſuperiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by oppoſition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, becauſe he imagines himſelf the univerſal favourite. Every exchange of ſalutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendſhip.

Every ſeaſon brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no paſſion but that of love. They are ſoon ſurrounded by admirers whom they credit, becauſe they tell them only what is

heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a ſigh, is pining in deſpair.

He ſurely is a uſeful monitor who inculcates to theſe thoughtleſs ſtrangers, that the *majority are wicked*; who informs them, that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the ſcent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all thoſe who crowd about them with profeſſions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for ſome opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himſelf by their deſtruction, or to ſhare their ſpoils with a ſtronger ſavage.

Virtue preſented ſingly to the imagination or the reaſon, is ſo well recommended by its own graces, and ſo ſtrongly ſupported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are ignorant of the force of paſſion and intereſt, who never obſerved the arts of ſeduction, the contagion of example, the gradual deſcent from one crime to another, or the inſenſible depravation of the principles by looſe converſation, naturally expect to find integrity in every boſom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impoſſible not to hear from thoſe who have lived longer, of wrongs and falſehoods, of violence and circumvention; but ſuch narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peeviſhneſs, or the dreams of dotage; and notwithſtanding all the documents of hoary wiſdom, we commonly plunge into the world fearleſs and credulous, without any foreſight of danger, or apprehenſion of deceit.

I have remarked in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and that he who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to obſerve it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment but from himſelf?

They who beſt deſerve to eſcape the ſnares of artifice, are moſt likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, muſt always be expoſed to the arts of them who live only for themſelves, unleſs he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in common tranſactions, and ſhewn at a diſtance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it ſhould be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reſerve, in expectation of general fidelity and juſtice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the inſtruments of ſteerage, and to hope that every wind will be proſperous, and that every coaſt will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the deſires that prevail among the ſons of men; ſince there is no ambition however petty, no wiſh however abſurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almoſt profeſſedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money; who have no reaſon for action or forbearance, for compliance or refuſal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. Theſe are indeed the meaneſt and cruelleſt of human beings, a race with whom, as with ſome peſtiferous animals, the whole creation ſeems to be at war; but who, however deteſted or ſcorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are ſtill permitted to faſten on another.

Others, yet leſs rationally wicked, paſs their lives in miſchief, becauſe they cannot bear the ſight of ſucceſs, and mark out every man for hatred whoſe fame or fortune they believe increaſing.

Many, who have not advanced to theſe degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendſhip, and unable to maintain any conſtant or regular courſe of kindneſs. Happineſs may be deſtroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the ſlave of intereſt, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perſeverance, in whatever cauſe, diſpoſes to purſue every injury with unwearied and perpetual reſentment; with him whoſe vanity inclines him to conſider every man as a rival in every pretenſion; with him whoſe airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or ſecrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulneſs of others excuſed by his inattention to himſelf; and with him whoſe inconſtancy ranges without any ſet-

tled rule of choice through varieties of friendſhip, and who adopts and diſmiſſes favourites by the ſudden impulſe of caprice.

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converſe of mankind expoſes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent diſtruſt. He therefore that, remembering this ſalutary maxim, learns early to withhold his fondneſs from fair appearances, will have reaſon to pay ſome honours to Bias of Priene, who enabled him to become wiſe without the coſt of experience.

No. CLXXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1751.

——Naſo ſuſpendere adunco.

HOR.

On me you turn the noſe.——

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneaſy ſituations which raiſe little compaſſion for the ſufferer, and which no man but thoſe whom they immediately diſtreſs can regard with ſerioufneſs. Petty miſchiefs that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the reſt of life, are always ſeen with a kind of malicious pleaſure. A miſtake or embarraſſment, which for the preſent moment fills the face with bluſhes, and the mind with confuſion, will have no other effect upon thoſe who obſerve it than that of convulſing them with irreſiſtible laughter. Some circumſtances of miſery are ſo powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindneſs nor duty can withſtand them; they bear down love, intereſt, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to inſtantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comick calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened into inſenſibility, feels at the onſet of a furious critick, whoſe age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to ſpeak without reſerve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections, without tenderneſs or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the juſtification of every ſyllable, ſtarts and kindles at the ſlighteſt attack; the critick, eager to eſtabliſh his ſuperiority, triumphing in every diſcovery of failure, and zealous to impreſs the cogency of his arguments, purſues him from line to line without ceſſation or remorſe. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuoſity, and fearleſſneſs; the author, whoſe quiet and fame, and life and immortality, are involved in the controverſy, tries every art of ſubterfuge and defence; maintains modeſtly what he reſolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critick's purpoſe is to conquer, the author only hopes to eſcape; the critick therefore knits his brow, and raiſes his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the preſſure of his aſſertions, or the point of his ſarcaſms. The author, whoſe endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his perſecutor, compoſes his features and ſoftens his accent, breaks the force of aſſault by retreat, and rather ſteps aſide than flies or advances.

As it very ſeldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticiſm inflicts fatal or laſting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this diſtreſs to much ſympathy. The diverſion of baiting an author has the ſanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the ſport of teizing other animals, becauſe, for the moſt part, he comes voluntarily to the ſtake, furniſhed as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with reſiſtleſs weapons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the boar of Erymanth, and the paws of the lion of Nemea.

But the works of genius are ſometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom neceſſity or duty enforces to write, is not always ſo well ſatisfied with himſelf, as not to be diſcouraged by cenſorious impudence. It may therefore be neceſſary to conſider how they whom publication lays open to the inſults of

ſuch as their obſcurity ſecures againſt repriſals, extricate themſelves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of conſiderable ſkill in the politicks of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to ſuffer tamely the exultations of his antagoniſt.

This rule may perhaps be juſt, when advice is aſked, and ſeverity ſolicited, becauſe no man tells his opinion ſo freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and criticks ought never to be conſulted, but while errors may yet be rectified or inſipidity ſuppreſſed. But when the book has once been diſmiſſed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct ſhould not be preſcribed, and whether firmneſs and ſpirit may not ſometimes be of uſe to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softneſs, diffidence, and moderation, will often be miſtaken for imbecility and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of eaſy victory; and it will ſoon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, ſhall never be at peace.

The animadverſions of criticks are commonly ſuch as may eaſily provoke the ſedateſt writer to ſome quickneſs of reſentment and aſperity of reply. A man who by long conſideration has familiariſed a ſubject to his own mind, carefully ſurveyed the ſeries of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his compoſition into a regular dependence on each other, will often ſtart at the ſiniſtrous interpretations, or abſurd remarks, of haſte and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious ſenſe, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide againſt him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticiſm is to ſupply its defects; rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion, which may indeed aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

Some ſeem always to read with the microſcope of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſervation. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt deviation from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but a narrow compaſs, and know nothing of the juſtneſs of the deſign, the general ſpirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how ſmall a proportion that which they are buſy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are abſorbed and loſt in general excellence.

Others are furniſhed by criticiſm with a teleſcope. They ſee with great clearneſs whatever is too remote to be diſcovered by the reſt of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They diſcover in every paſſage ſome ſecret meaning, ſome artful allegory, or ſome occult imitation which no other reader ever ſuſpected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetick ſentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embelliſhments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally inſenſible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amuſe themſelves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail ſometimes by our weakneſs, but more frequently by our fault. We are ſometimes bewildered by ignorance, and ſometimes by prejudice, but we ſeldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity.

No. CLXXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1751.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas.

MART.

Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.

ROSCOMMON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN I was, at the uſual time, about to enter upon the profeſſion to which my friends had deſtined me, being ſummoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myſelf maſter of an unexpected ſum of money, and of an eſtate, which though not large, was, in my opinion, ſufficient to ſupport me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncertainty, of any gainful occupation. I therefore reſolved to devote the reſt of my life wholly to curioſity, and without any confinement of my excurſions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundleſs regions of general knowledge.

This ſcheme of life ſeemed pregnant with inexhauſtible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myſelf upon the wiſdom of my choice. I furniſhed a large room with all conveniences for ſtudy; collected books of every kind; quitted every ſcience at the firſt perception of diſguſt; returned to it again as ſoon as my former ardor happened to revive; and having no rival to depreſs me by compariſon, nor any critick to alarm me with objections, I ſpent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only ſo much complacence in my own improvements, as ſerved to excite and animate my application.

Thus I lived for ſome years with complete acquieſcence in my own plan of conduct, riſing early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between economy, exerciſe, and reflection. But in time I began to find my mind contracted and ſtiffened by ſolitude. My eaſe and elegance were ſenſibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myſelf with readineſs to the accidental current of converſation, my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraſeology formal and unfaſhionable; I ſpoke, on common occaſions, the language of books. My quickneſs of apprehenſion, and celerity of reply, had entirely deſerted me: when I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unreaſonable interrogatory, diſconcerted by any ſlight oppoſition, and overwhelmed and loſt in dejection when the ſmalleſt advantage was gained againſt me in diſpute. I became deciſive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, inſolent to ſuch as acknowledged my ſuperiority, and ſullen and malignant to all who refuſed to receive my dictates.

This I ſoon diſcovered to be one of thoſe intellectual diſeaſes which a wiſe man ſhould make haſte to cure. I therefore reſolved for a time to ſhut my books, and learn again the art of converſation; to defecate and clear my mind by briſker motions, and ſtronger impulſes; and to unite myſelf once more to the living generation.

For this purpoſe I haſted to London, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances to introduce me into ſome of the little ſocieties of literature which are formed in taverns and coffee-houſes. He was pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing me to his friends, and ſoon obtained me admiſſion among a ſelect company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their ſtudies, and compare their acquiſitions.

The eldeſt and moſt venerable of this ſociety was Hirſutus, who, after the firſt civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite ſtudies, by a ſevere cenſure of thoſe who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign triſles, and that ſince he begun to addict his mind to ſerious and manly ſtudies, he had very carefully amaſſed all the Engliſh books

that were printed in the black character. This ſearch he had purſued ſo diligently, that he was able to ſhew the deficiencies of the beſt catalogues. He had long ſince completed his Caxton, had three ſheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect Pynſon but two volumes, of which one was promiſed him as a legacy by its preſent poſſeſſor, and the other he was reſolved to buy, at whatever price, when Quiſquilius's library ſhould be ſold. Hirſutus had no other reaſon for the valuing or ſlighting a book, than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothick letter, nor any ideas but ſuch as his favourite volumes had ſupplied: when he was ſerious, he expatiated on the narratives of Johan de Treviſa, and, when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the Shippe of Foles.

While I was liſtening to this hoary ſtudent, Ferratus entered in a hurry, and informed us, with the abruptneſs of extaſy, that his ſet of halfpence was now complete; he had juſt received, in a handful of change, the piece that he had ſo long been ſeeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of Engliſh copper.

Chartophylax then obſerved how fatally human ſagacity was ſometimes baffled, and how often the moſt valuable diſcoveries are made by chance. He had employed himſelf and his emiſſaries ſeven years at great expence, to perfect his ſeries of Gazettes, but had long wanted a ſingle paper, which, when he deſpaired of obtaining it, was ſent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he conſidered them as the genuine records of the national taſte. He offered to ſhew me a copy of 'The Children in the 'Wood,' which he firmly believed to be of the firſt edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from ſeveral corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to ſuch favours from him.

Many were admitted into this ſociety as inferior members, becauſe they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets, or poſſeſſed ſome fragment of antiquity, as the ſeal of an ancient corporation, the charter of a religious houſe, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of Elizabeth.

Every one of theſe virtuoſos looked on all his aſſociates as wretches of depraved taſte and narrow notions. Their converſation, was, therefore, fretful and waſpiſh, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly ſarcaſtick, and their ſerioufneſs gloomy and ſuſpicious. They were totally ignorant of all that paſſes, or has lately paſſed, in the world; unable to diſcuſs any queſtion of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally ſtrangers to ſcience and politer learning, and without any wiſh to improve their minds, or any other pleaſure than that of diſplaying rarities, of which they would not ſuffer others to make the proper uſe.

Hirſutus graciouſly informed me, that the number of their ſociety was limited, but that I might ſometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleaſed to find myſelf in no danger of an honour which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refuſed, and left them without any intention of returning; for I ſoon found, that the ſuppreſſion of thoſe habits with which I was vitiated, required aſſociation with men very different from this ſolemn race.

I am, Sir, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation when any thing, neceſſary or uſeful, is wantonly waſted, or negligently deſtroyed; and therefore my correſpondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneaſineſs on the waſte of life. Leiſure and curioſity might ſoon make great advances in uſeful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, ſomewhat mollify his anger, to reflect, that perhaps none of the aſſembly which he deſcribes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his beſt, however little, is always to be diſtinguiſhed from him who does nothing. Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

No. CLXXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1751.

Pars ſanitatis velle ſanari fuit.

SENECA.

To yield to remedies is half the cure.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from thoſe whom he inſtructed in philoſophy a probationary ſilence of five years. Whether this prohibition of ſpeech extended to all the parts of this time, as ſeems generally to be ſuppoſed, or was to be obſerved only in the ſchool or in the preſence of their maſter, as is more probable, it was ſufficient to diſcover the pupil's diſpoſition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of thoſe whoſe ardour was rather violent than laſting, and who expected to grow wiſe on other terms than thoſe of patience and obedience.

Many of the bleſſings univerſally deſired are very frequently wanted, becauſe moſt men, when they ſhould labour, content themſelves to complain, and rather linger in a ſtate in which they cannot be at reſt, than improve their condition by vigour and reſolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has ſet different gratifications at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the buſineſs of every rational being to underſtand, that life may not paſs away in an attempt to make contradictions conſiſtent, to combine oppoſite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being muſt always keep aſunder.

Of two objects tempting at a diſtance on contrary ſides, it is impoſſible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects they may be both loſt, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, neceſſary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reaſon directs us to reject. This is the more neceſſary, if that which we are forſaking has the power of delighting the ſenſes, or fireing the fancy. He that once turns aſide to the allurements of unlawful pleaſure, can have no ſecurity that he ſhall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philoſophick goddeſs of Boethius, having related the ſtory of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, loſt her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. 'Whoever 'you are that endeavour to elevate your minds 'to the illuminations of Heaven, conſider 'yourſelves as repreſented in this fable; for he 'that is once ſo far overcome as to turn back 'his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loſes at 'the firſt ſight all that influence which at-'tracted him on high.

Vos hæc fabula reſpicit,
Quicunque in ſuperum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui Tartareum in ſpecus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquod præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be obſerved in general, that the future is purchaſed by the preſent. It is not poſſible to ſecure diſtant or permanent happineſs but by the forbearance of ſome immediate gratification. This is ſo evidently true with regard to the whole of our exiſtence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our ſenſes but our belief; a life in which pleaſures are to be refuſed for fear of inviſible puniſhments, and calamities ſometimes to be ſought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that ſhall be obtained in another ſtate.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleaſure, but by anticipating ſome of the ſatisfaction which ſhould exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may ſpread happineſs into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requiſite to make it perennial is exhauſted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and ſterility.

The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is inſenſible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day ſhews us thoſe on whom the conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praiſed and deſired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth; whom the fainteſt invitation of pleaſure draws away from their ſtudies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more eligible than the uſe of books, and who are more eaſily engaged by any converſation, than ſuch as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehenſion.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not ſometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All aſſemblies of jollity, all places of public entertainment, exhibit examples of ſtrength waſting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it eaſy to enter a houſe in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of paſt intemperance, and part admitting diſeaſe by negligence, or ſoliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleaſure which men of every age and ſect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate; an entertainment ſo far removed from intellectual happineſs, that ſcarcely the moſt ſhameleſs of the ſenſual herd have dared to defend it: yet even to this, the loweſt of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor laſting, is health with all its activity and ſprightlineſs daily ſacrificed; and for this are half the miſeries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wiſh for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that ſuch conduct as will inevitably deſtroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, muſt generally be avoided? That he who ſpends more than he receives, muſt in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident ſoever this conſequence may appear, the ſpendthrift moves in the whirl of pleaſure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows every day poorer without any ſuch ſenſe of approaching ruin as is ſufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the miſery of life; and indeed it muſt be confeſſed that we are ſubject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and ſlothful, the vigilant and heedleſs, are equally afflicted. But ſurely, though ſome indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable miſery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, againſt warning, againſt experience, he deliberately and leiſurely brings upon his own head; or to conſider himſelf as debarred from happineſs by ſuch obſtacles as reſolution may break, or dexterity may put aſide.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a better ſtate. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil ſufficiently to quicken averſion, or invigorate deſire; they have indulged a drowſy thoughtleſſneſs or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accuſtomed themſelves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at laſt that they find themſelves deceived.

No. CLXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1751.

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.

JUV.

Democritus would feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake.

DRYDEN.

EVERY man, ſays Tully, has two characters; one which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is diſtinguiſhed from brute animals; another which diſcriminates him from the reſt of his own ſpecies, and impreſſes on him a manner and temper peculiar to

himſelf; this particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his buſineſs to cultivate and preſerve.

Every hour furniſhes ſome confirmation of Tully's precept. It ſeldom happens, that an aſſembly of pleaſure is ſo happily ſelected, but that ſome one finds admiſſion, with whom the reſt are deſervedly offended; and it will appear, on a cloſe inſpection, that ſcarce any man becomes eminently diſagreeable but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at ſomething for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulneſs have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give diſguſt except when they aſſume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the ſprightlineſs of wit. Awkwardneſs and inelegance have none of thoſe attractions by which eaſe and politeneſs take poſſeſſion of the heart; but ridicule and cenſure ſeldom riſe againſt them, unleſs they appear aſſociated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to conſciouſneſs of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itſelf is regarded with tenderneſs rather than averſion, when it does not attempt to deceive the ſight by dreſs and decoration, and to ſeize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

He that ſtands to contemplate the crowds that fill the ſtreets of a populous city, will ſee many paſſengers whoſe air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his riſibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor diſeaſe, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The diſpoſition to deriſion and inſult is awakened by the ſoftneſs of foppery, the ſwell of inſolence, the livelineſs of levity, or the ſolemnity of grandeur; by the ſprightly trip, the ſtately ſtalk, the formal ſtrut, and the lofty mien; by geſtures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been ſometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a miſtake of the means to a good end, and that the intention withwhich it is practiſed is always to pleaſe. If all attempts to innovate the conſtitutional or habitual character have really proceeded from public ſpirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been ſufficiently ungrateful, ſince no return but ſcorn has yet been made to the moſt difficult of all enterprizes, a conteſt with nature; nor has any pity been ſhown to the fatigues of labour which never ſucceeded, and the uneaſineſs of diſguiſe by which nothing was concealed.

It ſeems therefore to be determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that he who decks himſelf in adſcititious qualities rather purpoſes to command applauſe than impart pleaſure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreaſonable ambition uſurps the place in ſociety to which he has no right. Praiſe is ſeldom paid with willingneſs even to inconteſtible merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without deſert is repulſed with univerſal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excellencies which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from poſſibility of attainment. We are conſcious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to ſupply them by artificial excellence; nor would ſuch efforts be wholly without excuſe, were they not excited by ornamental trifles, which he that thus anxiouſly ſtruggles for the reputation of poſſeſſing them would not have been known to want, had not his induſtry quickened obſervation.

Gelaſimus paſſed the firſt part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other converſation than that of ſcholars, grave, ſtudious, and abſtracted as himſelf. He cultivated the mathematical ſciences with indefatigable diligence, diſcovered many uſeful theorems, diſcuſſed with great accuracy the reſiſtance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the firſt who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it riſes to eminence, will be obſerved in time, whatever miſts may happen to ſurround it. Gelaſimus, in his forty-ninth year, was diſtinguiſhed by thoſe who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to diſplay his acquiſitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his preſence to philoſophical aſſemblies. As he did not ſuſpect his unfitneſs for common affairs, he

felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honeſty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more public, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he ſhould find his reputation univerſally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the ſame.

His merit introduced him to ſplendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himſelf always qualified to join in the converſation. He was diſtreſſed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was ſometimes unluckily engaged in diſputes with ladies, with whom algebraic axioms had no great weight, and ſaw many whoſe favour and eſteem he could not but deſire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelaſimus did not want penetration to diſcover, that no charm was more generally irreſiſtible than that of eaſy facetiouſneſs and flowing hilarity. He ſaw that diverſion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and ſeriouſneſs were rather feared than loved, and that the grave ſcholar was a kind of imperious ally, haſtily diſmiſſed when his aſſiſtance was no longer neceſſary. He came to a ſudden reſolution of throwing off thoſe cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topick of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurniſhed with any ideas but ſuch as Pappus and Archimedes had given him, he began to ſilence all enquiries with a jeſt inſtead of a ſolution, extended his face with a grin, which he miſtook for a ſmile, and in the place of a ſcientifick diſcourſe, retailed in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the news-paper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, therefore, whatever he ſaid or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he aſked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, ſtirred the fire, or filled a glaſs, removed his chair, or ſnuffed a candle, he always found ſome occaſion to laugh. The jeſt was indeed a ſecret to all but himſelf; but habitual confidence in his own diſcernment hindered him from ſuſpecting any weakneſs or miſtake. He wondered that his wit was ſo little underſtood, but expected that his audience would comprehend it by degrees, and perſiſted all his life to ſhow by groſs buffoonery, how little the ſtrongeſt faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

No. CLXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1751.

Ταῦτ εἰδὼς σοφός ἰσθι μάτην δ' Εσίκαρον ἔασον
Πῆ το κενὸν ζητεῖν, καί τίνες ἀι μονάδες.

AUTOMEDON.

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the ſchools their atoms and their void.

IT is ſomewhere related by Le Clerc, that a wealthy trader of good underſtanding, having the common ambition to breed his ſon a ſcholar, carried him to an univerſity, reſolving to uſe his own judgment in the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the neareſt way to the heart of an academick, and at his arrival entertained all who came about him with ſuch profuſion, that the profeſſors were lured by the ſmell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaiſance. This eagerneſs anſwered the merchant's purpoſe; he glutted them with delicacies, and ſoftened them with careſſes, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his boſom, and make a diſcovery of his competitions, jealouſies, and reſentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himſelf, and partly from his acquaintances, he reſolved to find ſome

other education for his ſon, and went away convinced, that a ſcholaſtick life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the underſtanding: nor would he afterwards bear with patience the praiſes of the ancient authors, being perſuaded that ſcholars of all ages muſt have been the ſame, and that Xenophon and Cicero were profeſſors of ſome former univerſity, and therefore mean and ſelfiſh, ignorant and ſervile, like thoſe whom he had lately viſited and forſaken.

Envy, curioſity, and a ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, incline us to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every one muſt have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of ſcience is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe, and among weak minds loſes part of his reverence, by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſticks are ſaid ſometimes to wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

Theſe demands of prejudice and folly can never be ſatisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance are without reproach. But there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect, and while ſcience is purſued, other accompliſhments are neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by the deſire of ſuperfluous attainments. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelick counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties; he muſt be therefore ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curioſity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and neceſſary uſe. It is only from the various eſſays of experimental induſtry, and the vague excurſions of minds ſent out upon diſcovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected; and though many muſt be diſappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having ſpent their time in vain; their example contributed to inſpire emulation, and their miſcarriages taught others the way to ſucceſs.

But the diſtant hope of being one day uſeful or eminent, ought not to miſlead us too far from that ſtudy which is equally requiſite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obſcure; the art of moderating the deſires, of repreſſing the appetites, and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the courſe of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet among the ſons of learning many ſeem to have thought of every thing rather than of themſelves, and to have obſerved every thing but what paſſes before their eyes: many who toil through the intricacy of complicated ſyſtems, are inſuperably embarraſſed with the leaſt perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and aſcertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and ſuffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without reſiſtance or detection.

The moſt frequent reproach of the ſcholaſtick race is the want of fortitude, not martial but philoſophick. Men bred in ſhades and ſilence, taught to immure themſelves at ſunſet, and accuſtomed to no other weapon than ſyllogiſm, may be allowed to feel terror at perſonal danger, and to be diſconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why ſhould he whoſe life is ſpent in contemplation, and whoſe buſineſs is only to

diſcover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend ſucceſsfully againſt prejudice and paſſion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his underſtanding to falſe appearances, and ſuffers himſelf to be enſlaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expoſe him; or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the ſtate of the world, that the moſt obſequious of the ſlaves of pride, the moſt rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the moſt officious of the whiſperers of greatneſs, are collected from ſeminaries appropriated to the ſtudy of wiſdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite ſhould learn to be content with little, and that hope ſhould aſpire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The ſtudent, when he comes forth into the world, inſtead of congratulating himſelf upon his exemption from the errors of thoſe whoſe opinions have been formed by accident or cuſtom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haſte to mingle with the multitude, and ſhew his ſprightlineſs and ductility by an expeditious compliance with faſhions or vices. The firſt ſmile of a man, whoſe fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him beyond reſiſtance; the glare of equipage, the ſweets of luxury, the liberality of general promiſes, the ſoftneſs of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he ſoon ceaſes to have any other wiſh than to be well received, or any meaſure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns to exact groſſer adulation, and enjoin lower ſubmiſſion. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little inſolence; pride cannot riſe to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandiſhment or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch who would ſhrink and crouch before one that ſhould dart his eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and bears the ſoft addreſs of awe and ſervility. To thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtineſs that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

If, inſtead of wandering after the merits of philoſophy, which fill the world with ſplendour for a while, and then ſink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent luſtre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happineſs. A little plauſibility of diſcourſe, and acquaintance with unneceſſary ſpeculations, is dearly purchaſed, when it excludes thoſe inſtructions which fortify the heart with reſolution, and exalt the ſpirit to independence.

No. CLXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1751.

——Neu fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.

HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS I have paſſed much of my life in diſquiet and ſuſpence, and loſt many opportunities of advantage by a paſſion which I have reaſon to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myſelf well qualified to warn thoſe who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themſelves within its influence.

I ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a ſhop for myſelf with a large ſtock, and ſuch credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my maſter, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valua-

ble. For five years I proceeded with ſucceſs proportionate to cloſe application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every ſale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced ſo faſt in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this courſe of even proſperity, I was one day perſuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The ſum was inconſiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my eſtabliſhed maxims of frugality did not reſtrain me from ſo trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almoſt forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then ſeem of any importance, till I diſcovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of ſuch an approach to ſudden riches, which I conſidered myſelf, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having miſſed by a ſingle chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the conſequences which ſuch a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took poſſeſſion of my imagination. The great delight of my ſolitary hours was to purchaſe an eſtate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I ſpoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill-luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now ſo heated my imagination with the proſpect of a prize, that I ſhould have preſſed among the firſt purchaſers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of ſucceſs from one ticket rather than another. I heſitated long between even and odd; conſidered the ſquare and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all thoſe to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at laſt fixed upon one, which, by ſome ſecret relation to the events of my life, I thought predeſtined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often miſchievous; the ticket was ſold, and its poſſeſſor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognoſtication, fixed upon another chance, but with leſs confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel ſo much vexation from the ſlow pace of time, as I ſuffered between the purchaſe of my ticket and the diſtribution of the prizes. I ſolaced my uneaſineſs as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happineſs; when the ſun roſe I knew it would ſet, and congratulated myſelf at night that I was ſo much nearer to my wiſhes. At laſt the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and ſagacity with a deſpicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honeſtly rejoiced upon my ſucceſs, were very coldly received; I hid myſelf a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without obſervation, and then returning to my ſhop, began to liſten to another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was ſoon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I reſolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miſs the lucky claſs. Many concluſions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of thoſe tickets I might moſt reaſonably expect riches. At laſt, being unable to ſatisfy myſelf by any modes of reaſoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amuſement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact regiſter, found on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the reſt in three hundred and thirty thouſand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the firſt day preſented the hopeful ticket, a deteſtable blank. The reſt came out with different fortune, and in concluſion I loſt thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the caſt of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The ſhop was for the moſt part abandoned to my ſervants; and if I entered it, my thoughts were ſo engroſſed by my tickets, that I ſcarcely heard or anſwered a queſtion, but conſidered every cuſtomer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haſte to diſpatch. I miſtook the price of my goods, committed blun-

ders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my buſineſs with little emotion, becauſe whatever deficience there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to ſupply.

Miſcarriage naturally produces diffidence; I began now to ſeek aſſiſtance againſt ill luck, by an alliance with thoſe that had been more ſucceſsful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been ſold, that I might purchaſe of a propitious vender; ſolicited thoſe who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently proſperous, I invited him to take a larger ſhare. I had, by this rule of conduct, ſo diffuſed my intereſt, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a ſixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the deciſion of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the buſineſs of my trade with the uſual neglect. The wheel at laſt was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long ſucceſſion of ſorrows and diſappointments. I indeed often partook of a ſmall prize, and the loſs of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my deſires yet remained unſatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was ſuſpended on thoſe which remained yet undetermined. At laſt a prize of five thouſand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among thoſe on whoſe luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a ſixteenth part.

You will eaſily judge with what deteſtation of himſelf a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had ſold a prize which was once in his poſſeſſion. It was to no purpoſe, that I repreſented to my mind the impoſſibility of recalling the paſt, or the folly of condemning an act which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foreſee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been ſuffered to ſlip from me, filled me with anguiſh, and knowing that complaint would only expoſe me to ridicule, I gave myſelf up ſilently to grief, and loſt by degrees my appetite and my reſt.

My indiſpoſition ſoon became viſible; I was viſited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whoſe piety and learning gave him ſuch an aſcendant over me, that I could not refuſe to open my heart. 'There 'are,' ſaid he, 'few minds ſufficiently firm to 'be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever 'finds himſelf inclined to anticipate futurity, 'and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid 'every kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief 'muſt be always proportionate to his hope. 'You have long waſted that time which by a 'proper application would have certainly, 'though moderately, increaſed your fortune, 'in a laborious and anxious purſuit of a ſpecies 'of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art or 'expedient, can ſecure or promote. You are 'now fretting away your life in repentance of 'an act, againſt which repentance can give no 'caution, but to avoid the occaſion of committing it. Rouſe from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could 'ſcarcely have enjoyed, becauſe they could 'confer no conſciouſneſs of deſert; return to 'rational and manly induſtry, and conſider the 'meer gift of luck as below the care of a wiſe 'man.'

No. CLXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1751.

——Dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri.

JUVENAL.

The luſt of wealth can never bear delay.

IT has been obſerved in a late paper, that we are unreaſonably deſirous to ſeparate the goods of life from thoſe evils which Providence has connected with them, and to catch at ad-

vantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wiſhes to be rich, but very few have the powers neceſſary to raiſe a ſudden fortune, either by new diſcoveries, or by ſuperiority of ſkill, in any neceſſary employment; and among lower underſtandings, many want the firmneſs and induſtry requiſite to regular gain and gradual acquiſitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than thoſe of labour, and more generally practicable than thoſe of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingneſs to ſnatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the mind, is ſeldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waſte life in perpetual deluſion, and generally ends in wretchedneſs and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and viſionary proſperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchaſers of tickets; there are multitudes whoſe life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happineſs, and how often ſoever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the moſt reſolute and ardent of the votaries of chance may be numbered the mortals whoſe hope is to raiſe themſelves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their induſtry on the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and ſleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the moſt indefatigable of this claſs, is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known for thirty years without ſome matrimonial project of advantage. Leviculus was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his perſon, the ſprightlineſs of his prattle, and the neatneſs of his dreſs, ſo much enamoured his maſter's ſecond daughter, a girl of ſixteen, that ſhe declared her reſolution to have no other huſband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulneſs, conſented to the match, not much to the ſatisfaction of Leviculus, who was ſufficiently elated with his conqueſt to think himſelf entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, ſoon rid of his perplexity, for his miſtreſs died before their marriage.

He was now ſo well ſatisfied with his own accompliſhments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when his apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or aſſociating himſelf with thoſe who were moſt eminent for their knowledge of the ſtocks, he at once threw off the ſolemnity of the counting-houſe, equipped himſelf with a modiſh wig, liſtened to wits in coffee-houſes, paſſed his evenings behind the ſcenes in the theatres, learned the names of the beauties of quality, hummed the laſt ſtanzas of faſhionable ſongs, talked with familiarity of high play, boaſted of his atchievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularity of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a ſhrewd jeſt at a ſober citizen.

Thus furniſhed with irreſiſtible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the firſt warmth of ſelf approbation, propoſed no leſs than the poſſeſſion of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter of a wealthy ſhopkeeper, who not being accuſtomed to amorous blandiſhments, or reſpectful addreſſes, was delighted with the novelty of love, and eaſily ſuffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where ſhe viſited. Leviculus did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandeſtine marriage, would ſoon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his ſon-in law, and was in haſte to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At laſt ſhe fell in love with a young enſign at a ball; and, having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a ſmall eſtate in the country, where, after his uſual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himſelf, for whoſe favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with ſuch jealous officiouſneſs, as ſcarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheleſs, diſcovered his paſſion in a letter, and Altilia could not withſtand the

pleaſure of hearing vows and ſighs, and flatteries and proteſtations. She admitted his viſits, enjoyed, for five years, the happineſs of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amuſed herſelf with the various ſtratagems which were practiſed to diſengage her affections. Sometimes ſhe was adviſed with great earneſtneſs to travel for her health, and ſometimes intreated to keep her brother's houſe. Many ſtories were ſpread to the diſadvantage of Leviculus, by which ſhe commonly ſeemed affected for a time, but took care ſoon afterwards to expreſs her conviction of their falſehood. But being at laſt ſatiated with this ludicrous tyranny, ſhe told her lover, when he preſſed for the reward of his ſervices, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his merit, but was reſolved not to impoveriſh an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and ſoon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy, and therefore Leviculus, who had ſcarcely confidence to ſolicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himſelf diſtinguiſhed by her with ſuch marks of preference as a woman of modeſty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without reſentment, in time permitted him to hope for happineſs, and at laſt fixed the nuptial day, without any diſtruſtful reſerve of pin-money, or ſordid ſtipulations for jointure, and ſettlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the ſtairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had ſecured in his ſervice. She ſoon burſt into his room, and told him that ſhe could not ſuffer him to be longer deceived; that her miſtreſs was now ſpending the laſt payment of her fortune, and was only ſupported in her expence by the credit of his eſtate. Leviculus ſhuddered to ſee himſelf ſo near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his eſcape to the reſentment of the maid, who, having aſſiſted Latronia to gain the conqueſt, quarrelled with her at laſt about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeleſs and diſconſolate, till one Sunday he ſaw a lady in the Mall, whom her dreſs declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad reſplendence of her countenance, he gueſſed to have lately buried ſome proſperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no leſs than the relict of Prune the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his eſtates real and perſonal. No formality was neceſſary in addreſſing Madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; ſhe then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, aſked if he knew to whom he was talking, then ſhewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confuſed. Leviculus diſcovered that this coarſeneſs was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He ſoon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many ſage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in deteſtation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He ſometimes preſumed to mention marriage; but was always anſwered with a ſlap, a hoot, and a flounce. At laſt he began to preſs her cloſer, and thought himſelf more favourably received; but going one morning, with a reſolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring ſhop, of whom ſhe had become enamoured at her window.

In theſe, and a thouſand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus ſpent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and diſappointment. He begins at laſt to find that ſucceſs is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurniſhed with any arts that might amuſe his leiſure, is condemned to wear out a taſteleſs life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

No. CLXXXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1751.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erat.

LUCAN.

No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.

THE hoſtility perpetually exerciſed between one man and another, is cauſed by the deſire of many for that which only few can poſſeſs. Every man would be rich, powerful and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obſcurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This univerſal and inceſſant competition produces injury and malice by two motives, intereſt and envy; the proſpect of adding to our poſſeſſions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the ſenſe of our diſparity by leſſening others, though we gain nothing to ourſelves.

Of theſe two malignant and deſtructive powers, it ſeems probable at the firſt view, that intereſt has the ſtrongeſt and moſt extenſive influence. It is eaſy to conceive that opportunities to ſeize what has been long wanted, may excite deſires almoſt irreſiſtible; but ſurely the ſame eagerneſs cannot be kindled by an accidental power of deſtroying that which gives happineſs to another. It muſt be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for miſchief.

Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by intereſt, and that moſt of the miſery which the defamation of blameleſs actions, or the obſtruction of honeſt endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propoſe no advantage to themſelves but the ſatisfaction of poiſoning the banquet which they cannot taſte, and blaſting the harveſt which they have no right to reap.

Intereſt can diffuſe itſelf but to a narrow compaſs. The number is never large of thoſe who can hope to fill the poſts of degraded power, catch the fragments of ſhattered fortune, or ſucceed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires, to its influence, very little help from external circumſtances. Envy may always be produced by idleneſs and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Intereſt requires ſome qualities not univerſally beſtowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not diſcernment to mark his advantage, courage to ſeize, and activity to purſue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quieſcent ſtate, amidſt the gloom of ſtupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of intereſt, is torn by hungry tigers; he may diſcover and reſiſt his enemies. He that periſhes in the ambuſhes of envy, is deſtroyed by unknown and inviſible aſſailants, and dies like a man ſuffocated by a poiſonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or poſſibility of conteſt.

Intereſt is ſeldom purſued but at ſome hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly ſomething to loſe, and when he ventures to attack ſuperiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably cruſhed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To ſpread ſuſpicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate ſcandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is eaſy for the author of a lie, however malignant, to eſcape detection, and infamy needs very little induſtry to aſſiſt its circulation.

Envy is almoſt the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only paſſion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: its effects therefore are every where diſcoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impoſſible to mention a name which any advantageous diſtinction has made eminent, but ſome latent animoſity will burſt out. The wealthy trader, however he may abſtract himſelf from public affairs, will never want thoſe who hint, with Shylock, that ſhips are but boards. The beauty, adorned only with the

unambitious graces of innocence and modeſty, provokes, whenever ſhe appears, a thouſand murmurs of detraction. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain or inſtruct, yet ſuffers perſecution from innumerable criticks, whoſe acrimony is excited merely by the pain of ſeeing others pleaſed, and of hearing applauſes which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it ſo familiar, that it eſcapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himſelf purſued by multitudes whom he never ſaw, with all the implacability of perſonal reſentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let looſe upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every ſtratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, expoſed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor thoſe artifices at which he only laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be preferred. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that the ſufferer is often marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity, but only that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns him, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being.

No. CLXXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1751.

Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.

JUV.

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want. DRYDEN.

AS every ſcheme of life, ſo every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniences, though not mingled in the ſame proportions. The writer of eſſays eſcapes many embarraſſments to which a large work would have expoſed him; he ſeldom haraſſes his reaſon with long trains of conſequences, dims his eyes with the peruſal of antiquated volumes, or burthens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careleſs glance upon a favourite author, or tranſient ſurvey of the varieties of life, is ſufficient to ſupply the firſt hint or ſeminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter ſtored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy eaſily expanded into flowers, and ſometimes ripened into fruit.

The moſt frequent difficulty by which the authors of theſe petty compoſitions are diſtreſſed, ariſes from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a ſyſtem of ſcience lays his invention at reſt, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with leaſt fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are eſtabliſhed, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and epiſodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the ſtory grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irkſomeneſs of his taſk rather increaſed than leſſened by every production. The day calls afreſh upon him for a new topick, and he is again obliged to chooſe, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is ſeldom any neceſſity of looking far, or inquiring long for a proper ſubject. Every diverſity of art or nature, every public bleſſing or calamity, every domeſtick pain or gratification, every ſally of caprice, blunder of abſurdity, or ſtratagem of affectation, may ſupply matter to him whoſe only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is diſtracted with boundleſs multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one deſign to another, and the hours paſs imperceptibly away, till the compoſition can be no longer delayed, and neceſſity enforces the uſe of thoſe thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and ſuſpence, applies herſelf vigorouſly to the work before her, collects embelliſhments and illuſtrations, and ſometimes finiſhes, with great elegance and happineſs, what in a ſtate of eaſe and leiſure ſhe never had begun.

It is not commonly obſerved, how much, even of actions conſidered as particularly ſubject to choice, is to be attributed to accident, or ſome cauſe out of our own power, by whatever name it be diſtinguiſhed. To cloſe tedious deliberations with haſty reſolves, and after long conſultations with reaſon to refer the queſtion to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the eſſayiſt. Let him that peruſes this paper review the ſeries of his life, and inquire how he was placed in his preſent condition. He will find, that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected; without any viſible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by cauſes acting without his intervention; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foreſight, he was mortified with new conviction of the ſhortneſs of his views.

The buſy, the ambitious, the inconſtant, and the adventurous, may be ſaid to throw themſelves by deſign into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing

themſelves; they engage in a courſe of life in which little can be aſcertained by previous meaſures; nor is it any wonder that their time is paſt between elation and deſpondency, hope and diſappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumſpection, and make no ſtep till they think themſelves ſecure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleaſure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuſe to climb leſt they ſhould fall, or to run leſt they ſhould ſtumble, and move ſlowly forward without any compliance with thoſe paſſions by which the heady and vehement are ſeduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious claſs is far from exempting them from the dominion of chance, a ſubtle and inſidious power, who will intrude upon privacy and embarraſs caution. No courſe of life is ſo preſcribed and limited, but that many actions muſt reſult from arbitrary election. Every one muſt form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he muſt reſolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exerciſe private or public virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit of mankind, or contract his beneficence to his family and dependants.

This queſtion has long exerciſed the ſchools of philoſophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either ſide, ſhould determine his own deſtiny otherwiſe than by chance?

When chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of ſuperior deſert, chance muſt again direct him in the education of his children; for who was ever to convince himſelf by arguments, that he had choſen for his ſon that mode of inſtruction to which his underſtanding was beſt adapted, or by which he would moſt eaſily be made wiſe or virtuous?

Whoever ſhall inquire by what motives he was determined on theſe important occaſions, will find them ſuch as his pride will ſcarcely ſuffer him to confeſs; ſome ſudden ardour of deſire, ſome uncertain glimpſe of advantage, ſome petty competition, ſome inaccurate concluſion, or ſome example implicitly reverenced. Such are often the firſt cauſes of our reſolves; for it is neceſſary to act, but impoſſible to know the conſequences of action, or to diſcuſs all the reaſons which offer themſelves on every part to inquiſitiveneſs and ſolicitude.

Since life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis can boaſt much ſtability. Yet this is but a ſmall part of our perplexity. We ſet out on a tempeſtuous ſea in queſt of ſome port, where we expect to find reſt, but where we are not ſure of admiſſion; we are not only in danger of ſinking in the way, but of being miſled by meteors miſtaken for ſtars, of being driven from our courſe by the changes of the wind, and of loſing it by unſkilful ſteerage; yet it ſometimes happens, that croſs winds blow us to a ſafer coaſt, that meteors draw us aſide from whirlpools, and that negligence or error contributes to our eſcape from miſchiefs to which a direct courſe would have expoſed us. Of thoſe that by precipitate concluſions involve themſelves in calamities without guilt, very few, however they may reproach themſelves, can be certain that other meaſures would have been more ſucceſsful.

In this ſtate of univerſal uncertainty, where a thouſand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he purſues is not evil in diſguiſe, or whether the next ſtep will lead him to ſafety or deſtruction, nothing can afford any rational tranquillity, but the conviction that, however we amuſe ourſelves with unideal ſounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the univerſe is under the perpetual ſuperintendence of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodneſs, by whom what appears caſual to us is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himſelf from the Divine favour.

No. CLXXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipſa,
Nempe hoc indocti.————
Chryſippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique ſenex vicinus hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ ſæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accuſatori nollet dare.————quippe minuti
Semper, et infirmi eſt animi, exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

JUV.

But O! revenge is ſweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage.
Not ſo mild Thales nor Chryſippus thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the poiſ'nous draught
With mind ſerene; and could not wiſh to ſee
His vile accuſer drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which ſtill we find
The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind.

DRYDEN.

NO vicious diſpoſitions of the mind more obſtinately reſiſt both the counſels of philoſophy and the injunctions of religion, than thoſe which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot diſmiſs without leaving in the hands of oppoſition ſome advantage iniquitouſly obtained, or ſuffering from our own prejudices ſome imputation of puſillanimity.

For this reaſon ſcarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly tranſgreſſed, or more induſtriouſly evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the ſanction of eternal miſery, the gratification of the deſire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and purſue offences to extremity of vengence, leſt they ſhould be inſulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whoſe birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For, what would ſo ſoon deſtroy all the order of ſociety, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permiſſion to every one to judge his own cauſe, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the ſtricteſt juſtice not to favour himſelf too much, in the calmeſt moments of ſolitary meditation. Every one wiſhes for the diſtinctions for which thouſands are wiſhing at the ſame time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reaſon operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of ſelf-love, prefer himſelf to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his paſſions are agitated by a ſenſe of wrong, and his attention wholly engroſſed by pain, intereſt, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himſelf the right of vengeance, ſhows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, ſince he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, ſome muſt at laſt be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required: the ſame haughtineſs of contempt, or vehemence of deſire, that prompts the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification; and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think himſelf entitled to retaliate. What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible that, of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long accuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty, as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recal it to the mind, and freſh remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A wiſe man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he knows the true value of time, and will not ſuffer it to paſs away in unneceſſary pain. He that willingly ſuffers the corroſions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is an union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be afflicted, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

From this pacifick and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtick tranquility and to ſocial happineſs, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary, or deſpiſed by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and 'mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments, but inſenſibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reaſon condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our reſolves, is to ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious ſlavery, and to reſign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmoſt excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a conſtant and determinate purſuit of virtue, without regard to preſent dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlaſting juſtice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perſeverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who preſume to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate their meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whoſe ſuperiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of

beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conſcience.

He that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe, at the price of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the delight of ſuch acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the univerſal Sovereign, has little reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs of his mind; whenever he awakes to ſerioufneſs and reflection, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes, and ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indiſpenſably required that he forgive. It is therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

No. CLXXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura———
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

HOR.

Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph, who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of England, pinched with the froſts of December, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Aſia, and ſport among the woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon recover his tranquillity, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenneſs of the earth and ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries, are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions

which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diverſify characters; the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the ſummer.

Yet learned curioſity is known to have found its way into theſe abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their hiſtorians, their criticks, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the ſame power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eaſtern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and the moon.

Anningait for ſome time heard the praiſes of Ajut with little emotion, but at laſt, by frequent interviews, became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear, but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer; ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

The elegance of her dreſs, and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroick and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that, 'She was beautiful 'as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme 'upon the mountains; that her fingers were 'white as the teeth of the morſe, and her ſmile 'grateful as the diſſolution of the ice; that he 'would purſue her, though ſhe ſhould paſs the 'ſnows of the midland cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter in 'the caves of the eaſtern cannibals; that he 'would tear her from the embraces of the ge-'nius of the rocks, ſnatch her from the paws 'of Amaroc, and reſcue her from the ravine 'of Hafgufa.' He concluded with a wiſh, that 'whoever ſhall attempt to hinder his uni-'on with Ajut, might be buried without his 'bow, and that in the land of ſouls his ſkull 'might ſerve for no other uſe than to catch the 'droppings of the ſtarry lamps.'

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes, and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before Anningait had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated Ajut, that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. 'O virgin, beautiful as the 'ſun ſhining on the water, conſider,' ſaid Anningait, 'what thou haſt required. How 'eaſily may my return be precluded by a ſud-'den froſt or unexpected fogs; then muſt the 'night be paſt without my Ajut. We live not, 'my fair, in thoſe fabled countries, which ly-'ing ſtrangers ſo wantonly deſcribe; where the 'whole year is divided into ſhort days and 'nights; where the ſame habitation ſerves for

'ſummer and winter; where they raiſe houſes 'in rows above the ground, dwell together 'from year to year, with flocks of tame ani- 'mals grazing in the fields about them; can 'travel at any time from one place to another, 'through ways incloſed with trees, or over walls 'raiſed upon the inland waters; and direct 'their courſe through wide countries by the 'ſight of green hills or ſcattered buildings. 'Even in ſummer, we have no means of croſſ- 'ing the mountains, whoſe ſnows are never diſ- 'ſolved; nor can remove to any diſtant reſi- 'dence, but in our boats coaſting the bays. 'Conſider, Ajut; a few ſummer-days, and a 'few winter-nights, and the life of man is at 'an end. Night is the time of eaſe and feſti- 'vity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be 'the flaming lamp, the delicious ſeal, or the 'ſoft oil, without the ſmile of Ajut!'

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

No. CLXXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1751.

Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores,
Non ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nives hiemis ſubeamus aquoſæ,——
Omnia vincit amor.

VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliſs of temperate ſkies forego,
And in mid winter tread Sithonian ſnow:——
Love conquers all.—— DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of Ajut, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect; and therefore preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea-unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, and then returning to her hut, ſilent and dejected, laid aſide, from that hour, her white deer ſkin, ſuffered her hair to ſpread unbraided on her ſhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moſs for the winter lamps, and dried graſs to line the boots of Anningait. Of the ſkins which he had beſtowed upon her, ſhe made a fiſhing coat, a ſmall boat, and tent, all of exquiſite manufacture; and while ſhe was thus buſied, ſolaced her labours with a ſong, in which ſhe prayed, 'that her lover might have hands ſtronger than 'the paws of the bear, and feet ſwifter than 'the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, 'and that his boat might never leak; that he 'might never ſtumble on the ice, nor faint in 'the water; that the ſeal might ruſh on his 'harpoon, and the wounded whale might daſh 'the waves in vain.'

The large boats in which the Greenlanders tranſport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debaſe himſelf by work which requires neither ſkill nor courage. Anningait was therefore expoſed by idleneſs to the ravages of paſſion. He went thrice to the ſtern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and ſwim back to his miſtreſs; but recollecting the miſery which they muſt endure

in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or ſkins for the bed, he reſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. 'O life,' ſays he, 'frail and uncertain! where ſhall wretched man find thy reſemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it ſparkles from afar, while the ſtorms drive and the waters beat it, the ſun melts it above, and the rocks ſhatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleaſure! but a ſudden blaze ſtreaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vaniſhes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have loſt all power of reſiſtance and eſcape? Till I fixed my eyes on Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careleſs as the ſleeping morſe, I was merry as the ſingers in the ſtars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the ſmile of virginity. I will chaſe the deer, I will ſubdue the whale, reſiſtleſs as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as the ſummer ſun. In a few weeks I ſhall return proſperous and wealthy; then ſhall the roefiſh and the porpoiſe feaſt thy kindred; the fox and hare ſhall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the ſeal ſhall ſhelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling.'

Anningait having with theſe ſentiments conſolod his grief, and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened, as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of Norngſuk, on his return from hunting. Norngſuk was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father the moſt expert fiſher of Greenland, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that Ajut would conſult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle obtained a promiſe, that when Ajut ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. Ajut, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and Norngſuk depending upon his artifice, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the preſents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngſuk. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy

laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore.

Ajut, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at laſt they retired to reſt, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fiſhing-boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe who wondered at her raſhneſs, that ſhe was going in ſearch of Anningait, rowed away with great ſwiftneſs, and was ſeen no more.

The fate of theſe lovers gave occaſion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into ſtars; others imagine, that Anningait was ſeized in his paſſage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and ſtill continues to ſeek her lover in the deſerts of the ſea. But the general perſuaſion is, that they are both in that part of the land of ſouls where the ſun never ſets, where oil is always freſh, and proviſions are always warm. The virgins ſometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapleſs maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praiſe any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

No. CLXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1752.

——Si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.

MART.

The more I honour thee, the leſs I love.

NONE of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blameable than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live, otherwiſe than in an hermitage, without hourly pleaſure or vexation, from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy, or inſpirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation, holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I queſtion whether ſome abatement of character is not neceſſary to general acceptance. Few ſpend their time with much ſatisfaction under the eye of unconteſtable ſuperiority; and therefore, among thoſe whoſe preſence is courted at aſſemblies of jollity, there are ſeldom found men eminently diſtinguiſhed for powers or acquiſitions. The wit whoſe vivacity condemns ſlower tongues to ſilence, the ſcholar whoſe knowledge allows no man to fancy that he inſtructs him, the critick who ſuffers no fallacy to paſs undetected, and the reaſoner who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praiſed and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of

the company. Merriment, extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the Latins call the Sardinian Laughter, a diſtortion of the face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon, no ſtyle of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to contemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character; ſome deſire to advance or oppoſe a riſing name. Vanity often co-operates with curioſity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himſelf to become a ſpeaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a ſeries of argument, or tranſport the volatile ſpirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himſelf able to treaſure up the various incidents of a ſtory, and pleaſes his hopes with the information which he ſhall give to ſome inferior ſociety.

Narratives are for the moſt part heard without envy, becauſe they are not ſuppoſed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another; and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance ſo little difficulty, that every one concludes himſelf equal to the taſk.

But it is not eaſy, and in ſome ſituations of life not poſſible, to accumulate ſuch a ſtock of materials as may ſupport the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themſelves, pleaſe only at the firſt interview; and, for want of new ſupplies of intelligence, wear out their ſtories by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praiſe of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but ſuch is the kindneſs of mankind to all, except thoſe who aſpire to real merit and rational dignity, that every underſtanding may find ſome way to excite benevolence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleaſed, but are ot willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiouſneſs that ſolicits our regard, but oppoſe the worth or ſpirit that enforces it.

The firſt place among thoſe that pleaſe, becauſe they deſire only to pleaſe, is due to the *merry fellow* whoſe laugh is loud, and whoſe voice is ſtrong; who is ready to echo every jeſt with obſtreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applauſe. It is not neceſſary to a merry fellow to have in himſelf any fund of jocularity, or force of conception; it is ſufficient that he always appears in the higheſt exaltation of gladneſs, for the greater part of mankind are gay or ſerious by infection, and follow without reſiſtance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than ſuch as indolence and inſenſibility confer. The characteriſtick of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to ſit unmoved and unaffected amidſt noiſe and turbulence, profaneneſs and obſcenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure inſult without reply; and to follow the ſtream of folly, whatever courſe it ſhall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exerciſe themſelves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor diſconcerts a puny ſatiriſt with unexpected ſarcaſms; but while the glaſs continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expence of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modeſt man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whoſe only power of giving pleaſure is not to interrupt it. The modeſt man ſatisfies himſelf with peaceful ſilence, which all his companions are candid enough to conſider as proceeding not from inability to ſpeak, but willingneſs to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have ſome ſingle art of entertainment which ſerves them as a paſſport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, becauſe every night, preciſely at eleven, he begins his favourite ſong, and during the vocal performance, by correſponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himſelf to a long ſuc-

ceſſion of acquaintances by ſitting among them with his wig reverſed; another by contriving to ſmut the noſe of any ſtranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then pretending to be frighted; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulneſs is promoted, and ſometimes friendſhip eſtabliſhed; arts, which thoſe who deſpiſe them ſhould not rigorouſly blame, except when they are practiſed at the expence of innocence; for it is always neceſſary to be loved, but not always neceſſary to be reverenced.

No. CLXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande ſophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, coena diſerta tua eſt.

MART.

Reſounding plaudits tho' the crowd have rung,
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue.

F. LEWIS.

THE world ſcarcely affords opportunities of making any obſervation more frequently, than on falſe claims to commendation. Almoſt every man waſtes part of his life in attempts to diſplay qualities which he does not poſſeſs, and to gain applauſe which he cannot keep; ſo that ſcarcely can two perſons caſually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the oſtentation of the other.

Of theſe pretenders it is fit to diſtinguiſh thoſe who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; thoſe who by deſigned impoſtures promote their intereſt, or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themſelves qualified to inſtruct or pleaſe, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent uſurpers of diſtinction deſerve greater ſeverities than ridicule and contempt, ſince they are ſeldom content with empty praiſe, but are inſtigated by paſſions more pernicious than vanity. They conſider the reputation which they endeavour to eſtabliſh as neceſſary to the accompliſhment of ſome ſubſequent deſign, and value praiſe only as it may conduce to the ſucceſs of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confuſion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that aſſumed the ſplendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the ſtock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky caſualties could enable them to pay; till after having ſupported their appearance a while by tumultuous magnificence of boundleſs traffick, they ſink at once, and drag down into poverty thoſe whom their equipages had induced to truſt them.

Among wretches that place their happineſs in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large eſtates ſet above themſelves, nothing is more common than to boaſt of confidence which they do not enjoy; to ſell promiſes which they know their intereſt unable to perform; and to reimburſe the tribute which they pay to an imperious maſter, from the contributions of meaner dependents, whom they can amuſe with tales of their influence, and hopes of their ſolicitation.

Even among ſome, too thoughtleſs and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a ſpecies of falſehood more deteſtable than the levee or exchange can ſhew. There are men that boaſt of debaucheries, of which they never had addreſs to be guilty; ruin, by lewd tales, the characters of women to whom they are ſcarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; deſtroy in a drunken frolick the happineſs of families; blaſt the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

Other artifices of falſehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it neceſſary to incite ſanguinary juſtice againſt them, ſince they may be adequately puniſhed by

detection and laughter. The traveller who deſcribes cities which he has never ſeen; the ſquire who, at his return from London, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed, in the park, or coffee-houſe; the author who entertains his admirers with ſtories of the aſſiſtance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who talks of her viſits at great houſes, where ſhe happens to know the cookmaid; are ſurely ſuch harmleſs animals as truth herſelf may be content to deſpiſe without deſiring to hurt them.

But of the multitudes who ſtruggle in vain for diſtinction, and diſplay their own merits only to feel more acutely the ſting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by infatuation and credulity, to that ſcorn with which the univerſal love of praiſe incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

Few men ſurvey themſelves with ſo much ſeverity, as not to admit prejudices in their own favour, which an artful flatterer may gradually ſtrengthen, till wiſhes for a particular qualification are improved to hopes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to belief of poſſeſſion. Such flatterers every one will find, who has power to reward their aſſiduities. Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependance and expectation; and wherever there is dependance, there will be an emulation of ſervility.

Many of the follies which provoke general cenſure, are the effects of ſuch vanity, as however it might have wantoned in the imagination, would ſcarcely have dared the public eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourſelves, ſcarcely any one fails to ſuſpect his own imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. We are almoſt all naturally modeſt and timorous; but fear and ſhame are uneaſy ſenſations, and whoſoever helps to remove them is received with kindneſs.

Turpicula was the heireſs of a large eſtate, and having loſt her mother in her infancy, was committed to a governeſs whom misfortunes had reduced to ſuppleneſs and humility. The fondneſs of Turpicula's father would not ſuffer him to truſt her at a public ſchool, but he hired domeſtick teachers, and beſtowed on her all the accompliſhments that wealth could purchaſe. But how many things are neceſſary to happineſs which money cannot obtain? Thus ſecluded from all with whom ſhe might converſe on terms of equality, ſhe heard none of thoſe intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger, produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula ſaw nothing but obſequiouſneſs, and heard nothing but commendations. None are ſo little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that woman's firſt wiſh is to be handſome, and that conſequently the readieſt method of obtaining her kindneſs is to praiſe her beauty. Turpicula had a diſtorted ſhape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the ſoft enchantment of her ſmile, ſhe was eaſily convinced, that ſhe was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an underſtanding which might have ſupplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her perſon; for ſhe conſidered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the reſt of human beings, in haſte to be admired. The deſire of conqueſt naturally led her to the liſts in which beauty ſignalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front box; but, after a thouſand experiments of her charms, was at laſt convinced that ſhe had been flattered, and that her glaſs was honeſter than her maid.

No. CXC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1752.

Ploravere ſuis, non reſpondere favorem
Quæſitum meritis.

HOR.

Henry and Alfred———
Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind.

POPE.

AMONG the emirs and viſiers, the ſons of valour and of wiſdom, that ſtand at the corners of the Indian throne, to aſſiſt the counſels or conduct the wars of the poſterity of Timur, the firſt place was long held by Morad the ſon of Hanuth. Morad having ſignalized himſelf in many battles and ſieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wiſdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of thoſe whom his adminiſtration made happy. The emperor called him into his preſence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the ſabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faultered in his preſence, and every eye was caſt down before him.

Morad lived many years in proſperity; every day increaſed his wealth, and extended his influence. The ſages repeated his maxims, the captains of thouſands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and diſcontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures; and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate.

Morad had been ſo long accuſtomed to crowds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force on his eye a new day for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſert, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him. He refuſed phyſick, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to die than deſirous to live. His domeſticks, for a time, redoubled their aſſiduities; but finding that no officiouſneſs could ſooth, nor exactneſs ſatisfy, they ſoon gave way to negligence and ſloth, and he that once commanded nations often languiſhed in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy ſtate, he commanded meſſengers to recal his eldeſt ſon Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's ſickneſs, and haſted by long journies to his place of reſidence. Morad was yet living, and felt his ſtrength return at the embraces of his ſon; then, commanding him to ſit down at his bedſide—'Abouzaid,' ſays he, 'thy father has no more to hope or fear 'from the inhabitants of the earth, the cold 'hand of the angel of death is now upon him, 'and the voracious grave is howling for his 'prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient 'experience, let not my laſt inſtructions iſſue 'forth in vain. Thou haſt ſeen me happy and 'calamitous, thou haſt beheld my exaltation 'and my fall. My power is in the hands of

'my enemies, my treaſures have rewarded my 'accuſers; but my inheritance the clemency 'of the emperor has ſpared, and my wiſdom 'his anger could not take away. Caſt thine 'eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdeſt 'will, in a few hours, be thine; apply thine 'ear to my dictates, and theſe poſſeſſions will 'promote thy happineſs. Aſpire not to public 'honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy 'wealth will ſet thee above inſult, let thy mo-'deration keep thee below envy. Content 'thyſelf with private dignity, diffuſe thy 'riches among thy friends, let every day ex-'tend thy beneficence, and ſuffer not thy heart 'to be at reſt till thou art loved by all to whom 'thou art known. In the height of my power, 'I ſaid to defamation—"Who will hear thee?" "and to artifice—"What canſt thou per-"form?" But, my ſon, deſpiſe not thou the 'malice of the weakeſt; remember that venom 'ſupplies the want of ſtrength, and that the 'lion may periſh by the puncture of an aſp.'

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſi-dered that domeſtick happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augment-ed the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſu-pernumerary gratuities. While he congratu-lated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being purſued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his ſer-vants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed, that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a depend-ant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiari-ty ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of ſentiments; and Abouzaid was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip, now refuſed to ac-cept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, eve-ry one preſſed forward to intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the crowd, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with de-licacies in vain; the muſick ſounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in ſoli-tude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

Reſolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crowded with poets, ſculptors, painters, and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs, and diſmiſſed them; and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the ſons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who ſtood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. 'Hamet,' ſaid he, 'thy ingratitude has put 'an end to my hopes and experiments: I have 'now learned the vanity of thoſe labours that 'wiſh to be rewarded by human benevolence; I 'ſhall henceforth do good, and avoid evil, 'without reſpect to the opinion of men; and 'reſolve to ſolicit only the approbation of that 'Being whom alone we are ſure to pleaſe by 'endeavouring to pleaſe him.'

No. CXCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.
HOR.

The youth——
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares.
FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

I Have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman;—she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents; then she will be drest, and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear Sir, I do not wish, nor intend to moderate my desires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves, and read about *absence* and *inconsoleableness*, and *ardour*, and *irresistible passion*, and *eternal constancy*, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often cried out when she saw me look confused—'If there 'is any word that you do not understand, 'child, I will explain it.'

Dear soul! how old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon! But it is fit that they should take their turn, for I am sure, while they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, they tyrannize over us in a very shameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that we can never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are still generally admired by those that value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not some hope of meeting me, scarcely a creature would come near them that wears a fashionable coat. These ladies, Mr. Rambler, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by such representations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is possible the world may be much changed since they mingled in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should love books, they told me, that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense; or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who suffered him that had once squeezed her

hand, to approach her a ſecond time, was on the brink of ruin; and that ſhe who anſwered a billet, without conſulting her relations, gave love ſuch power over her, that ſhe would certainly either become poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading ſtrings were taken off, I ſcarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never ſaid more, when ſhe heard me commended, but —'The girl is very well,' and then endeavoured to divert my attention by ſome enquiry after my needle, or my books.

It is now three months ſince I have been ſuffered to pay and receive viſits, to dance at public aſſemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at Lady Racket's rout; and you may eaſily imagine what I think of thoſe who have ſo long cheated me with falſe expectations, diſturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happineſs of woman.

I am ſo far from perceiving the uſefulneſs or neceſſity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretenſions to learning, I ſhould have loſt Mr. Trip, whom I once frighted into another box, by retailing ſome of Dryden's remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. Trip declares, that he hates nothing like hard words, and I am ſure, there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wiſe for them, who for their part never pretended to read any thing but the play bill, and then aſked me the price of my beſt head.

Thoſe vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for, conſider, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot riſe early; as ſoon as I am up, I dreſs for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to ſome ſale or ſhow, or entertainment at the little theatre; then muſt be dreſſed for dinner; then muſt pay my viſits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general courſe of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but ſometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; ſometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have ſo many orders to give to the milliner, ſo many alterations to make in my clothes, ſo many viſitants names to read over, ſo many invitations to accept or refuſe, ſo many cards to write, and ſo many faſhions to conſider, that I am loſt in confuſion, forced at laſt to let in company or ſtep into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when ſhall I either ſtop my courſe, or ſo change it as to want a book? I ſuppoſe it cannot be imagined, that any of theſe diverſions will ſoon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and ſhows, and playhouſes, and cards; viſits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am moſt at a loſs to gueſs for what purpoſe they related ſuch tragick ſtories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were ſo malicious and deſtructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, ſince my entrance into the world, found one who does not profeſs himſelf devoted to my ſervice, and ready to live or die, as I ſhall command him. They are ſo far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who ſhall be allowed moſt cloſely to attend, and moſt frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment, or ſchemes of pleaſure are mentioned, I can ſee the eye ſparkle and the cheeks glow of him whoſe propoſals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condeſcenſion, and congratulates himſelf that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are theſe, Mr. Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by thoſe who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my preſence?

As little reaſon can I yet find to ſuſpect them of ſtratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my miſtakes, nor exact from me a rigorous obſervation of the game. Even Mr. Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myſelf, plays with me ſo negligently, that I am ſometimes inclined to believe he loſes his money by deſign, and yet he is ſo fond of play, that he ſays, he will one day take me to his houſe in the

country, that we may try by ourſelves who can conquer. I have not yet promiſed him; but when the town grows a little empty, I ſhall think upon it, for I want ſome trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but muſt ſtudy ſome means of amuſing my relations.

For all theſe diſtinctions I find myſelf indebted to that beauty which I was never ſuffered to hear praiſed, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindneſs can eſcape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know ſo well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue ſome appearances of reſpect, I cannot think that they, who have been ſo clearly detected in ignorance or impoſture, have any right to the eſteem, veneration, or obedience of, Sir, yours.

BELLARIA.

No. CXCII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1752.

Γένος ὐδὲν εἰς ἔρωΐα,
Σοφίη, τρόπος παλεῖται·
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπωσιν.
Απόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας,
Διὰ τοῦτον ἐν ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τῶ τον ὁ τοκῆες
Πόλεμοι, φάνοι δὲ αὐτον,
Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ολλύμεσθα
Διὰ τοῦ τον οἱ φιλοῦντες.

ANACREON.

Vain the nobleſt birth would prove,
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone ſucceeds—by gold
The venal ſex is bought and ſold.
Accurs'd be he who firſt of yore
Diſcover'd the pernicious ore!
This ſets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the ſon againſt the ſire;
And what, alas! is worſe than all,
To this the lover owes his fall.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am the ſon of a gentleman, whoſe anceſtors, for many ages, held the firſt rank in the county; till at laſt one of them, too deſirous of popularity, ſet his houſe open, kept a table covered with continual profuſion, and diſtributed his beef and ale to ſuch as choſe rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour, with ſuch thoughtleſs liberality, that he left a third part of his eſtate mortgaged. His ſucceſſor, a man of ſpirit, ſcorned to impair his dignity by parſimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a ſale of his lands, any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the intereſt of the former, and pleaſed himſelf with the reflection, that his ſon would have the hereditary eſtate without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly reſembling this was the practice of my wiſe progenitors for many ages. Every man boaſted the antiquity of his family, reſolved to ſupport the dignity of his birth, and lived in ſplendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, ſometimes by a wealthy marriage, and ſometimes by lucky legacies, diſcharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himſelf intitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the ſame inheritance of embarraſſment and diſtreſs.

Thus the eſtate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed by

another, the fiſhery let to farmers by a third; at laſt the old hall was pulled down to ſpare the coſt of reparation, and part of the materials ſold to build a ſmall houſe with the reſt. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with leſs reluctance to ſerve an apprenticeſhip, though we never reconciled ourſelves heartily to the ſound of haberdaſher, but always talked of warehouſes and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to ſympathize with the ſolicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true retailer's terror of adventure, and never expoſed himſelf or his property to any wider water than the Thames.

In time, however, by continual profit and ſmall expences, he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the family over his parlour-chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; reſented the petulance of upſtarts; told ſtories of Alderman Puff's grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wiſhed for ſome dreſs peculiar to men of faſhion; and when his ſervant preſented a letter, always enquired whether it came from his brother the eſquire.

My father was careful to ſend him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often coſt more than the value, was well received, becauſe it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, deſcribing the beauty of his brother's ſeat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonſtrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a ſhop-book.

The little preſents which we ſent were always returned with great munificence. He was deſirous of being the ſecond founder of his family, and could not bear that we ſhould be any longer outſhone by thoſe whom we conſidered as climbers upon our ruins, and uſurpers of our fortune. He furniſhed our houſe with all the elegance of faſhionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties, leſt the poverty of his family ſhould be ſuſpected.

At length it happened that, by miſconduct like our own, a large eſtate, which had been purchaſed from us, was again expoſed to the beſt bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinſtating the family in their poſſeſſions, came down with treaſures, ſcarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large ſums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took poſſeſſion. He now conſidered himſelf as ſuperior to trade, diſpoſed of his ſtock, and as ſoon as he had ſettled his economy, began to ſhew his rural ſovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and ſeizing the guns or nets of thoſe whoſe fortunes did not qualify them for ſportſmen. He ſoon afterwards ſolicited the office of ſheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but which he regarded as a reſumption of anceſtral claims, and a kind of reſtoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whoſe mind was ſo filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domeſtick entertainment, declared himſelf too old to marry, and reſolved to let the newly-purchaſed eſtate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore conſidered as heir apparent, and courted with officiouſneſs and careſſes, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuſe, depreſſed me with ſtudied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous inſults.

I felt not much pleaſure from the civilities for which I knew myſelf indebted to my uncle's induſtry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to ſpend a week with Lucius, whoſe daughter Flavilla I had often ſeen and admired like others, without any thoughts of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a diſtance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of reſpect; Lucius told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite daughter, many odd accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I ſoon began to find that they were ſpreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all ſoftneſs and complaiſance. I, who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of ſo fine a lady, was eaſily enamoured. Lucius either perceived my paſſion, or Flavilla betrayed it; care was taken, that our private meet-

ings ſhould be leſs frequent, and my charmer confeſſed by her eyes how much pain ſhe ſuffered from our reſtraint. I renewed my viſit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witneſs; at laſt I declared my paſſion to Lucius, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his conſent, but that my uncle ſhould ſettle his eſtate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by ſuch an unreaſonable demand. Lucius ſeemed not to think decency of ſuch importance, but admitted the danger of diſpleaſing, and concluded that as he was now old and ſickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

With this reſolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of Flavilla, in which the days paſſed away amidſt continual rapture; but in time I began to be aſhamed of ſitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and propoſed to Lucius many ſchemes of raiſing my own fortune by ſuch aſſiſtance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. Lucius, afraid leſt I ſhould change my affection in abſence, diverted me from my deſign by diſſuaſives to which my paſſion eaſily liſtened. At laſt my uncle died, and conſidering himſelf as neglected by me, from the time that Flavilla took poſſeſſion of my heart, left his eſtate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating ſtories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be ſelling ſtock.

My condition was ſoon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of Flavilla. I repeated the proteſtations of regard, which had been formerly returned with ſo much ardour in a letter which ſhe received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchaſed, by the loſs of fortune, an eſcape from a harpy, who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to purſue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I ſucceed, ſhall expect to hear of the repentance of Flavilla.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

No. CXCIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1752.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR.

Or art thou vain? books yield a certain ſpell,
To ſtop thy tumour; you ſhall ceaſe to ſwell
When you have read them thrice, and ſtudied well.

CREECH.

WHATEVER is univerſally deſired, will be ſought by induſtry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and abſurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wiſdom or folly. Some will always miſtake the degree of their own deſert, and ſome will deſire that others may miſtake it. The cunning will have recourſe to ſtratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wiſhes; ſome will ſtoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praiſe is ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions. The deſire of commendation, as of every thing elſe, is varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; ſome have no higher wiſh than for the applauſe of a club; ſome expect the acclamations of a county; and ſome have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the higheſt eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever ſinks below the hope of being diſtinguiſhed by his fellow-beings; and very few have, by magnanimity or piety, been ſo raiſed above it, as to act wholly without regard to cenſure or opinion.

To be praiſed, therefore, every man reſolves; but reſolutions will not execute themſelves. That which all think too parſimoniouſly diſ-

tributed to their own claims, they will not gratuitously squander upon others, and some expedient must be tried, by which praise may be gained before it can be enjoyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for praise, some are willing to purchase at the highest rate, and offer ease and health, fortune and life. Yet even of these only a small part have gained what they so earnestly desired; the student wastes away in meditation, and the soldier perishes on the ramparts; but unless some accidental advantage co-operate with merit, neither perseverance nor adventure attract attention, and learning and bravery sink into the grave without honour or remembrance.

But ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on easier terms. It has been long observed, that what is procured by skill or labour to the first possessor, may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquisitions of courage without hazard, and all the products of industry without fatigue. It was easily discovered, that riches would obtain praise among other conveniencies, and that he whose pride was unluckily associated with laziness, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyrist, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leisure, what virtue or science he would be pleased to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with soothing serenades, or waked in the morning by sprightly gratulations.

The happiness which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, eloquence which never persuaded, or elegance which never pleased, ought not to be envied or disturbed, when they are known honestly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who withhold the wages of venality; retain their encomiast from year to year by general promises and ambiguous blandishments; and when he has run through the whole compass of flattery, dismiss him with contempt, because his vein of fiction is exhausted.

A continual feast of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themselves with single morsels, and recompense the infrequency of their enjoyment by excess and riot, whenever fortune sets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are seldom gorged to the full with praise, may be safely fed with gross compliments; for the appetite must be satisfied before it is disgusted.

It is easy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for sustenance, and all that impudence or servility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully she looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

Others there are yet more open and artless, who, instead of suborning a flatterer, are content to supply his place, and, as some animals impregnate themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. '*Recte is dicitur laudare sese, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.*—It is right,' says Erasmus, 'that he whom no one else will commend 'should bestow commendations on himself.' Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for what is greatness or happiness but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the stoicks; such is the divinity of the epicureans; and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same; he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attestation, to be elated or depressed by chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice, and propitiating malice.

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Others there are yet more open and artless, who, instead of suborning a flatterer, are content to supply his place, and, as some animals impregnate themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. '*Recte is dicitur laudare seſe, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.*—It is right,' says Erasmus, 'that he whom no one else will commend 'should bestow commendations on himself.' Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for what is greatness or happiness but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the stoicks; such is the divinity of the epicureans; and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same; he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attestation, to be elated or depressed by chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice, and propitiating malice.

This art of happiness has been long practised by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our ex-

cellencies overlooked by the world, or deſire to recall the attention of the public to ſome particular performance, we ſit down with great compoſure and write a letter to ourſelves. The correſpondent, whoſe character we aſſume, always addreſſes us with the deference due to a ſuperior intelligence; propoſes his doubts with a proper ſenſe of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at laſt has no other pretenſions to our notice than his profundity of reſpect, and ſincerity of admiration, his ſubmiſſion to our dictates, and zeal for our ſucceſs. To ſuch a reader it is impoſſible to refuſe regard, nor can it be eaſily imagined with how much alacrity we ſnatch up the pen which indignation or deſpair had condemned to inactivity, when we find ſuch candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of peruſing, in which, though ſome of the periods were negligently cloſed, and ſome expreſſions of familiarity were uſed, which I thought might teach others to addreſs me with too little reverence, I was ſo much delighted with the paſſages in which mention was made of univerſal learning—unbounded genius—ſoul of Homer, Pythagoras, and Plato—ſolidity of thought—accuracy of diſtinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy—ſtrength of reaſon—and regularity of compoſition—that I had once determined to make it public. Three times I ſent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modeſty was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to waſte panegyricks on myſelf, which might be more profitably reſerved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

No. CXCIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1752.

Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma ſritillo.

JUV.

If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice;
And ſhakes, in hanging ſleeves, the little box and dice.

J. DRYDEN, JUN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have forgotten the name of Eumathes, who ſent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young nobleman his pupil. I ſhall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very ſhort time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accompliſhed himſelf with all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute puerile politeneſs. He became in a few days a perfect maſter of his hat, which with a careleſs nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjuſt it by a ſecond motion. This was not attained but by frequent conſultations with his dancing-maſter, and conſtant practice before the glaſs, for he had ſome ruſtick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and induſtry perform? A fortnight more furniſhed him with all the airs and forms of familiar and reſpectful ſalutation, from the clap on the ſhoulder to the humble bow; he practiſes the ſtare of ſtrangeneſs, and the ſmile of condeſcenſion, the ſolemnity of promiſe, and the graciouſneſs of encouragement, as if he had been nurſed at a levee; and pronounces, with no leſs propriety than his father, the monoſyllables of coldneſs, and ſonorous periods of reſpectful profeſſion.

He immediately loſt the reſerve and timidity which ſolitude and ſtudy are apt to impreſs upon the moſt courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and addreſs thoſe whom he never ſaw before with eaſe and confidence. In leſs than a month his mother declared her ſatisfaction at

his proficiency by a triumphant obſervation, that ſhe believed *nothing would make him bluſh.*

The ſilence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praiſes, gave the lady reaſon to ſuſpect me not much delighted with his acquiſitions; but ſhe attributed my diſcontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of loſing the patronage of the family; and though ſhe thinks favourably of my learning and morals, ſhe conſiders me as wholly unacquainted with the cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge ſhe compriſes in the rules of viſiting, the hiſtory of the preſent hour, an early intelligence of the change of faſhions, an extenſive acquaintance with the names and faces of perſons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of reſort.

All this my pupil purſues with great application. He is twice a day in the Mall, where he ſtudies the dreſs of every man ſplendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without ſome obſervation upon ſleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whiſpers, ſmiles, ſighs, flirts, and bluſhes of every box, ſo much to his mother's ſatisfaction, that when I attempted to reſume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the ſentiments and diction of the tragedy, ſhe at once repreſſed my criticiſm, by telling me *that ſhe hoped he did not go to loſe his time in attending to the creatures on the ſtage.*

But his acuteneſs was moſt eminently ſignalized at the maſquerade, where he diſcovered his acquaintance through their diſguiſes, with ſuch wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhauſtible topick of converſation. Every new viſitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the ſwing of his arms, a third by the toſs of his head, and another by his favourite phraſe; nor can you doubt but theſe performances receive their juſt applauſe, and a genius thus haſtening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and ſuch his aſſiſtances, that every trace of literature was ſoon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dreſs, and inſtead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phraſe and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all thoſe whoſe birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every faſhionable barbariſm of the preſent winter, and ſpeaks a dialect not to be underſtood among thoſe who form their ſtyle by poring upon authors.

To this copiouſneſs of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined ſuch eagerneſs to lead the converſation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettieſt gentleman that the age can boaſt of, except that ſome who love to talk themſelves think him too forward, and others lament that, with ſo much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother liſtens to his obſervations with her eyes ſparkling and her heart beating, and can ſcarcely contain, in the moſt numerous aſſemblies, the expectations which ſhe has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge abſurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are ſeldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at leaſt, if not by ſtupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearleſſneſs of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehenſion, muſt have quick ſenſibility, and where he has no ſufficient reaſon to truſt his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, becauſe he perpetually dreads the diſgrace of error. The pain of miſcarriage is naturally proportionate to the deſire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent ſtruggles, the art of ſuppreſſing their emotions, diffidence is found the inſeparable aſſociate of underſtanding.

But ſo little diſtruſt has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for ſome time profeſſed himſelf a wit, and tortures his imagination on all occaſions for burleſque and jocularity. How he ſupports a character which, perhaps, no man ever aſſumed without repentance, may be eaſily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the diſcovery of ſome occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effuſion of

wit, therefore, preſuppoſes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory ſtored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compoſe new aſſemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, ſhe can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed ſometimes produce a lucky parallel or a ſtriking contraſt; but theſe gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himſelf to needleſs expences, muſt live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the reſpect which his rank ſecures, have hitherto ſupplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleaſed. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increaſe of courage, though not of ſtrength, and practiſes all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old ſtories to preſent characters; he miſtakes the queſtion, that he may return a ſmart anſwer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plauſibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the laſt words of his antagoniſt, then ſays—'Your humble ſervant,' and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

Theſe miſtakes I have honeſtly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reaſon, unſupported by faſhion, ſplendour, or authority? He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, but is ſoon reſcued from the lecture by more pleaſing avocations; and ſhows, diverſions, and careſſes, drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at laſt imagines himſelf qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his firſt ſally, which I ſhall by your paper communicate to the public. I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

No. CXCV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

——Neſcit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Su malis vetita legibus alea.

HOR.

Nor knows our youth, of nobleſt race,
To mount the manag'd ſteed, or urge the chace;
More ſkill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice. FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are ſpeedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curioſity; he that long delays a ſtory, and ſuffers his auditor to torment himſelf with expectation, will ſeldom be able to recompenſe the uneaſineſs, or equal the hope which he ſuffers to be raiſed.

For this reaſon, I have already ſent you the continuation of my pupil's hiſtory, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of uſe to young men who are in too much haſte to truſt their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to ſhift for themſelves.

When he firſt ſettled in London, he was ſo much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, ſo confounded by inceſſant noiſe, and crowds, and hurry, and ſo terrified by rural narratives of the arts of ſharpers, the rudeneſs of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to paſs the ſtreets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented, for a time, that I ſhould accompany him in all his excurſions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his ruſticity expoſed him from ſuch of his compa-

nions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to diſſemble his remaining terrors.

His deſire of liberty made him now willing to ſpare me the trouble of obſerving his motions; but knowing how much his ignorance expoſed him to miſchief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-houſe, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtleſs as himſelf, with whom he had become acquainted at card-tables, and whom he conſidered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topicks of converſation I could never diſcover; for ſo much was their vivacity depreſſed by my intruſive ſerioufneſs, that they ſeldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and ſhrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint; except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they ſeemed to diſburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the ſuperfluity of their ſprightlineſs in a peal of laughter. When they had tittered themſelves into negligence, I could ſometimes overhear a few ſyllables, ſuch as—'Solemn raſ-' cal—academical airs;—ſmoke the tutor;—' company for gentlemen!' and other broken phraſes, by which I did not ſuffer my quiet to be diſturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themſelves to murmur in ſecret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, ſhrunk into ſtillneſs.

He was, however, deſirous of withdrawing from the ſubjection which he could not venture to break, and made a ſecret appointment to aſſiſt his companions in the perſecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a catcal, on which he practiſed in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at Lady Flutter's, and haſtened to the place where his critical aſſociates had aſſembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations againſt a man whoſe name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not underſtand; for they were reſolved to judge for themſelves, and would not ſuffer the town to be impoſed upon by ſcribblers. In the pit, they exerted themſelves with great ſpirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obſcene ſongs, talked loudly at intervals of Shakeſpeare and Johnſon, played on their catcals a ſhort prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the firſt entrance of the players.

Two ſcenes they heard without attempting interruption; but being no longer able to reſtrain their impatience, they then began to exert themſelves in groans and hiſſes, and plied their catcals with inceſſant diligence; ſo that they were ſoon conſidered by the audience as diſturbers of the houſe, and ſome who ſat near them, either provoked at the obſtruction of their entertainment, or deſirous to preſerve the author from the mortification of ſeeing his hopes deſtroyed by children, ſnatched away their inſtruments of criticiſm, and by the ſeaſonable vibration of a ſtick, ſubdued them inſtantaneouſly to decency and ſilence.

To exhilarate themſelves after this vexatious defeat, they poſted to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity, and after two hours of obſtreperous jollity, burſt out big with enterprize, and panting for ſome occaſions to ſignalize their proweſs. They proceeded vigorouſly through two ſtreets, and with very little oppoſition diſperſed a rabble of drunkards leſs daring than themſelves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took ſhelter. At laſt it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demoliſh them for ſtanding on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both ſides. At laſt the aſſailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was ſo much aſhamed of his outrages and defeat, that perhaps he might have been checked in his firſt follies, had not his mother, partly in approbation of his ſpirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages privately, and diſcouraging all animadverſion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preſerve him from the remembrance of his diſgrace, nor at once reſtore his confidence and elation. He was for three days ſilent, modeſt, and compli-

ant, and thought himſelf neither too wiſe for inſtruction, nor too manly for reſtraint. But his levity overcame this ſalutary ſorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of maſquerades, taverns, and frolicks; bluſtered when his wig was not combed with exactneſs; and threatened deſtruction to a tailor who had miſtaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now riſing again above controul, and that this inflation of ſpirits would burſt out into ſome miſchievous abſurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a viſit, he withdrew himſelf, unſuſpected, while the company were engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiouſneſs were ſoon miſſed, and his return impatiently expected; ſupper was delayed, and converſation ſuſpended; every coach that rattled through the ſtreet was expected to bring him, and every ſervant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At laſt the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preſerved from fits by ſpirits and cordials. The family was diſpatched a thouſand ways without ſucceſs, and the houſe was filled with diſtraction, till, as we were deliberating what further meaſures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his ſword, ſnuff-box, ſleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loſs or robbery he gave little account; but, inſtead of ſinking into his former ſhame, endeavoured to ſupport himſelf by ſurlineſs and aſperity. 'He was not the firſt that 'had played away a few trifles, and of what 'uſe were birth and fortune if they would not 'admit ſome ſallies and expences?' His mamma was ſo much provoked by the coſt of this prank, that ſhe would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after ſome threats of ruſtication which his fondneſs would not ſuffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profuſion. This method would have ſucceeded in a place where there are no panders to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious conſequences; for we have diſcovered a treaty with a broker, whoſe daughter he ſeems diſpoſed to marry, on condition that he ſhall be ſupplied with preſent money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be loſt. A domeſtick conſultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to paſs two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that ſhe thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a French governor. I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

No. CXCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum
Multa recedentes adimunt.——

HOR.

The bleſſings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreaſing glide. FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated ſeveral opinions, which, though he thought them evident and inconteſtable at his firſt entrance into the world, time and experience diſpoſed him to change.

Whoever reviews the ſtate of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and conſiders what he purſued or dreaded, ſlighted or eſteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reaſon to imagine ſuch changes of ſentiment peculiar to any ſtation or character. Every man, however careleſs and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themſelves upon the moſt unwilling or diſſipated auditor; and, by comparing our paſt with our preſent thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot diſcover when the alteration happened, or by what cauſes it was produced.

This revolution of ſentiments occaſions a perpetual conteſt between the old and young. They who imagine themſelves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are in-

clined to treat the notions of thoſe whoſe conduct they ſuperintend with ſupercilioufneſs and contempt, for want of conſidering that the future and the paſt have different appearances; that the diſproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new poſſeſſion and ſatiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleaſure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miſeries of life would be increaſed beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the ſame opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge thoſe ideas that pleaſe us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been ſuppreſſed by frequent diſappointments. The youth has not yet diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt, than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendor conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his own fault, and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments and imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs and confidence his deſigns and expectations; becauſe long life is poſſible, he conſiders it as certain, and therefore promiſes himſelf all the changes of happineſs, and provides gratifications for every deſire. He is, for a time, to give himſelf wholly to frolick and diverſion, to range the world in ſearch of pleaſure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleaſing levities and ſolid attainments, his deep reflections, and his ſparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the ſcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreſſes to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in buſineſs, to diſſipate difficulty, and overpower oppoſition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatneſs; and reward all thoſe who countenanced his riſe, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laſt he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domeſtick pleaſures; form the manners of children like himſelf; obſerve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his ſons catch ardour from their father's hiſtory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to poſterity; and leave the world an example of wiſdom and of happineſs.

With hopes like theſe, he ſallies jocund into life; to little purpoſe is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happineſs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or diſeaſe; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applauſe; that whatever admiration and fondneſs may promiſe him, he muſt marry a wife like the wife of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children, ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore conſiders his fame as involved in

the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs; and it is this that kindles reſentment for ſlight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard. He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath, which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan ſchemes, and regulate meaſures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

No. CXCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver?

MART.

Say, to what vulture's ſhare this carcaſe falls?

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Belong to an order of mankind, conſiderable at leaſt for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though equally entitled to regard with thoſe triflers who have hitherto ſupplied you with topicks of amuſement or inſtruction. I am, Mr. Rambler, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is regiſtered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient Rome, by the ſonorous titles of Captator and Hæredipeta.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his maſter's daughter in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards diſcovered, choſen by her only becauſe ſhe had no better offer, and was afraid of ſervice. I was the firſt offſpring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generoſity, and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I ſpent at home, I never heard any reaſon for action or forbearance, but that we ſhould gain money or loſe it; nor was taught any other ſtyle of commendation, than that Mr. Sneaker is a warm man, Mr. Gripe has done his buſineſs, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwiſe not great philoſophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my underſtanding ſhould be filled with impreſſions of the value of money. My mother uſed, upon all occaſions, to inculcate ſome ſalutary axioms, ſuch as might incite me *to keep what I had, and get what I could*; ſhe informed me that we were in a world, where *all muſt catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, ſtored my memory with deeper obſervations; reſtrained me from the uſual puerile expences, by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *Brag was a good dog, but Holdfaſt was a better*.

I was ſoon ſagacious enough to diſcover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard no other name for happineſs, was ſometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother always relieved me, by ſaying, that

there was money enough in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to means*; that I had nothing to do but to pleaſe my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the beſt ſquire in the country.

Theſe ſplendid expectations aroſe from our alliance to three perſons of conſiderable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when ſhe died, rewarded her officiouſneſs and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and run to ſea, from whence, after an abſence of thirty years, he returned with ten thouſand pounds; and the other had lured an heireſs out of a window, who dying of her firſt child, had left him her eſtate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preſerve from poachers that game which he could not kill himſelf.

Theſe hoarders of money were viſited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received preſents and compliments from couſins who could ſcarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we ſhould by degrees ſupplant our competitors. My father, by his profeſſion, made himſelf neceſſary in their affairs; for the ſailor and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and ſecurities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himſelf to the old woman, who once raſhly lent an hundred pounds without conſulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and poſting ſo expeditiouſly with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the ſquire he was a kind of ſteward, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his office by his addreſs in raiſing the rents, his inflexibility in diſtreſſing the tardy tenants, and his acuteneſs in ſetting the pariſh free from burthenſome inhabitants, by ſhifting them off to ſome other ſettlement.

Buſineſs made frequent attendance neceſſary; truſt ſoon produced intimacy; and ſucceſs gave a claim to kindneſs; ſo that we had an opportunity to practiſe all the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not ſupport the thought of loſing any thing, determined, that all their fortunes ſhould centre in me; and, in the proſecution of her ſchemes, took care to inform me that *nothing coſt leſs than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an eſtate which another has got.

She trained me by theſe precepts to the utmoſt ductility of obedience, and the cloſeſt attention to profit. At an age when other boys are ſporting in the fields, or murmuring in the ſchool, I was contriving ſome new method of paying my court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or conſidering how I ſhould employ their legacies.

If our eagerneſs of money could have been ſatisfied with the poſſeſſions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impoſſible to be always preſent with all three, our competitors were buſy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and ſince there was not, on any part, ſuch ſuperiority of merit as could enforce a conſtant and unſhaken preference, whoever was the laſt that flattered or obliged, had, for a time, the aſcendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courteſy, took care to miſs no occaſion of condolence or congratulation, and ſent preſents at ſtated times, but had in their hearts not much eſteem for one another. The ſeaman looked with contempt upon the ſquire as a milkſop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compaſs, or ſeeing any part of the world beyond the county-town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks, would ſcarcely tell him the hour without ſome mention of the horizon and meridian, nor ſhew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the ſituation of other countries.

The ſquire conſidered the ſailor as a rude uncultivated ſavage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himſelf with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could perſuade him to go into the field, he always expoſed him to the ſportſmen, by ſending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be preſent at the races, only that he might ſhow the gentlemen how a ſailor ſat upon a horſe.

The old gentlewoman thought herſelf wiſer than both, for ſhe lived with no ſervant but a maid, and ſaved her money. The others were

indeed ſufficiently frugal; but the ſquire could not live without dogs and horſes, and the ſailor never ſuffered the day to paſs but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a ſtory.

All theſe, however, I was to pleaſe; an arduous taſk; but what will not youth and avarice undertake? I had an unreſiſting ſuppleneſs of temper, and an unſatiable wiſh for riches; I was perpetually inſtigated by the ambition of my parents, and aſſiſted occaſionally by their inſtructions. What theſe advantages enabled me to perform, ſhall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

No. CXCVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis poſt fata daturum,
Si non inſanis, ſcis, Maro, quid cupiam.

MART.

You've told me, Maro, whilſt you live,
You'd not a ſingle penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handſome legacy:
You muſt be mad beyond redreſs,
If my next wiſh you cannot gueſs.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU, who muſt have obſerved the inclination which almoſt every man, however unactive or inſignificant, diſcovers of repreſenting his life as diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary events, will not wonder that Captator thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for thoſe to teaſe their companions with their hiſtory, who have neither done nor ſuffered any thing that can excite curioſity, or afford inſtruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the firſt eſſays of ſpeech, and had very early loſt every other paſſion in the deſire of money, I began my purſuit with omens of ſucceſs; for I divided my officiouſneſs ſo judiciouſly among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and ſometimes intreated to go with him with ſo much importunity, that I very narrowly eſcaped a conſent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder taſk; but plied them ſo impartially with careſſes, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fondneſs and civilities, I was always diſmiſſed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a ſtand; the years of innocence and prattle were ſoon at an end, and other qualifications were neceſſary to recommend me to continuance of kindneſs. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The ſailor hated to ſee tall boys ſhut up in a ſchool, when they might more properly be ſeeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the firſt rules of arithmetick were known, all that was neceſſary to make a man complete might be learned on ſhip-board. The ſquire only inſiſted, that ſo much ſcholarſhip was indiſpenſably neceſſary, as might confer ability to draw a leaſe and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite, as well as we could, all their ſyſtems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewiſe, as my mother obſerved, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for ſhe had known many favourite children ſent to ſchools or academies, and forgotten.

As I grew fitter to be truſted to my own diſ-

cretion, I was often diſpatched upon various pretences to viſit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myſelf, and drive away competitors.

I was, from my infancy, conſidered by the ſailor as a promiſing genius, becauſe I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepoſſeſſion by continual enquiries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of ſhipwreck. I admired the courage of the ſeamen, and gained his heart by importuning him for a recital of his adventures, and a ſight of his foreign curioſities. I liſtened with an appearance of cloſe attention to ſtories which I could already repeat, and at the cloſe never failed to expreſs my reſolution to viſit diſtant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that ſpend all their lives in their native pariſh; though I had in reality no deſire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the ſtimulations of curioſity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have paſſed the years of Neſtor in receiving rents, and lending upon mortgages.

The ſquire I was able to pleaſe with leſs hypocriſy, for I really thought it pleaſant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falſehood, however, the *hunger of gold* perſuaded me to practiſe, by which, though no other miſchief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence for truth gradually deſtroyed. I ſometimes purchaſed fiſh, and pretended to have caught them; I hired the countrymen to ſhew me partridges, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their haunt; I learned the ſeats of hares at night, and diſcovered them in the morning with a ſagacity that raiſed the wonder and envy of old ſportſmen. One only obſtruction to the advancement of my reputation I could never fully ſurmount; I was naturally a coward, and was therefore always left ſhamefully behind, when there was a neceſſity to leap a hedge, to ſwim a river, or force the horſes to their utmoſt ſpeed; but as theſe exigencies did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with ſufficient ſucceſs, and was never left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not ſo certainly, nor ſo eaſily pleaſed, for ſhe had no predominant paſſion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inacceſſible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of ſaving his money. When ſhe heard of my exploits in the field, ſhe would ſhake her head, inquire how much I ſhould be the richer for all my performances, and lament that ſuch ſums ſhould be ſpent upon dogs and horſes. If the ſailor told her of my inclination to travel, ſhe was ſure there was no place like England, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country ſhould leave it. This ſullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From the ſailor was our firſt and moſt conſiderable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the ſquire. He was ſo awkward and baſhful among women, that we concluded him ſecure from matrimony; and the noiſy fondneſs with which he uſed to welcome me to his houſe, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midſt of our triumph, my uncle ſaluted us one morning with a cry of tranſport, and clapping his hand hard upon my ſhoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my conſtitution not fitted to the ſea; and my mother burſting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if ſhe loſt me. All this had no effect; the ſailor was wholly inſuſceptive of the ſofter paſſions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, perſiſted in his reſolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the higheſt ſtrains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirſt of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure, I fell ſick by my mother's direction, and refuſed all food but what ſhe privately brought me; whenever my uncle viſited me I was lethargick

or delirious, but took care in my raving fits to talk inceſſantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty perſuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lamented the loſs of the profits of the voyage; and ſuch ſuperfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have diſcovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the ſailor, unacquainted with ſubtilties and ſtratagems, was eaſily deluded; and as the ſhip could not ſtay for my recovery, ſold the cargo, and left me to re-eſtabliſh my health at leiſure.

I was ſent to regain my fleſh in a purer air, leſt it ſhould appear never to have been waſted, and in two months returned to deplore my diſappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myſelf againſt next year, for no land-lubber ſhould touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps ſome new ſtratagem might have ſucceeded another ſpring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote ſo advantageous a match, diſcovered the ſecret, with which only ſhe had been intruſted. He ſtormed, and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his ſubſtance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always ſcorned, and deceit univerſally deteſted. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at leaſt cooled in their affection; the ſquire, though he did not wholly diſcard me, was leſs fond, and often inquired when I would go to ſea. I was obliged to bear his inſults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindneſs by aſſiduity and reſpect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the eſtate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to ſpend in flattery and attendance thoſe years in which I might have been qualified to place myſelf above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any uſeful art or generous ſentiment; and, if the old woman ſhould likewiſe at laſt deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, &c.

CAPTATOR.

No. CXCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752.

Decolor, obſcurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Ceſariem regum, nec caudida virginis ornat
Colla, nec inſigni ſplendet per cingula morſu;
Sed nova ſi nigri videas miracula ſaxi,
Tunc ſuperat pulchros cultus, et quicquid Eois
Indus littoribus rubra ſcrutator in alga.

CLAUDIANUS.

Obſcure, unpris'd, and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the ſearch of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor ſparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But ſearch the wonders of the duſky ſtone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of ſtate,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you have ſeldom digreſſed from moral ſubjects, I ſuppoſe you are not ſo rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or uſefulneſs of natural philoſophy; or to have lived in this age of inquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the pokers of magnetiſm and the wheels of electricity. At leaſt, I may be allowed to hope that, ſince nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuſe to promote the happineſs of others, merely becauſe you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I

offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the public an adept, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of his predeceſſors, to conceal his ſecrets in the grave.

Many have ſignalized themſelves by melting their eſtates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of poſterity will atteſt, that neither mind nor body have been ſpared, I have ſat whole weeks without ſleep by the ſide of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the firſt experiment in nineteen diving engines of new conſtruction; I have fallen eleven times ſpeechleſs under the ſhock of electricity; I have twice diſlocated my limbs, and once fractured my ſkull, in eſſaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by ſubmitting to the transfuſion of blood.

In the firſt period of my ſtudies, I exerted the powers of my body more than thoſe of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchaſed by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been ſhattered by ſome violent experiments, and conſtrained to confine myſelf to my books, I paſſed ſix and thirty years in ſearching the treaſures of ancient wiſdom, but am at laſt amply recompenſed for all my perſeverance.

The curioſity of the preſent race of philoſophers having been long exerciſed upon electricity, has been lately transferred to magnetiſm; the qualities of the loadſtone have been inveſtigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applauſe; and as the higheſt praiſe of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deſerts.

I have for ſome time employed myſelf in the ſame practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extenſive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raiſing weights, or buſying themſelves with inclination and variation, I have been examining thoſe qualities of magnetiſm which may be applied to the accommodation and happineſs of common life. I have left to inferior underſtandings the care of conducting the ſailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reſerved to myſelf the more difficult and illuſtrious province of preſerving the connubial compact from violation, and ſetting mankind free for ever from the danger of ſuppoſititious children, and the torments of fruitleſs vigilance and anxious ſuſpicion.

To defraud any man of his due praiſe is unworthy of a philoſopher; I ſhall therefore openly confeſs, that I owe the firſt hint of this inеſtimable ſecret to the Rabbi Abraham Ben Hannaſe, who, in his treatiſe of precious ſtones, has left this account of the magnet: הקאלאמיטא, &c. 'The calamita, or loadſtone that attracts iron, produces many bad fantaſies in man. Women fly from this ſtone. If therefore any huſband be diſturbed with jealouſy, and fear leſt his wife converſes with other men, let him lay this ſtone upon her while ſhe is aſleep. If ſhe be pure, ſhe will, when ſhe wakes, claſp her huſband fondly in her arms, but if ſhe be guilty, ſhe will fall out of bed, and run away.'

When firſt I read this wonderful paſſage, I could not eaſily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in ſuch a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would ſurely be unjuſt to ſuſpect that any of the candidates are ſtrangers to the name or works of Rabbi Abraham, or to conclude, from a late edict of the royal ſociety in favour of the Engliſh language, that philoſophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how ſhould a quality ſo uſeful eſcape promulgation but by the obſcurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen and chambermaids paid on every ſide for keeping ſecrets which no caution nor expence could ſecure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are ſo many witneſſes ſummoned, and ſo many artifices practiſed, to diſcover what ſo eaſy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of Abraham to a friend, who adviſed me not to expoſe my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of Orpheus, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; aſſured me that neither the armour of Achilles, nor the antidote of Mithridates, would be able to preſerve me; and counſelled me if I could not live without renown, to attempt

the acquiſition of univerſal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be leſs.

I, a ſolitary ſtudent, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it ſo generally corrupt, as that a ſcheme for the detection of incontinence ſhould bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myſelf with hopes of defence from the men, I ſhall certainly find myſelf deſerted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, ſaid he, ſome will be afraid of ſharing the diſgrace of their mothers, and ſome the danger of their miſtreſſes; of thoſe who are married, part are already convinced of the falſehood of their wives, and part ſhut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever ſought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almoſt every man is careleſs or timorous, and to truſt is eaſier and ſafer than to examine.

Theſe obſervations diſcouraged me till I began to conſider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three claſſes of maids, wives, and widows, and cannot but hope that I may obtain ſome countenance among them. The ſingle ladies I ſuppoſe univerſally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedneſs may be detected, ſince no woman marries with a previous deſign to be unfaithful to her huſband. And to keep them ſteady in my cauſe, I promiſe never to ſell one of my magnets to a man who ſteals a girl from ſchool; marries a woman forty years younger than himſelf; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own conſent.

Among the married ladies, notwithſtanding the inſinuations of ſlander, I yet reſolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am at leaſt convinced, that they who demand the teſt, and appear on my ſide, will ſupply, by their ſpirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will ſhrink and quake at the ſight of a magnet, as the ſlaves of Scythia fled from the ſcourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curioſity, if not by their virtue; for it may be obſerved, that women who have outlived their huſbands, always think themſelves entitled to ſuperintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themſelves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I ſhall expect them to be eminently and unanimouſly zealous in recommending it.

With theſe hopes I ſhall, in a ſhort time, offer to ſale magnets armed with a particular metallick compoſition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined that a ſtone, naked or caſed only in the common manner, will diſcover the virtues aſcribed to it by Rabbi Abraham. The ſecret of this metal I ſhall carefully conceal, and therefore am not afraid of imitators, nor ſhall trouble the offices with ſolicitation for a patent.

I ſhall ſell them of different ſizes, and various degrees of ſtrength. I have ſome of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as ſcarecrows, and ſome ſo ſmall that they may be eaſily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and ſome, for the curious, I have ſet in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an atteſtation of their innocence. Some I can produce ſo ſluggiſh and inert, that they will not act before the third failure; and others ſo vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence againſt unlawful wiſhes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honeſtly to tell my cuſtomers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their ſentiments. Many have been contented to ſpare coſt by purchaſing only the loweſt degree of efficacy, and all have ſtarted with terror from thoſe which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the ſtrongeſt energy, and declared that ſhe ſcorned to ſeparate her wiſhes from her acts, or allow herſelf to think what ſhe was forbidden to practiſe. I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

No. CC. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1752.

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri, nempe et titulis et ſacibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; ſolum
Poſcimus ut coenes civiliter; hoc face, et eſto
Eſto, et nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis.

JUV.

No man expects (for who ſo much a fot
Who has the times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What Seneca, what Piſo us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking friend.
Thoſe godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd, preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their titles, all that height of pow'r,
Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condemn'd t' attend,
'Tis all we aſk, receive him as a friend:
Deſcend to this, and then we aſk no more;
Rich to yourſelf, to all beſide be poor.

BOWLES.

TO THE RAMBLER,

MR. RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderneſs or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppreſſes them, they have immediate recourſe to lamentation and complaint, which, though it can only be allowed reaſonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addreſſed to thoſe from whom the remedy is expected, yet ſeems even in hopeleſs and incurable diſtreſſes to be natural, ſince thoſe by whom it is not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by ſuppreſſing it.

I am one of thoſe, who, with the Sancho of Cervantes, leave to higher characters the merit of ſuffering in ſilence, and give vent without ſcruple to any ſorrow that ſwells in my heart. It is therefore to me a ſevere aggravation of a calamity, when it is ſuch as in the common opinion will not juſtify the acerbity of exclamation, or ſupport the ſolemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be perſuaded to pity, and which, when they are ſeparated from their peculiar and perſonal circumſtances, will never be conſidered as important enough to claim attention, or deſerve redreſs.

Of this kind will appear to groſs and vulgar apprehenſions, the miſeries which I endured in a morning viſit to Proſpero, a man lately raiſed to wealth by a lucky project, and too much intoxicated by ſudden elevation, or too little poliſhed by thought and converſation, to enjoy his preſent fortune with elegance and decency.

We ſet out in the world together; and for a long time mutually aſſiſted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate neceſſities. You know that nothing generally endears men ſo much as participation of dangers and misfortunes: I therefore always conſidered Proſpero as united with me in the ſtrongeſt league of kindneſs, and imagined that our friendſhip was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his ſudden ſhoot of ſucceſs an honeſt and diſintereſted joy; but as I want no part of his ſuperfluities, am not willing to deſcend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as a diſpenſation from ceremonial viſits; and it was ſo long before I ſaw him at his new houſe, that he gently complained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promiſe, but found that the impatience of my friend aroſe not from any deſire to communicate his happineſs, but to enjoy his ſuperiority.

When I told my name at the door, the footman went to ſee if his maſter was at home, and by the tardineſs of his return, gave me reaſon to ſuſpect that time was taken to deliberate.

He then informed me, that Proſpero derſied my company, and ſhowed the ſtaircaſe carefully ſecured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The beſt apartments were oſtentatiouſly ſet open, that I might have a diſtant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the inſolence of condeſcenſion at the top of the ſtairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfaſted when he had no great company.

On the floor where we ſat lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which Proſpero ordered his ſervant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightneſs of the colours, and the elegance of the texture, and aſked me whether I had ever ſeen any thing ſo fine before. I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.

We then ſat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with perſecution, when Proſpero deſired that I would give the ſervant leave to adjuſt the cover of my chair, which was ſlipt a little aſide to ſhew the damaſk; he informed me that he had beſpoke ordinary chairs for common uſe, but had been diſappointed by his tradeſmen. I put the chair aſide with my foot, and drew another ſo haſtily, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfaſt was at laſt ſet, and as I was not willing to indulge the peeviſhneſs that began to ſeize me, I commended the tea; Proſpero then told me, that another time I ſhould taſte his fineſt ſort, but that he had only a very ſmall quantity remaining, and reſerved it for thoſe whom he thought himſelf obliged to treat with particular reſpect.

While we were converſing upon ſuch ſubjects as imagination happened to ſuggeſt, he frequently digreſſed into directions to the ſervant that waited, or made a ſlight enquiry after the jeweller or ſilverſmith; and once, as I was purſuing an argument with ſome degree of earneſtneſs, he ſtarted from his poſture of attention, and ordered, that if Lord Lofty called on him that morning, he ſhould be ſhewn into the beſt parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly ſubdued. I was willing to promote his ſatisfaction, and therefore obſerved, that the figures on the china were eminently pretty. Proſpero had now an opportunity of calling for his Dreſden china, 'which,' ſays he, 'I always aſſociate with 'my chaſed tea-kettle.' The cups were brought; I once reſolved not to have looked upon them, but my curioſity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, Proſpero deſired me to ſet them down, for they who were accuſtomed only to common diſhes, ſeldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philoſophy, when I tell you that I did not daſh his baubles to the ground.

He was now ſo much elevated with his own greatneſs, that he thought ſome humility neceſſary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of ſoft compoſure, that I was not to eſtimate life by external appearance, that all theſe ſhining acquiſitions had added little to his happineſs, that he ſtill remembered with pleaſure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he ſhould loſe much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid leſt his pride ſhould, by ſilence and ſubmiſſion, be emboldened to inſults that could not eaſily be borne, and therefore coolly conſidered, how I ſhould repreſs it without ſuch bitterneſs of reproof as I was yet unwilling to uſe. But he interrupted my meditation, by aſking leave to be dreſſed, and told me, that he had promiſed to attend ſome ladies in the park, and, if I was going the ſame way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of ſeeing him again, unleſs ſome misfortune ſhould reſtore his underſtanding.

I am, &c.

ASPER.

Though I am not wholly inſenſible of the provocations which my correſpondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenneſs of reſentment, nor encourage him to perſiſt in his reſolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of Pythagoras directs, that *a friend ſhould not be hated for little faults*; and ſurely, he upon whom nothing worſe can be charged, than that he mats his ſtairs, and covers his carpet, and ſets out his finery to ſhow before thoſe whom he does not admit to uſe it, has

yet committed nothing that ſhould exclude him from common degrees of kindneſs. Such improprieties often proceed rather from ſtupidity than malice. Thoſe who thus ſhine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by cuſtom and example, and neither examine nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or to ſtate the nice limits between elegance and oſtentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and inſult others when they have no worſe purpoſe than to pleaſe themſelves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of thoſe with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converſe, ſome are ignorant of the arts of pleaſing, and offend when they deſign to careſs; ſome are negligent, and gratify themſelves without regard to the quiet of another; ſome perhaps are malicious, and feel no greater ſatisfaction in proſperity, than that of raiſing envy and trampling inferiority. But whatever be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it, for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

No. CCI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1752.

——ſanctus haberi
Promiſſique tenax dictis factiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem.

JUV.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me.

STEPNEY.

BOYLE has obſerved, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the different claſſes of a community. It was ſaid by Cujacius, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

Every profeſſion has ſome eſſential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which, as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortune, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topicks of praiſe and ſatire, are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of life has diſpoſed men to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement muſt not be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

The chief praiſe to which a trader aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the

imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which many ſeem to conſider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

Every man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is firſt admitted in ſmall affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for pleaſure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of converſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. Aliger was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning with confuſion and excuſes. His companions, not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety, till by degrees he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſehood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquillity; and has often ſunk to ſleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he ſoon diſmiſſed his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, and reſigned himſelf to careleſsneſs and diſſipation, without any regard to the future or the paſt, or any other motives of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation completely juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patronize or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of regulating his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble in the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſt on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He

was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was paſſed. It is ſaid, that when he had, with great expence, formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived, by ſome agents who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others leſs kind or civil would eſcape. His courteſy invites application; his promiſes produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips impercepti ly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to Aliger. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

No CCII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1752.

Πρὸς ἅπαντα δειλὸς ἐϛὶν ὁ πένης πράγματα,
Καὶ πάντας αὐτῷ καταφρονεῖν ὑπολαμβάνει.
Ὀδὲ μετρίως πράττων περισκελέστερον
Ἅπαντα τ' ἀνιαρα, Δαμπρία, φέρει.

CALLIMACHUS.

From no affliction is the poor exempt;
He thinks each eye ſurveys him with contempt,
Unmanly poverty ſubdues the heart,
Cankers each wound, and ſharpens ev'ry dart.

F. LEWIS.

AMONG thoſe who have endeavoured to promote learning, and rectify judgment, it has been long cuſtomary to complain of the abuſe of words, which are often admitted to ſignify things ſo different, that, inſtead of aſſiſting the underſtanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, diſſention, and perplexity, becauſe what is affirmed in one ſenſe is received in another.

If this ambiguity ſometimes embarraſſes the moſt ſolemn controverſies, and obſcures the demonſtrations of ſcience, it may well be expected to infeſt the pompous periods of declaimers, whoſe purpoſe is often only to amuſe with fallacies, and change the colours of truth and falſehood; or the muſical compoſitions of poets, whoſe ſtyle is profeſſedly figurative, and whoſe art is imagined to conſiſt in diſtorting words from their original meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himſelf better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet whoever ſtudies either the poets or philoſophers, will find ſuch an account of the condition expreſſed by that term as his experience or obſervation will not eaſily diſcover to be true. Inſtead of the meanneſs, diſtreſs, complaint, anxiety, and dependance, which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulneſs, of health and ſafety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleaſures not known but to men unincumbered with poſſeſſions; and of ſleep that ſheds his balſamick anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the bleſſing to be obtained by the reſignation of riches, that kings might deſcend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to ſlumber undiſturbed in the elyſium of poverty.

If theſe authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more abſurd than that perpetual conteſt for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more juſtly cenſured than thoſe which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great maſters of moral wiſdom to conſider as golden ſhackles, by which the wearer is at once diſa-

bled and adorned; as luſcious poiſons which may for a time pleaſe the palate, but ſoon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without phyſick, and ſecure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts and attendants of flatterers and ſpies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happineſs of poverty, do not mean the ſame ſtate with thoſe who deplore its miſeries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accuſtomed to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in diſtreſs, rank all the claſſes of mankind in a ſtate of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of ſtyle. He that wiſhes to become a philoſopher at a cheap rate, eaſily gratifies his ambition by ſubmitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boaſting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would ſhow the extent of his views, and grandeur of his conceptions, or diſcover his acquaintance with ſplendor and magnificence, may talk like Cowley of an humble ſtation and quiet obſcurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniencies of ſuperfluity, and at laſt, like him, limit his deſires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philoſopher to affix the name of poverty, ſince no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor who does not ſee the greater part of mankind richer than himſelf.

As little is the general condition of human life underſtood by the panegyriſts and hiſtorians, who amuſe us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and ſages. Riches are of no value in themſelves, their uſe is diſcovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unleſs by narrow underſtandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the ſake of power, influence, and eſteem; or by ſome of leſs elevated and refined ſentiments, as neceſſary to ſenſual enjoyment.

The pleaſures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to deſpiſe, even when affluence and idleneſs have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make conſiſtent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Eſteem and influence every man deſires, but they are equally pleaſing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of ſecuring them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, ſince he has all that riches can purchaſe to a wiſe man. Cincinnatus, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was ſufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was ſuch, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take abſolute command into his hand; nor was Diogenes much mortified by his reſidence in a tub, where he was honoured with the viſit of Alexander the Great.

The ſame fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terreſtrial poſſeſſions, and precluding himſelf by an irrevocable vow from the purſuit and acquiſition of all that his fellow-beings conſider as worthy of wiſhes and endeavours, we are immediately ſtruck with the purity, abſtraction, and firmneſs of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in ſecuring the intereſts of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the ſureſt paſſage to eternal reſt.

Yet what can the votary be juſtly ſaid to have loſt of his preſent happineſs? If he reſides in a convent, he converſes only with men whoſe condition is the ſame with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the neceſſaries of life, and is ſafe from that *deſtitution which* Hooker declares to be *ſuch an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, ſuffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care.* All temptations to envy and competition are ſhut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the ſight of unattainable dignity, nor inſulted with the bluſter

of inſolence, or the ſmile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the ſanctity of his character amply compenſates all other diſtinctions, he is ſeldom ſeen but with reverence, nor heard but with ſubmiſſion.

It has been remarked, that death, though often deſired in the field, ſeldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of ſickneſs in its natural horror; ſo poverty may eaſily be endured, while aſſociated with dignity and reputation, but will always be ſhunned and dreaded when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

No. CCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil niſi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti ſpatium mihi finiat ævi.

OVID.

Come, ſoon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay.

WELSTED.

IT ſeems to be the fate of man to ſeek all his conſolations in futurity. The time preſent is ſeldom able to fill deſire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to ſupply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has ſo often detected the fallaciouſneſs of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himſelf to expect what a thouſand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth ruſhes out to take poſſeſſion of the world, we endeavour, or wiſh, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repoſe upon real facts, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reaſon, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But ſo full is the world of calamity, that every ſource of pleaſure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity diſturbed. When time has ſupplied us with events ſufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with ſo many diſaſters, that we ſhrink from their remembrance, dread their intruſion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that purſue us with torture.

No man paſt the middle point of life can ſit down to feaſt upon the pleaſures of youth without finding the banquet imbittered by the cup of ſorrow; he may revive lucky accidents, and pleaſing extravagancies; many days of harmleſs frolick, or nights of honeſt feſtivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in ſcenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and viciſſitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the noble pleaſure of looking back upon diſtreſs firmly ſupported, dangers reſolutely encountered, and oppoſition artfully defeated. Æneas properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a ſtorm they have landed on an unknown and deſolate country, with the hope that their miſeries will be at ſome diſtant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on ſurmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almoſt always abated by the reflection, that they with whom we ſhould be moſt pleaſed to ſhare it are now in the grave. A few years make ſuch havock in human generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprize recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the cloſe of the relation, to pay a ſigh to the manes of thoſe that contributed to his ſucceſs; he that paſſes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance ſtored with remarks and repartees of wits, whoſe ſprightlineſs and merriment are now loſt in perpetual ſilence; the trader, whoſe induſtry has ſupplied the want of inheritance repines in ſolitary plenty at the abſence of companions with whom he had planned out amuſements for his latter years; and the ſcholar, whoſe merit, after a long ſeries of efforts, raiſed him from obſcurity, looks round in vain

from his exaltation for his friends or enemies, whoſe applauſe or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among Martial's requiſites to happineſs, *Res non parta labore, ſed relicta*—an eſtate not gained by induſtry, but left by inheritance. It is neceſſary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatſoever comes at the cloſe of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happineſs has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourſelves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, becauſe we cannot compare the difference between want and poſſeſſion, or at leaſt can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increaſe of ſelf-eſteem; what we acquire by bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age we derive little from retroſpect but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we ſee to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure; we know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the ſurface of the earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: ſome amuſe themſelves with entails and ſettlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diſſipation of the fortunes which it has been their buſineſs to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diſtant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced poſterity.

They whoſe ſouls are ſo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ſtate in which they ſhall look upon them with leſs ſolicitude, are ſeldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and therefore may be called to conſider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh, has not yet been ſatisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to ſo ſmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereſt in the queſtion. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or meaſure of renown. The neceſſary buſineſs of life, the immediate pleaſures or pains of every condition, leave us not leiſure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our preſent welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of ſome that muſt be thruſt into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by loſing ſight of thoſe which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and diſappears for ever; and if we except a few tranſcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to ſuppreſs; all thoſe that engage our thoughts, or diverſify our converſation, are every moment haſting to obſcurity, as new favourites are adopted by faſhion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the laſt hour. But futurity has ſtill its proſpects; there is yet happineſs in reſerve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will ſupport us in the pains of diſeaſe, and the languor of decay. This happineſs we may expect with confidence, becauſe it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that ſincerely deſire and earneſtly purſue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to reſt. Hope is the chief bleſſing of man, and that hope only is rational of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

No. CCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Craſtinum ut poſſit ſibi policeri.

SENECA.

Of heaven's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—
To-morrow I will ſpend in bliſs?

F. LEWIS.

SEGED, Lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: to the ſons of *Preſumption*, humility and fear; and to the daughters of *Sorrow*, content and acquieſcence.

Thus, in the twenty-ſeventh year of his reign, ſpoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the diſtributor of the waters of the Nile: 'At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; 'thou haſt reconciled diſaffection, thou haſt 'ſuppreſſed rebellion, thou haſt pacified the 'jealouſies of thy courtiers, thou haſt chaſed 'war from thy confines, and erected fortreſſes 'in the lands of thy enemies. All who have 'offended thee, tremble in thy preſence, and 'wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. 'Thy throne is ſurrounded by armies, numerous as the locuſts of the ſummer, and reſiſtleſs as the blaſts of peſtilence. Thy magazines are ſtored with ammunition, thy treaſuries overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. 'Thy nod is as the earthquake that ſhakes the 'mountains, and thy ſmile as the dawn of the 'vernal day. In thy hand is the ſtrength of 'thouſands, and thy health is the health of 'millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the 'ſong of praiſe, and thy path perfumed by the 'breath of benediction. Thy ſubjects gaze 'upon thy greatneſs, and think of danger or 'or miſery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not 'thou partake the bleſſings thou beſtoweſt? 'Why ſhouldſt thou only forbear to rejoice in 'this general felicity? Why ſhould thy face 'be clouded with anxiety, when the meaneſt of 'thoſe who call thee ſovereign gives the day 'to feſtivity and the night to peace? At 'length, Seged, reflect and be wiſe. What is 'the gift of conqueſt but ſafety, why are 'riches collected but to purchaſe happineſs?'

Seged then ordered the houſe of pleaſure, built in an iſland of the Lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. 'I will retire,' ſays he, 'for ten days, from tumult and care, 'from counſels and decrees. Long quiet is 'not the lot of the governors of nations, but a 'ceſſation of ten days cannot be denied me. 'This ſhort interval of happineſs may ſurely 'be ſecured from the interruption of fear or 'perplexity, ſorrow or diſappointment. I will 'exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuſe 'the harmony of the concert, or abate the 'ſweetneſs of the banquet. I will fill the 'whole capacity of my ſoul with enjoyment, 'and try what it is to live without a wiſh unſatisfied.'

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged haſtened to the palace of Dambea, which ſtood in an iſland cultivated only for pleaſure, planted with every flower that ſpreads its colours to the ſun, and every ſhrub that ſheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extenſive garden were open walks for excurſions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and ſilent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repoſe at noon. All that could ſolace the ſenſe, or flatter the fancy, all that induſtry could extort from nature, or wealth furniſh to art, all that conqueſt could ſeize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged ſummoned all the perſons of his court who ſeemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleaſure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haſte to be ſated with felicity. They ſailed jocund over the lake, which ſeemed to ſmooth its ſurface before them: their paſſage was cheered with muſick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleaſure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with diſcontent, to give his heart for ten days to eaſe and jollity, and then fall back to the common ſtate of man, and ſuffer his life to be diverſified, as before, with joy and ſorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to conſider where he ſhould begin his circle of happineſs. He had all the artiſts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, ſince he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He choſe and rejected, he reſolved and changed his reſolution, till his faculties were haraſſed, and his thoughts confuſed; then returned to the apartment where his preſence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and ſpread the infection of uneaſineſs over the whole aſſembly. He obſerved their depreſſion, and was offended, for he found his vexation increaſed by thoſe whom he expected to diſſipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and ſought for conſolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long ſucceſſion of images ſeized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloomy of penſiveneſs, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and ſaw the lake brightened by the ſetting ſun. 'Such,' ſaid Seged, ſighing, 'is the longeſt day of human exiſtence: before 'we have learned to uſe it, we find it at an end.'

The regret which he felt for the loſs of ſo great a part of his firſt day, took from him all diſpoſition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the ſake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not ſhare, he reſolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the ſlaves of labour and poverty the bleſſing of ſleep.

He roſe early the ſecond morning, and reſolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, ſhould appear in the preſence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expreſſion of diſcontent or ſorrow, ſhould be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or ſinging in the ſhades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and ſee none among them liable to baniſhment.

Seged now met every face ſettled in a ſmile; but a ſmile that betrayed ſolicitude, timidity, and conſtraint. He accoſted his favourites with familiarity and ſoftneſs; but they durſt not ſpeak without premeditation, leſt they ſhould be convicted of diſcontent or ſorrow. He propoſed diverſions, to which no objection was made, becauſe objection would have implied uneaſineſs; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other deſire than to ſignalize themſelves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of converſation, but obtained only forced jeſts, and laborious laughter; and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confeſs to himſelf the impotence of command, and reſign another day to grief and diſappointment.

He at laſt relieved his companions from their terrors, and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, to aſcertain, by different meaſures, the felicity of the ſucceeding days. At length he threw himſelf on the bed, and cloſed his eyes, but imagined, in his ſleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and walked with all the terrors of a man ſtruggling in the water. He compoſed himſelf again to reſt, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and ſtriving, as is uſual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himſelf betrayed to his enemies, and again ſtarted up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, that he could ſleep no more. He roſe, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invaſion, nor was he able to diſengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and eaſe in any amuſement. At length his perturbation gave way to reaſon, and he reſolved no longer to be haraſſed by viſionary miſeries; but before this reſolution could be completed, half the day had elapſed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human ſchemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakneſs of that being whoſe quiet was to be interrupt-

ed by vapours of the fancy. Having been firſt diſturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could diſturb him. He at laſt diſcovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to loſe the preſent in lamenting the paſt was voluntarily to protract a melancholy viſion. The third day was now declining, and Seged again reſolved to be happy on the morrow.

No. CCV. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752.

——volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præſtat velox fortuna fidem.

SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haſte,
And fortune's favours never laſt.

F. LEWIS.

ON the fourth morning Seged roſe early, refreſhed with ſleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and ſeeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulneſs, began to ſay to his heart—'This day ſhall be a day of pleaſure.' The ſun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and ſometimes liſtened to the ſongs, and ſometimes mingled with the dancers, ſometimes let looſe his imagination in flights of merriment, and ſometimes uttered grave reflections, and ſententious maxims, and feaſted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intruſion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladneſs from his looks, and the ſight of happineſs conferred by himſelf filled his heart with ſatisfaction: but having paſſed three hours in this harmleſs luxury, he was alarmed on a ſudden by an univerſal ſcream among the women, and turning back, ſaw the whole aſſembly flying in confuſion. A young crocodile had riſen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonneſs or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a diſturber of his felicity, and chaſed him back into the lake, but could not perſuade his retinue to ſtay, or free their hearts from the terror which had ſeized upon them. The princeſſes incloſed themſelves in the palace, and could yet ſcarcely believe themſelves in ſafety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and eſcape, and no mind was any longer at leiſure for gay ſallies or careleſs prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable caſualties which lie in ambuſh on every ſide to intercept the happineſs of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the conſolation of thinking, that he had not been now diſappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blaſted the hopes of the day might eaſily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleaſure of the next morning, he reſolved to repeal his penal edict, ſince he already found that diſcontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleaſure would only reſide where ſhe was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleaſantry, by propoſing prizes for thoſe who ſhould, on the following day, diſtinguiſh themſelves by any feſtive performances; the tables of the antechamber were recovered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of thoſe who could refine elegance or heighten pleaſure.

At this diſplay of riches every eye immediately ſparkled, and every tongue was buſied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from univerſal emulation, he found that any paſſion too ſtrongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is neceſſary to mirth, and that the mind that is

to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, muſt be firſt ſmoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wiſh to gain, we muſt in the ſame degree be afraid to loſe, and fear and pleaſure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and ſolicitude. Nothing was done or ſpoken, but with ſo viſible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it ſometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but obſerve with ſorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himſelf. As the evening approached, the conteſt grew more earneſt, and thoſe who were forced to allow themſelves excelled, began to diſcover the malignity of defeat, firſt by angry glances, and at laſt by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewiſe ſhared the anxiety of the day; for conſidering himſelf as obliged to diſtribute with exact juſtice the prizes which had been ſo zealouſly ſought, he durſt never remit his attention, but paſſed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjuſting the claims of all the competitors.

At laſt, knowing that no exactneſs could ſatisfy thoſe whoſe hopes he could diſappoint, and thinking that on a day ſet apart for happineſs, it would be cruel to oppreſs any heart with ſorrow, he declared that all had pleaſed him alike, and diſmiſſed all with preſents of equal value.

Seged ſoon ſaw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themſelves ſecure of the higheſt prizes, were not pleaſed to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promiſe had entitled them to expect, they departed unſatisfied, becauſe they were honoured with no diſtinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. 'Behold here,' ſaid Seged, 'the condition of him who places 'his happineſs in the happineſs of others.' He then retired to meditate, and while the courtiers were repining at his diſtributions, ſaw the fifth ſun go down in diſcontent.

The next dawn renewed his reſolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by ſettled ſchemes or preparatory meaſures, he thought it beſt to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to pleaſe and be pleaſed his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffuſed a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined that he had at laſt found the ſecret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careleſs aſſembly with equal careleſſneſs, he overheard one of his courtiers in a cloſe arbour murmuring alone: 'What merit has Seged above us, that 'we ſhould thus fear and obey him; a man 'whom, whatever he may have formerly per-'formed, his luxury now ſhews to have the 'ſame weakneſs with ourſelves.' This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always obſerved among the moſt abject of his flatterers. At firſt his indignation prompted him to ſeverity; but reflecting that what was ſpoken without intention to be heard was to be conſidered as only thought, and was perhaps but the ſudden burſt of caſual and temporary vexation, he invented ſome decent pretence to ſend him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the ſtruggle of deliberation was paſt, and all the deſire of revenge utterly ſuppreſſed, paſſed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himſelf was conſcious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the ſeventh day, and nothing happened to diſturb the pleaſure of Seged, till looking on the tree that ſhaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the ſame kind he had paſſed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goiama. The reflection on his loſs, his diſhonour, and the miſeries which his ſubjects ſuffered from the invader, filled him with ſadneſs. At laſt he ſhook off the weight of ſorrow, and began to ſolace himſelf with his uſual pleaſures, when his tranquillity was again diſturbed by jealouſies which the late conteſt for the prizes had produced, and, which, having in vain tried to pacify them by perſuaſion, he was forced to ſilence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unuſual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cauſe, was told that the Princeſs Balkis was ſeized with ſickneſs. He roſe, and calling the phyſicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whoſe eyes he cloſed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a ſhort reſpiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may preſume to ſay—'This day ſhall be a day of happineſs.'

No. CCVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752.

——propoſiti nondum pudet, atque eadem eſt mens,
Ut bona ſumma putes, aliepa vivere quadra.

JUV.

But harden'd by affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all ſenſe of honour and of fame,
Thou yet can'ſt love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no ſupper good but with a lord.

BOWLES.

WHEN Diogenes was once aſked what kind of wine he liked beſt, he anſwered —'That which is drunk at the coſt of others.'

Though the character of Diogenes has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who reſemble him in his taſte of wine; many who are frugal, though not abſtemious; whoſe appetites, though too powerful for reaſon, are kept under reſtraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies loſe their flavour when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

Nothing produces more ſingularity of manners and inconſtancy of life, than the conflict of oppoſite vices in the ſame mind. He that uniformly purſues any purpoſe, whether good or bad, has a ſettled principle of action; and as he may always find aſſociates who are travelling the ſame way, is countenanced by example, and ſheltered in the multitude; but a man actuated at once by different deſires, muſt move in a direction peculiar to himſelf, and ſuffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to beſtow on thoſe who deviate from the reſt of the world, even without enquiring whether they are worſe or better.

Yet this conflict of deſires ſometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched diſhes, or ſurfeit with unexhauſted variety, and yet practiſe the moſt rigid economy, is ſurely an art which may juſtly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whoſe induſtry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him indeed, who is content to break open the cheſts, or mortgage the manors of his anceſtors, that he may hire the miniſters of exceſs at the higheſt price, gluttony is an eaſy ſcience; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boaſting of the elegance which they owe to the taſte of others, relating with rapture the ſucceſſion of diſhes with which their cooks and caterers ſupply them, and expecting their ſhare of praiſe with the diſcoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to ſhorten the way to convivial happineſs, by eating without coſt, is a ſecret hitherto in few hands, but certainly deſerves the curioſity of thoſe whoſe principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who ſee the ſun riſe with no other hope than that they ſhall fill their bellies before it ſets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this ſcheme of happineſs, the greater part have been immediately obliged to deſiſt; and ſome whom their firſt attempts flattered with ſucceſs, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at laſt chaſed to make way for others; and having long habituated themſelves to ſuperfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in diſcontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine that they ſhall never want a welcome to that company whoſe ideas they can enlarge, or whoſe imaginations they can elevate, and believe themſelves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the ſmell of a feaſt allures them, but are ſeldom encouraged to repeat their viſits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as diſturbers of the company.

No man has been ſo happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houſes as Guloſulus, who after thirty years of continual revelry, has now eſtabliſhed, by uncontroverted preſcription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whoſe preſence they who aſpire to the praiſe of a ſumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by ſending the invitation a fortnight before.

Guloſulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houſes where perſons of rank reſorted. By being often ſeen, he became in time known; and from ſitting in the ſame room, was ſuffered to mix in idle converſation, or aſſiſted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amuſement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-houſe he was ſometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuſes the acquaintance of him whom he ſees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with leſs difficulty found the way to more, till at laſt he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feaſt, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himſelf no inclination to retire from a life of ſo much pleaſure, and therefore very ſeriouſly conſidered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accompliſhments, he did not find neceſſary; for he had already ſeen that merit rather enforces reſpect than attracts fondneſs; and as he thought no folly greater than that of loſing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himſelf, that he had none of that diſguſting excellence which impreſſes awe upon greatneſs, and condemns its poſſeſſors to the ſociety of thoſe who are wiſe or brave, and indigent as themſelves.

Guloſulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philoſophy or politicks, andwas not in danger of injuring his intereſt by dogmatical poſitions, or violent contradiction. If a diſpute aroſe, he took care to liſten with earneſt attention; and when either ſpeaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickneſs, and uttered a ſhort phraſe of admiration, as if ſurpriſed by ſuch cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this ſilent conceſſion, he generally preſerved in either controvertiſt ſuch a conviction of his own ſuperiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adverſary, and prevented thoſe ourages which are ſometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Guloſulus was never embarraſſed but when he was required to declare his ſentiments before he had been able to diſcover to which ſide the maſter of the houſe inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of thoſe that invited him.

It will ſometimes happen that the inſolence of wealth breaks into contemptuouſneſs, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Guloſulus ſeldom fails of being ſingled out on ſuch emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be ſafely tried. Sometimes his lordſhip finds himſelf inclined to exhibit a ſpecimen of raillery for the diverſion of his gueſt, and Guloſulus always ſupplies him with a ſubject of merriment. But he has learned to conſider rudeneſs and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himſelf, that thoſe who treat and inſult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jeſt.

His chief policy conſiſts in ſelecting ſome diſh from every courſe, and recommending it to the company, with an air ſo deciſive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feaſt a kind of dictatorial authority; his taſte becomes the ſtandard of pickles and ſeaſoning, and he is venerated by the profeſſors of epicuriſm, as the only man who underſtands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new ſauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary ſyſtem, he procures the earlieſt intelligence, and the moſt authentick receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of ſecrecy, gains a right of taſting his own diſh whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whenever his directions have been fully underſtood.

By this method of life Guloſulus has ſo impreſſed on his imagination the dignity of feaſting, that he has no other topick of talk, or ſubject of medita-

tion. His calendar is a bill of fare; he meaſures the year by ſucceſſive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you aſk him at what time an event happened, he conſiders whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or veniſon. He knows, indeed, that thoſe who value themſelves upon ſenſe, learning, or piety, ſpeak of him with contempt; but he conſiders them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happineſs, or wiſh to ſupplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully ſatisfied with his own conduct, ſince he has fed every day on twenty diſhes, and yet doubled his eſtate.

No. CCVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752.

Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus.

HOR.

The voice of reaſon cries with winning force,
Looſe from the rapid car your aged horſe,
Leſt, in the race derided, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs and burſt his wind.

FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptineſs of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the preſent. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poſſeſſion by diſguſt; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatiſt on marriage may be applied to every other courſe of life, that its two days of happineſs are the firſt and the laſt.

Few moments are more pleaſing than thoſe in which the mind is concerting meaſures for a new undertaking. From the firſt hint that wakens the fancy, till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progreſs, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original ſcheme, ſuggeſts ſome new expedient to ſecure ſucceſs, or diſcovers conſequential advantages not hitherto foreſeen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elyſian proſpects, and the heart dances to the ſong of hope.

Such is the pleaſure of projecting, that many content themſelves with a ſucceſſion of viſionary ſchemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amuſement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feaſt their imagination with pure ideas, advance ſomewhat nearer to the groſſneſs of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requiſite to their deſign, and, after a thouſand reſearches and conſultations, are ſnatched away by death, as they ſtand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find ſome adequate ſolace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himſelf in his own thoughts, and never ſuffers experience to ſhew him the vanity of ſpeculation; for no ſooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forſake the breaſt; every day brings its taſk, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarraſs, uncertainty perplexes, oppoſition retards, cenſure exaſperates, or neglect depreſſes. We proceed, becauſe we have begun; we complete our deſign, that the labour already ſpent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay ſmile of alacrity diſappears, we are compelled to implore ſeverer powers, and truſt the event to patience and conſtancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the proſpect of its end; for though in every long work there are ſome joyous intervals of ſelf-applauſe, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination ſoothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil with which performance ſtruggles after idea, is ſo irkſome and diſguſting, and ſo frequent is the neceſſity of reſting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that ſeldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual reſuſcitation of deſires which he feels himſelf unable to gratify.

So certainly is wearineſs the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, conſoles himſelf with the hope of change; if he has made his way by aſſiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the neceſſity of ſolitary application he is ſecluded from the world, he liſtens with a beating heart to diſtant noiſes, longs to mingle with living beings, and reſolves to take hereafter his fill of diverſions, or diſplay his abilities on the univerſal theatre, and enjoy the pleaſure of diſtinction and applauſe.

Every deſire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes aſcendent in the mind. When we have been much accuſtomed to conſider any thing as capable of giving happineſs, it is not eaſy to reſtrain our ardour, or to forbear ſome precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our purſuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the ſwelling bud and opening bloſſom, and pleaſed himſelf with computing how much every ſun and ſhower add to its growth, ſcarceſy ſtays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerneſs to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpoſe, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, becauſe we have already done much, too ſuddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increaſed by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Thus unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be partly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs thoſe more whoſe toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which is now conſidered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be withheld.

In ſome of the nobleſt compoſitions of wit, the concluſion falls below the vigour and ſpirit of the firſt books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cauſe of this declenſion is commonly ſought in the ſtructure of the work, and plauſible reaſons are given why in the defective part leſs ornament was neceſſary, or leſs could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confeſſed, that his fancy was tired, and his perſeverance broken; that he knew his deſign to be unfiniſhed, but that, when he ſaw the end ſo near, he could no longer refuſe to be at reſt.

Againſt the inſtillations of this frigid opiate, the heart ſhould be ſecured by all the conſiderations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprize. Whatever motive firſt incited action, has ſtill greater force to ſtimulate perſeverance; ſince he that might have lain ſtill at firſt in blameleſs obſcurity, cannot afterwards deſiſt but with infamy and reproach. He whom a doubtful promiſe of diſtant good could encourage to ſet difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almoſt obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the laſt efforts are required, is to ſteer the ſhip through tempeſts, and abandon it to the winds in ſight of land; it is to break the ground and ſcatter the ſeed, and at laſt to neglect the harveſt.

The maſters of rhetorick direct, that the moſt forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, leſt they ſhould be effaced or perplexed by ſupervenient images. This precept may be juſtly extended to the ſeries of life: nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not ſufficient to maintain the firſt vigour; for excellence loſes its effect upon the mind by cuſtom, as light after a time ceaſes to dazzle. Admiration muſt be continued by that novelty which firſt produced it, and how much ſoever is given, there muſt always be reaſon to imagine that more remains.

We not only are moſt ſenſible of the laſt impreſſions, but ſuch is the unwillingneſs of mankind to admit tranſcendent merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miſcarriages by any ſubſequent atchievement, however illuſtrious, yet the reputation raiſed by a long train of ſucceſs may be finally ruined by a ſingle failure; for weakneſs or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that diſgrace, which laſſitude and negligence may bring at laſt upon the greateſt performances, it is neceſſary to proportion carefully our labour to our ſtrength.

If the deſign compriſes many parts, equally eſſential, and therefore not to be ſeparated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind muſt be then impartially eſtimated, and it muſt be remembered, that not to complete the plan, is not to have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But, if the taſk conſiſts in the reception of ſingle acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the reſt, it may be attempted with leſs ſcruples, becauſe there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, leſt we expect from the world the indulgence with which moſt are diſpoſed to treat themſelves; and in the hour of liſtleſſneſs imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleneſs of another, and that applauſe begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himſelf weary will ſoon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to ſtruggle with cenſure, or obſtinately infeſt the ſtage till a general hiſs commands him to depart.

Nō. CCVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

Ηράκλειτος ἐγὼ· τί μι ὦ κάτω ἕλκετ' ἄμυσοι;
Οὐχ' ὑμῖν ἐπόνυν, τοῖς δέ μ' ἐπιφαμέοισιν·
Εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τρισμύριοι· οἱ δ' ἀναρίθμοι
Οὐδείς· ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καί παρὰ Περσεφόνη.

DIOG. LAERT.

Be gone, ye blockheads, Heraclitus cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wiſe;
By wit, by knowledge, ſtudious to be read,
I ſcorn the multitude, alive or dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleaſures and ſorrows, has likewiſe concluded the labour of the Rambler. Having ſupported, for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my eſſays to four volumes, I have now determined to deſiſt.

The reaſon of this reſolution it is of little importance to declare, ſince juſtification is unneceſſary when no objection is made. I am far from ſuppoſing, that the ceſſation of my performances will raiſe any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boaſt that, in the progreſs of my undertaking, I have been animated by the reward of the liberal, the careſſes of the great, or the praiſes of the eminent.

But I have no deſign to gratify pride by ſubmiſſion, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reaſonable to complain of neglect from thoſe whoſe regard I never ſolicited. If I have not been diſtinguiſhed by the diſtributors of literary honours, I have ſeldom deſcended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have ſeen the meteors of faſhion riſe and fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curioſity, nor enabled my readers to diſcuſs the topick of the day; I have rarely exemplified my aſſertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for cenſures of his enemies, or praiſes of himſelf; and they only were expected to peruſe them, whoſe paſſions left them leiſure for abſtracted truth, and whom virtue could pleaſe by its naked dignity.

To ſome, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others, for aſſiſtance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been ſuch as would not ſuffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be ſoon diſpatched. I can reſtore to all my correſpondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loſs of ſome pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praiſe than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the ſecond letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-ſeventh, and the hundredth papers, and the ſecond letter in the hundred and ſeventh.

Having thus deprived myſelf of many excuſes which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compoſitions, being no longer able to allege the neceſſity of gratifying correſpondents, the importunity with which publication was ſolicited, or obſtinacy with which correction was rejected, I muſt remain accountable for all my faults, and ſubmit, without ſubterfuge, to the cenſures of criticiſm, which, however, I ſhall not endeavour to ſoften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The ſupplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatneſs has ſometimes ſheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulneſs. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at laſt violate it by the confeſſion of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanneſs of dedication.

The ſeeming vanity with which I have ſometimes ſpoken of myſelf, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the examples of thoſe who have publiſhed eſſays before me, and by the privilege which every nameleſs writer has been hitherto allowed. 'A maſk,' ſays Caſtiglione, 'confers a right of acting and 'ſpeaking with leſs reſtraint, even when the 'wearer happens to be known.' He that is diſcovered without his own conſent, may claim ſome indulgence, and cannnot be rigorouſly called to juſtify thoſe ſallies or frolicks which his diſguiſe muſt prove him deſirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious leſt this offence ſhould be frequently or groſsly committed; for, as one of the philoſophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is ſome time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myſelf with hopes, that, by collecting theſe papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either ſhame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately poliſhed, that the ſame ſentiments have not ſometimes recurred, or the ſame expreſſions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities ſufficient to warrant. He that condemns himſelf to compoſe on a ſtated day, will often bring to his taſk an attention diſſipated, a memory embarraſſed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind diſtracted with anxieties, a body languiſhing with diſeaſe: he will labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuſe his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the preſſing hour of publication cannot ſuffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever ſhall be the final ſentence of mankind, I have at leaſt endeavoured to deſerve their kindneſs. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbariſms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its conſtruction, and ſomething to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were leſs pleaſing to the ear, or leſs diſtinct in their ſignification, I have familiarized the terms of philoſophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the Engliſh tongue in its preſent extent, will be able to expreſs his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal deſign to inculcate wiſdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle ſports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the higheſt excellence is harmleſs merriment; but ſcarcely any man is ſo ſteadily ſerious as not to complain, that the ſeverity of dictatorial inſtruction has been too ſeldom relieved, and that he is driven by the ſternneſs of the Rambler's philoſophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excurſions of fancy are the diſquiſitions of criticiſm, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the ſubordinate and inſtrumental arts. Arbitrary deciſion and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by aſſerting nothing without a reaſon, and eſtabliſhing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been ſo

ſtudious of novelty or ſurprize, as to depart wholly from all reſemblance; a fault which writers deſervedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raiſe, as the occaſion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and ſome exaggeration to burleſque; but as they deviate further from reality, they become leſs uſeful, becauſe their leſſons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himſelf no likeneſs to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The eſſays profeſſedly ſerious, if I have been able to exccute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Chriſtianity, without any accommodation to the licentiouſneſs and levity of the preſent age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleaſure, which no blame or praiſe of man ſhall diminiſh or augment. I ſhall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cauſe, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή.

Celeſtial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their laſt reward.

FINIS.


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